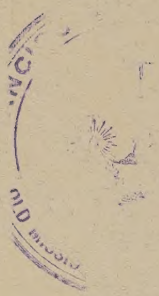
# LIFE AND WORKS OF FATHER VAUGHAN



Brother Michael.

Dec. 25-1918.

Yours Truly
Lil Vaughan

# LIFE AND WORKS

OF

# FATHER VAUGHAN

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REVEREND FATHER WILLIAM A. GOEBEL, WHO WAS INSTRUMENTAL IN HAVING FATHER VAUGHAN ORDAINED TO THE PRIESTHOOD.

# INTRODUCTORY

REV. FATHER VAUGHAN, priest, lecturer and poet, is dead, but his immortal spirit lives as beautiful and as vitalizing as ever. His brilliant attainments as a scholar, lecturer and writer won for him an enduring name, no less than an undying praise and the gratitude of two continents, as one of the foremost men of English letters.

Charming of address, pleasing of personality, a master of eloquence, and a man of the highest intellectual endowments, Father Vaughan thrilled the human race, and with his marvelously rich and sonorous voice swayed thousands into the wake of Christian conviction, and carried them worshipping as disciples of yonder days into the temple of eternal truth.

During his eventful life Father Vaughan was unquestionably recognized as the most powerful thinker and writer on his chosen subjects, and as he wrote he played a grand symphony on the tender heart-strings of human kind. There never was a man who possessed a clearer, higher or nobler conception of the great problems of human living, and his treatment of them can only be appreciated when they are read as they were spoken in his strikingly picturesque and inimitable manner. In fact, the volumi-

nous collections of his literary productions have taken an enviable place among the classics of the world, and in years to come they will be read, and will be the instrument of great influence upon the lives of generations yet unborn.

Father Vaughan was a man whose life and life's work exhaled beautiful and consecrated influences on the secular literatures of our day. Father Vaughan's death has removed from that famous galaxy of literary men of America a priest whose devotion to the teachings of Jesus the Christ was a ruling passion, and whose sympathies for the frailties of all that is human were the dominant notes in all of his literary productions, whose life scintillated with that brilliant and felicitous Celtic wit for which his nationality is so justly and widely famed.

The announcement that the literary productions of Father Vaughan are to be given world-wide publicity is the harbinger of good tidings. To recall the days when the great priest stood before thousands and thrilled them with his marvelous eloquence and powers of analysis, will resurrect, not in the flesh but in the spirit, the man who once lived, moved, and had his being as one of us.

Father Vaughan was keenly analytic, and his delineations of characters of the great literary masterpieces reflected his deep insight and studious interest in human nature, as depicted in the good and evil in life, scattering the divine and consecrated teachings of the Master in the most undenominational and non-parochial manner.

It is with pride that we say that his works

constitute an enduring monument to our literature, for while the benign and holy influences of this truly great priest have reached thousands during the years he was of the flesh, his posthumous works will reach out to the millions of the present and the future generations in the same beauty and purity of appeal that rendered their author such a power for the uplifting and regeneration of mankind during his busy and eventful life.

The publishers of his great works knew, and had been intimately associated with him for years, and had he been spared more volumes were to follow the ones he personally prepared. We feel our efforts will be appreciated and that all lovers of moral literature will be pleased, for we read many new poems, letters and sermons among his manuscripts which are messages from him.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# BIOGRAPHY

ILLUSTRATED

# BIOGRAPHY

IN versatility and brilliancy, in effort and accomplishment the career of the Rev. Lawrence J. Vaughan, though comparatively brief, was as notable as it was interesting. His life was a varied, picturesque, fruitful and unassuming one. His was a soul so sweet and gentle, so generous and sympathetic, that to those who knew him only through his writings he might be thought out of place in these hustling, utilitarian days. Yet he had no vagaries nor was he a dreamer, but looked at life and humanity and the social conditions that existed with the light of a clear, strong brain and a comprehensive knowledge of man and his relations to his surroundings.

Father Vaughan from many points of view was a rare character, and it may be said that his career, unusual but not sensational, was determined by his temperament, and not by plan, thought out calmly and deliberately. Notwithstanding the judgment displayed in all his undertakings and his practical common sense views in all ordinary affairs of life and business, Father Vaughan by nature and aspirations was an idealist. He sought for highest aims and found them in true and earnest work, and heard God's angel in the poet's song as well as in his own heart. He could put the tenderness of his nature into the telling of a tale of human love or sorrow, scarcely approached by even Addison, and in a simple yet subtle

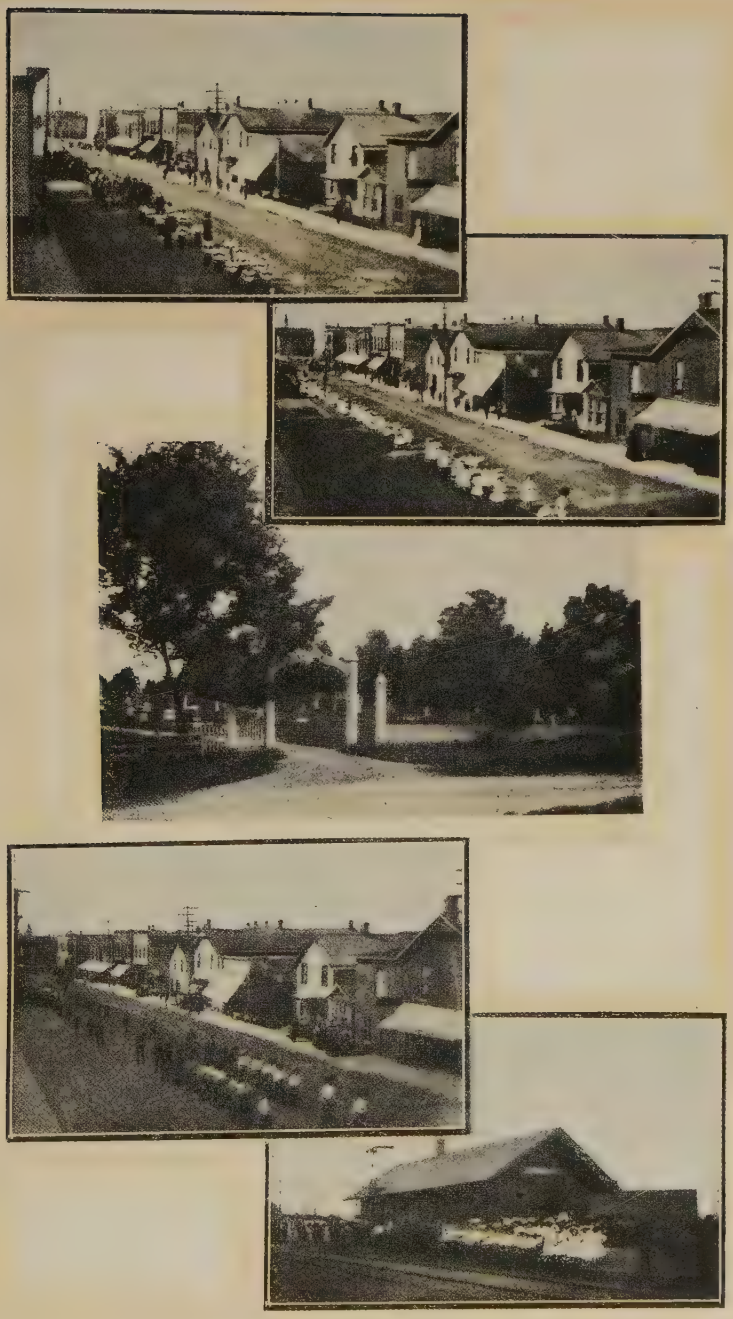
delicacy of touch, in the fine humor in which he portrayed the whims and weaknesses of men, he was approached by few.

In his intellectual operations there predominated strong reason and quick sensibility. He felt and produced sentiments such as nature and meditation supplies, and generally of his character it may be said, to quote Dryden:

> "It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fires
> Like that of incense on the altar fires."

And yet his soul was capable of tempestuous moments when aroused by wrong or injustice, or any encroachment upon his personal rights or prerogatives. During these brief and infrequent moments of protest, not to say resentment, his warmth of manner might be taken as illustrative of the motto of the Scotch thistle: "*Nemo me impune lacessit*"—no one shall touch me with impunity.

He was learned without being pedantic; was widely read, scholarly, and a lover of books. He was many-sided and seemed to learn things intuitively, yet it could not be said of him as of a great English author that he learned by merely rubbing against things; for before and after, as well as during his college years, he was an untiring and discriminating student, and was a reader who remembered and applied the knowledge that he gained from books and from intercourse with men profound in scholarship or suggestive in experience. By temperament, strife and controversy were distasteful to him. He was generous and liberal in thought and disposition and too well disposed toward the truth to be a mere advocate or partisan. He had no sympathy with that



MT. OLIVET CEMETERY AT JANESVILLE, WIS., WHERE THE REMAINS OF FATHER VAUGHAN WERE LAID TO REST, AND SCENES IN CUBA CITY, WIS., WHERE THE REMAINS LAY IN STATE THIRTY-SIX HOURS.

narrow form of Puritan opinion that could be misled into attacks on the elegancies and refinements of social life, and that could regard even poetry and music as "feeders of idle appetite that withdrew men from the path of duty." He was poetic and sympathetic by nature and believed with Horace that the very foundation of poetry is good sense. As was said of Sydney Smith he had a passionate love for common justice and common sense, and believed that humanity is growing in intellect, in patience, in kindness, and in love.

Rev. Lawrence J. Vaughan was born April 1, 1863, at Fond du Lac, Wis. His mother's maiden name was Hogan, and from her he derived much of his gentle, poetic and self-sacrificing disposition. Both his father and mother were natives of Ireland, and he was not, as many during his lifetime supposed, a convert to the Catholic church, but was born in that faith. He had three sisters and one brother, all of whom survive him. When a youth his family moved to Newark, N. J., where his father engaged in the manufacture of hats. Young Vaughan attended the Christian Brothers' school there, where he showed unusual aptness and eagerness for the acquisition of knowledge. There, as during the subsequent years of his schooling, in college and in seminary, he gave evidence of the rare powers and brilliancy which in after years distinguished him in the fields of oratory, literature and thought. In all his classes and studies it could be said of him then, as in after years, when on the lecture platform or in the pulpit, that he was, to speak modestly "*primus inter pares*"—first among equals.

After concluding his studies at the Christian Brothers' school, young Vaughan entered St. Charles college at

Ellicott City, Maryland, but left there when he was but eighteen years of age. He returned to Newark and took up the work of giving lessons in dramatic art, having already acquired a reputation in that line because of his oratorical and interpretative abilities. Even in his schoolboy days he had the desire—"the writing itch" it has been called—to put his fancies and imaginings into illustrative words and then with dramatic voice and action recite them for the admiration, as well as the amusement, of his schoolmates. It is not to be wondered at, then, that when not yet twenty-two years of age, he wrote a play entitled "Disowned," and in 1885 staged it and presented it before the public, he himself assuming the role of the leading character. Those who assisted and supported him in its presentation were pupils of the Newark Dramatic Club, an organization which was founded and drilled and inspired by his own efforts. Two years later, in November, 1887, he and his pupils becoming more confident and ambitious, presented in Library Hall, Newark, Bulwer Lytton's great play "Virginius," in which most of our great actors have appeared. Young Vaughan took the part of Virginius, and in noting the performance one of the local papers said he scored a great success. He was, we are told, "called and recalled to the footlights, and the audience compelled the young actor to deliver a curtain speech." Shortly after this triumph a "road" company appeared in Newark to present Virginius, but to its discomfiture the leading man of the troupe became sick. For a while it looked as if the evening performance would have to be abandoned, until some one who had seen young Vaughan in the role, suggested him as a possible substitute. He was sent for immediately and prom-

ised to prepare for the evening's task. He was promptly on hand, and within a few moments after his appearance on the stage it was quite evident, not only to the audience, most of whom had already seen him, but to his fellow-actors, that he was splendidly equal to his part. This unexpected incident marked the beginning of his career as a professional actor. The manager of the company, whom he had so kindly relieved in an embarrassing situation, recognized his ability, his ardor and intelligence, and offered him a permanent position as a leading member of the company. Young Vaughan, elated at the prospect of a wide field for his cherished hopes and the realization of his histrionic ambitions, readily accepted the offer. Thus he suddenly entered upon a career of the stage—being drawn to it, however, by his own peculiar gifts and dramatic instincts. His success before the public was immediate, and had he chosen to remain behind the footlights he would have distinguished himself as a man of the highest rank in the profession. During his brief but brilliant career on the stage he essayed many of the heavier Shakespearean and other roles, in all of which his marked ability shone. For a time he was a member of the company that traveled with Madame Modjeska, and other noted companies.

But after a few years he grew tired of the stage and became dissatisfied with its exigent duties and wayward life. The glamour of the footlights which attracted him so strongly in his younger days was no longer as enticing; and the plaudits and enthusiasm which his elocutionary skill and dramatic fire and art drew nightly from crowded audiences were becoming less sweet and grateful to his ears and less inspiring to his

heart. Finally he heard a commanding yet tender voice calling him to a higher, a more self-sacrificing life. He listened to it and then soon after abandoned the stage and its footlights forever.

This was about twenty years ago, and after a brief rest in the east he traveled westward to Fond du Lac, Wis., his old home and birthplace, to which his parents had returned some time before. There he hoped to recuperate his weakened bodily forces, and regain his health which had been partly broken down by his strenuous life and active duties as an actor. But it was not in his nature to remain inactive, and soon he was busying himself with entertainments for the benefit of the local churches, and gathering young people around him, and drilling them to take parts in simple but instructive plays presented for the benefit of deserving charities. While thus occupied he went to Ripon, Wis., to inaugurate and foster entertainments similar to those he had organized in Fond du Lac. Soon after his arrival he met and became intimate with the Rev. W. A. Goebel, a Catholic priest of the town, and expressed to him a desire to pursue a course of studies for the priesthood. His purpose was warmly commended by Father Goebel, and from that moment the late actor dropped every plan and purpose that did not assist in forwarding the object that was then nearest and dearest to his heart.

He had forgotten most of what he had acquired of the languages in boyhood college days, so Father Goebel began to give him daily instructions—drilling him in Latin in the forenoon and in Greek in the afternoon. He applied himself so diligently to study, mastered his tasks and acquired knowledge so easily, and showed such

FATHER VAUGHAN IN CHARACTER POSES. TAKEN WHEN ON THE STAGE.

earnestness and devotedness to books and the higher ranges of literature that he won the admiration of the warm-hearted and learned priest. From those days of anxious endeavor and hopes exalted, the brilliant achievements and expanding fame of his former student were ever a source of satisfaction to the good and kindly Father Goebel. After several months of study showing remarkable progress, young Vaughan—for he was still young in years though old in experience and achievement—entered St. Lawrence College at Mt. Calvary, Wis. After a period there he went to St. Vincent's College at Cape Girardeau, Mo., and then to Kendrick's Seminary, St. Louis. He later took a post-graduate course at St. John's University, Collegeville, Minn., and was there, after ten years of study and preparation, ordained a priest. Soon after that event he went back to Ripon and said his first Mass in the church of his old friend, teacher and benefactor, Father Goebel. He next spent three years as assistant pastor to Rev. A. B. C. Dunne at Eau Claire, Wis., after which he was appointed pastor at Loretto, in that state, and it was while there that his lecturing career and triumphs began. His first addresses were given during missions in the La Crosse and Winona dioceses, and his manner of conducting a question-box mission for non-Catholics was most interesting and instructive, and commanded the attention and oftentimes expressed approval of listeners who were not of his faith. His manner was so earnest yet kindly, his voice so resonant and appealing, and his arguments so strong without being combative, that those, if there were any, "who came to scoff remained to pray."

The calls for his lectures, doctrinal and otherwise,

soon became so numerous that his bishop gave him a parish at Altoona, comprising only a few people for his congregation, and therefore he had much more time to devote to the lecture platform. It was in Altoona that he founded a school for boys, paying the expenses thereof with his own funds. He had always a generous and helpful feeling for boys, and remembering his own early efforts and struggles, he was ever anxious to instil into them ideas and convictions that if they worked, studied and persevered, they could win success and fame, and what, from his own mental and moral standpoint was better—do good to others and inspire them with the higher ideals of life and its responsibilities. Father Vaughan in truth was an altruist in the very best and most unselfish sense of the word, and was never happier than when helping others, or banishing the shadows which darkened their lives, and so let in the illumining rays of God's warming, smiling sunshine. He was truly great in the nobleness of his character and in the consciousness of honest purposes and aspirations in life. He seems to have adopted as his motto in his relations and feelings toward all mankind the dictum of the Roman poet: "*Homo sum, et nihil humanum a me alienum puto*"—anything that concerned humanity was not foreign to him or his thoughts.

Finally the health of the devoted pastor and tender teacher and inspirer of many flocks became so poor as to cause deep solicitude among his friends. Although never very strong physically he was untiring as an athlete in performing the duties resting upon him; and held up by his mental courage and moral strength he bore the burdens of position without complaint. But weakness

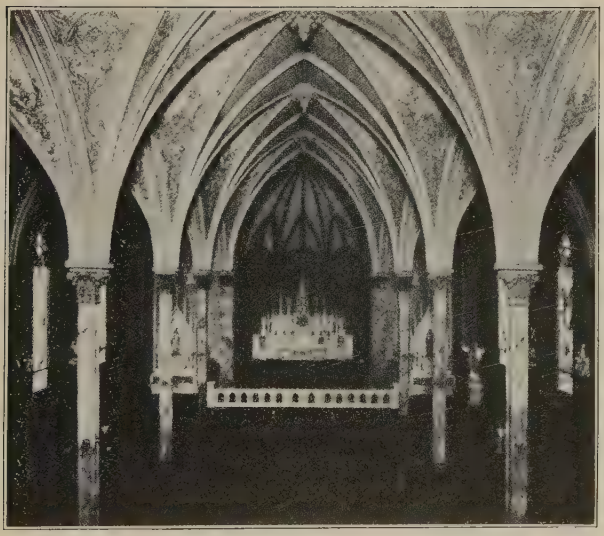
FATHER VAUGHAN AT THIRTY YEARS OF AGE.

and pain grew upon him and became so evident that his bishop in the fall of 1907 granted him a leave of absence for one year, and he removed to Janesville to rest and recuperate his waning forces. But his bishop in December, 1908, called upon him to take a small charge, and obedient to his superiors, as he was, he accepted the pastorship of a church in Cuba City, Wis., though his condition was but little improved at the time of the acceptance. From the very first days of his new responsibility his health began to fail, and on April 20 it was found absolutely necessary that he should cease all labor. This he did and became a patient at Mercy hospital in Dubuque, Iowa. On April 28 the physicians there deemed it necessary to perform an operation to determine the exact causes of his illness. The operation was performed and it was found that the distinguished patient was suffering from gallstones and also with a stomach weakness. At first the prospects for his recovery were of the very best, but later hemorrhages set in and on May 10, at 6 o'clock in the morning, the great orator and writer, and loving, devoted priest, gently went to sleep for the last time, with the pathetic and dutiful words on his lips: "The end has come; I am ready."

Father Vaughan was a many-sided man; a rare genius, in truth, when one considers his struggles and his accomplishments. In his boyhood years he had ambitions and aspirations—not selfish but ennobling ones—which his young companions called dreams. Yet he modestly and unobtrusively cherished them, hoping and believing that by study and perseverance he would attain his ideals. He did, and probably, too, far beyond his highest expectations. He must have been inspired by a

feeling such as that embodied in the cheering and assuring words of Richelieu, that "In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail." He had a passion for knowledge and read greedily good and informing books which left permanent traces of their beneficent influences on his mind, and assisted him in developing early his remarkable powers of expression.

His life was a varied and unique one. Starting in, while still in his teens, as a teacher, he successively became an actor, a dramatist, a lecturer and a priest. And in all of these professions, or any one of them, it might be truthfully said that there were few of his contemporaries who could be called his parallel. His mind was ever active and inquisitive, but never intemperate in language nor unjust in expression or suggestion. He had a mind very comprehensive by nature and much enriched by acquired knowledge. Though modest and unassuming in language, he knew how, when occasion demanded to choose "the flowing and sonorous words." He was an earnest student of life and literature, and in all private and public relations was, like the knight of old, "without fear and without reproach." Poetic and generous by disposition, he was not lacking in that practical wisdom which makes use of opportunities, and he took delight in that unwearied industry which seeks to utilize every force for good. He was an indefatigable worker, apparently believing that in useful and upbuilding lines "to labor is to pray." Whatever idle hours he ever had he used for recuperation, not recreation. If he had been cast on a desert island, like Robinson Crusoe, he would have spent the time there not in lamentation, but in steady work to get away.



ST. MARY'S CHURCH AT JANESVILLE, WIS., WHERE THE LAST SAD RITES OF THE CHURCH WERE HELD OVER THE REMAINS OF THE LAMENTED PRIEST.

And he worked for others rather than for himself. Sir Philip Sydney, fatally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, asked for water, but seeing a wounded soldier carried past who eyed it longingly, he at once gave the water to the soldier, saying, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." This was the spirit that dominated the actions of Father Vaughan throughout all his life. What others deemed self-sacrifice he called simple duty. If God Almighty has commanded us to relieve and help one another in distress, surely, he said, it must be not only, commendable but a duty for all His children to obey that command. If all were led by the divine rule all the ordinary disasters in the world might be prevented by it, and mankind be secured from all the miseries, indigences and distresses that happen in the world. He did not believe in the bitter proverb which says that "He who sits on the exalted throne has a foot stained with blood;" neither did he believe in the systems and policies which through selfishness, injustice and corruption place some few in high places and reduce the majority of mankind to penury and discontent. Every word and deed of his life was for the advancement and progress of humanity, and having no greed for wealth himself he could not understand how any man could become so debased and vulgar as to permit all his thoughts and feelings and passions to be controlled by what Horace characterized as *"auri sacra fames"*—the accursed hunger for gold.

Father Vaughan was a deep thinker, a great writer, a most persuasive preacher of the simple gospel of Jesus Christ, but it was as an orator and lecturer that he was most widely known and famed. And it is not

flattery, but the consensus of public opinion and of just criticism to say that in these two latter gifts he had no equal in his day. In persuasive and dramatic oratory he was unexcelled. He convinced and captivated his hearers everywhere. When he spoke it was with the grace and power of a great actor; every tone of his voice revealed the earnestness, the sincerity, the heart and the mind of the man. As a competent critic, after listening to some of his lectures, said: "There was soul sympathy in his eyes, there was intelligence even in the movement of his hand. I never knew his equal in quickly welding any sized audience into a unit. A few minutes after his appearance on the platform every man and woman present was in tune with the speaker—the audience was mastered by the strong personality, the magnificent voice and the eloquent and impassioned words."

He started out as a lecturer at a nightly compensation of forty or fifty dollars, but his reputation as a brilliant and dramatic orator spread so rapidly and widely that lyceums and lecture associations were anxious to secure him at $250 a night. His ever-increasing popularity, and the desire of communities near and far to hear him, became so great that sometimes, though regretfully and because of other duties, he was compelled to refuse invitations. The versatility of his mind and his wide knowledge of books and literature enabled him to cover in his lectures a wide range of subjects, and while intensely earnest as a Catholic and a priest, and with all the fervor of a pious enthusiast and of an aggressive advocate of his faith, there is not in any of his lectures—not even in the few dealing with controversial subjects—any evidence of sectarian bias or religious bit-

(1) FATHER VAUGHAN'S RESIDENCE AT ALTOONA, WIS.
(2) FATHER VAUGHAN'S RESIDENCE AT JANESVILLE, WIS.
(3) ST. MARY'S HALL AT FATHER VAUGHAN'S INSTITUTE FOR BOYS AT ALTOONA WIS.

terness. He was too broad in culture and opinion to be narrow, too generous in disposition to be unjust, and too tender in feeling to cause pain. There was nothing acrid in his mental makeup; there was no room for hate in his heart. He was, in truth, the "soggarth aroon," not only to his Irish parishioners, but to all who knew him well. In all his discourses the central thought was love, charity, service. He believed that the man who scatters flowers in the pathway of his fellowmen, who lets into the dark places of life the sunshine of human sympathy and human happiness, is following in the footsteps of his Master and Creator.

"The Power of Love" was probably the most popular of all his lectures, and for depth of feeling, brilliancy of thought, variety of illustration, poetry of treatment and music of words, it deserves all the praise and fame accorded to it. As a striking proof of the esteem in which it was held and the great popularity it had attained it is asserted that the Methodist Book Concern at one time wanted to get the rights to publish it in a paper-covered edition. This broadness of view and manliness and generosity of feeling in all of Father Vaughan's lectures and discourses, in as well as outside of the pulpit, accounts to a great extent for the popularity he had attained throughout the entire country. It is no wonder that the lecture has moved thousands, and it will continue to do so wherever it becomes known and is read. It is the very essence of the spirit of charity and love.

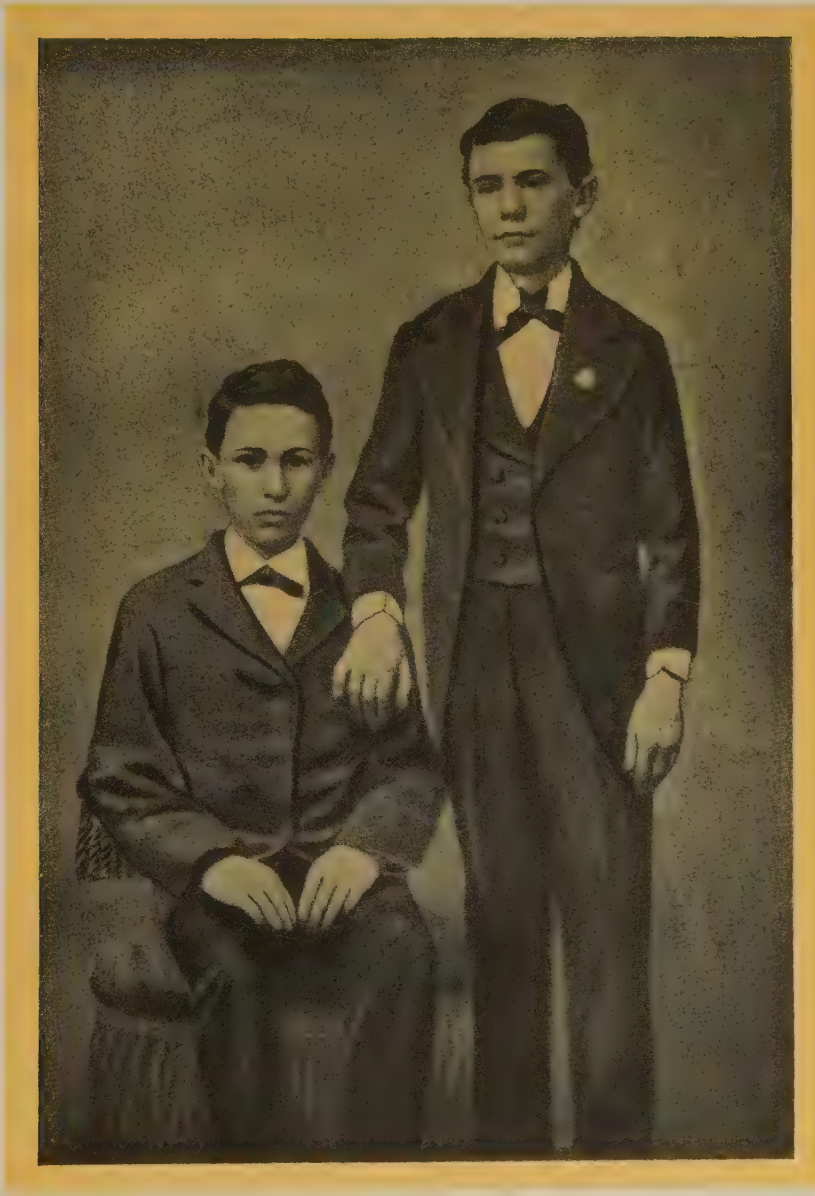
In the lecture, "The Power of Love," Father Vaughan gives his philosophy of life and shows the inmost feelings of his heart and soul. "The power of love," remarked one of his intimate friends, "was the

only force he recognized and the only power in which he had any confidence. He did not love people in the abstract, at a distance, but wanted to be among them." He wanted to show his love by service; and in every word and deed of his life he pleaded and prayed for that divine love, the Christ-spirit, which inspires faith and self-sacrifice for the uplifting and the saving of others.

"Were I to speak the heart of God," says Father Vaughan, "I would speak it in a single word—'tis LOVE! Were I to take the great Scriptures and turn them over page by page, and sum up the whole work into a single sentence, there would be only one word—LOVE! Were I to tell you the spirit of the Christ again, I know only one word—eternal, everlasting, unending LOVE! And in the realms of God all is love. Love rules supreme—regenerates, elevates, consecrates all who enter into the benign circle of God's divine pleasure. In love was the Son born in the bosom of the Father; in love did He come to earth—love of you and love of me. In love did He send forth His glorious Christian Church into the world to regenerate mankind, socially and physically as well as spiritually; to raise men up to the dignity of intelligent sons of God."

In referring to the apostles and their mission to regenerate the world, Father Vaughan says: "One mighty power Jesus gave them, one wondrous lesson. 'Teach them,' said the Christ, 'to love one another. Love God and love thy neighbor as thyself.' With that little lesson, love, twelve ignorant men went forth to build up a world anew.

"Rome, the mistress of the world, pagan Rome, who put her strength in the power of her sword and her



FATHER VAUGHAN AT THE AGE OF THIRTEEN, AND HIS BROTHER, TIMOTHY. FATHER VAUGHAN IS SITTING.

mighty armies, laughed at the spouse of Christ, and so away from the imperial gates of Rome the Church of Christ was driven like a mendicant and a slave. The Greeks, with their splendid literature and their false philosophy, looked down with a supercilious sneer and laughed in the faces of the messengers of Christ who came with their philosophy of 'love and forget and forgive'—and so for three hundred years the Church of Christ was an outcast. But at last came her hour of triumph. In the dawning years of the fourth century, when, in spite of the arrogance and pride of Rome, in spite of the subtle and false philosophy, the imperial eagle of Rome bowed down to the Cross, and Jesus Christ, with His lesson of love, was at last victorious."

Father Vaughan throughout the lecture deals several trenchant blows to present day lip-religion, which believes more in doing big things in a material way than in the Brotherhood of Man. What real Christians should do, he tells us, is to live the life of Christ every day as near as possible; that living for Christ was as great if not greater than dying for Him, and that this world needed people spiritually strong and with the love of Christ in their hearts to help the weak and the down-trodden.

Father Vaughan, with the rare skill of an accomplished story-teller, and with the deep feeling of an intensely sympathetic spectator of events and incidents portrayed, draws here and there throughout his lecture vivid and pathetic, mental and verbal pictures of life—life as he had seen it as a layman and an actor in great cities and in travels throughout the country; life as he had seen it as a priest in all walks and conditions of life

—in the homes of the rich, the hovels of the poor, the penitentiaries and asylums. These pictures, humanizing, pathetic and realistic, are certain to command the intense and profound interest of every reader.

One can imagine, when portrayed on the platform by such a master of dramatic action and pathos as was Father Vaughan, how they kept his audience spellbound. They were, as said by one who had listened to the great orator and the great lecturer, pictures destined both to fascinate and move, because into them the lecturer threw the coloring of his own broad sympathies, and for the moment became the poor, downtrodden woman of the street, the crouching, groveling drunkard, the raving maniac behind great, steel-barred doors, or the Magdalen, stricken by the glance of Christ, the Master, coming for pity to the feet of that Master to gain the forgiveness of the Lord of Love.

Though Father Vaughan's voice at times was like a prayer in its softness, at another time musical and rhythmic like a song, and again resonant and enthusing like a bugle blast, yet the chief charm of his delivery and utterances before an audience was his artistic power, as it has been described, in suiting the act, the gesture, and the facial expression to the beautiful messages he preached. "In painting glorious pictures of the ideal side of life and then throwing in the shadows to bring his word pictures into more relief," he had no equal on the American platform. How his face would brighten, how his manner would become convincing, and how his voice would grow sonorous as he declared with the confidence and tenderness of an inspired teacher: "God is love. His every act from the dawn of creation has been

CHURCH AT JANESVILLE, WIS., FROM WHICH FATHER L. J. VAUGHAN WAS BURIED.

the outcome of that love. His love induced Him from the rolling chaos of limitless space to draw the present whirling worlds that go to form cosmos. This love it was that caused the placing of man upon one planet destined to be his home."

The trouble with the average man, in the view of Father Vaughan, is that while looking for great things, for great opportunities with even the sole purpose to do good, he overlooks the real necessities of an everyday life. Sometimes an insignificant act that people might laugh at as folly has been the changing point of a human life. And then he tells a little story in his own life which to him it seemed had the power to draw him nearer to God. After a lecture in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, a large number of the audience, old friends and others, crowded around to compliment and shake hands with him. He noticed a young girl hanging back, and after most of the people had retired she went forward and said: "Father, I want to thank you for a kind word that you spoke years ago," and then she went on and told the story of an incident which occurred more than ten years previously in Fond du Lac, which he had forgotten, and when he was not a priest. In "The Power of Love" he pictures the incident in words so simple and characteristic of his daily life and thoughts that they are worth quoting here, though the reader of these volumes may come across them later: "Getting up one morning I took a stroll down the main street. The little children were just on their way to school, and as I passed along I noticed a little golden-haired darling dragging her feet along the pavement. She had a long strap, held in one hand, with two little books wrapped

in the end of it, and with her other hand she was mopping her eyes. I remember, just in a spirit of mischief, going up to the child and patting her on the head and saying: 'Hello, baby, what is the matter with you?' I remember how she looked up at me with her great, big, blue eyes, swimming with tears. She said she was going to school and she didn't know her lesson. She had such a cross teacher, and she knew she would be punished; and she just knew she would call on her because she didn't know her lesson. I laughed at the child's fears and said to her: 'I wouldn't feel so badly about it. Perhaps I can help you out—I went to school a few days myself. Let me see your lesson.' And she unwound her strap and opened her little book and showed me her lesson. It was just as I expected. Though the lesson covered an entire page, there were only one or two thoughts in the whole thing, and I said to the child: 'Now, see here, dear, if the teacher calls on you this morning, if she asks you such and such questions, don't try to tell her what is in the book, but just answer this way,' and I gave her the exact words of the answer; 'and if she asks you this other question just answer this,' and I went on formulating the lesson into two or three questions and answers. We went over the matter three or four times. Then the bell rang, and the little thing looked up once more with her great trusting blue eyes. I gave her the book, saying: 'Now remember!' The little one ran across the street and up the school steps, and that was the last I thought of it. But it was not the last for the child. Sure enough the teacher called on her in class, and when she asked the questions the little thing stood up and just popped out the answers. The teacher was

THE CHURCH AT RIPON, WIS., IN WHICH FATHER VAUGHAN SAID HIS FIRST MASS.

pleased and the little girl was perfectly delighted because she knew her lesson. And when at night, kneeling at her mother's knee, she prayed the old accustomed prayer—prayed for father and mother and sister and brother, and aunts and uncles and friends, and when at last her mother thought that it was time to say 'Amen,' the little angel had one more prayer. Clasping her hands together, she raised her eyes to heaven and prayed: 'God make that big man good.' "

Father Vaughan was intensely patriotic, and took every proper occasion to express his views in that direction. He thought there was no place in God's world where it should be so easy to love one another for God's sake as in the United States, where every page of history tells the story of the sacrifices of men and women that this country might be free and independent; where every foot of the precious soil is fertilized with the blood of a martyr; where every stone of the glorious temple of liberty is cemented to its fellow with the heart's blood of a patriot. "Our forefathers reared up the glorious temple of liberty with pain and sacrifice and bloodshed, and they have left it to you and to me to put into that temple the spirit of brotherly love, the spirit of God, that there may not be a man or a woman or a child in all this temple of liberty, in all this land of freedom, that may not be truly free and intelligently happy."

"Would you know the story of American citizenship, of brotherly love?" he asks—and then he tells it, oh, how tenderly, how simply! He describes a little white cottage nestling back in velvety green hills, where everything cries out, "Home, Sweet Home." And one morning 'way back in the sixties there stands a soldier in the cot

tage dressed in blue and by his side a woman, with little children saying: "Mamma, mamma, where is papa going?" and she cannot answer, for some grief is too much for words. They hear the roll of the drum, the bugle call and the tramp, tramp of soldiers coming down the street. He joins the ranks of the soldiers, and his wife sees him through her tears pass on down the road, over the hill, and out of her sight forever.

He follows the soldiers down into the South, follows them into battle, sees them fight, man to man, horse to horse, until God lets down the dark curtain of night to shut out the accursed scene. He hears the wounded and the dying crying: "Water! My God! Water!" and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. But yes, there is an answer; and Father Vaughan tells it so simply, tenderly and vividly as to make it a gem in literature, and a picture that many a Grand Army man, Protestant as well as Catholic, still cherishes in his heart, and which will not fade from his memory:

"See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. Is it some mother come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she has pledged her love? Ah, no. The cross of Christ is on her breast, the bonnet of St. Vincent on her head. Two little Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move without fear through that valley of death and darkness! How tenderly they stoop over each dying soldier! For them there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten the parched lips, how they

ST. ROSE'S CHURCH AT CUBA CITY, WIS., WHERE FATHER VAUGHAN WAS PASTOR AT THE TIME OF HIS DEATH.

cool the fevered brow, how they close the gaping wound, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother, the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the Stars and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of love."

Readers of the foregoing excerpt, or of any of his lectures and writings, will see what power and pathos Father Vaughan could put into words so simple that a child could understand them. And it was this power of reaching the hearts of his hearers directly, without any illusions or strained rhetoric, that stamped him as the most effective and captivating lecturer and orator of his day. The oratory that has learned how by simple words and right utterances—by "English pure and undefiled" —to send its thought home to all sorts of men is the oratory that impresses in delivery and that, when printed, will make permanent literature. Father Vaughan was a scholar, learned in the languages, and could use when demanded, as previously said, big and sonorous words, but he rarely used what have been called "*sesquipedalia verba*"—six-footed words—for he found little need for them. Without them he could be artful in the delineation of character, elegant in praise, earnest in variety and vigor of sentiment, and unequalled in the happy use and pleasing harmony of language. As a preacher he made the relations of heaven and earth in

the commonplace affairs of man very plain, and he had a striking faculty of bringing helpful and impressive truths to the pupil and pinning them there for the contemplation of his hearers. Here is a brief appreciation of him, written by one who knew him intimately:

"He had the Christ-spirit. He cared for the poor, the lowly, the downtrodden, the struggling. Especially was he interested in young men who were ambitious but poor. Hundreds of such had he helped. He never spoke of helping other people; he did not seem to look upon it in the light of his rendering a service, but rather as he himself having been favored. To serve came to him naturally. He was a genuine, a natural philanthropist—he gave not only material things, but he gave himself, his soul service, his whole heart. And if he ever thought of it at all, he did not think he was giving. The word 'Father' fitted him—described his feelings towards all mankind. Every young man was 'my son,' and every young woman 'my daughter.' Scattered all through the west and northwest are young men who owe all they are to the help, both spiritual and material, that he rendered them. And after all it is service that counts. Men may be profound, they may astound the world with their discoveries, they may dazzle a century with their genius, they may revolutionize the thought of ages, yet we gladly turn from such stately pages to the simple tale of kindness and charity and service."

Father Vaughan during his varied life met troubles and difficulties and, doubtless, temptations, but he overcame them all by his manly courage, his dauntless spirit and moral worth. Whatever ordeals he had to go through he met with stern purpose and force in word and act. In

the loneliest and most despondent hours of his life he was never heard to pity himself or to complain that he was misused by destiny, for the divine spirit animated his heart and brain, and "Hope, the charmer," ever lingered around his path and his thoughts. His daily endeavors and ministrations were a benediction to himself as well as to others. "Afflictions," he said in one of his lectures, "are not curses but blessings. They are the fires that burn away the dross, so that the gold may mass together. Life is a mighty poetic verse writ in iambic strain, and every foot must have a light then heavy beat to carry out the sweet iambic foot. Once every day does nature hide the glorious orb of light that in the chill and darkness of the night the precious dew may fall and save the drooping plants. So with us. 'Tis when the shadow of sorrow darkens our doorway; when the cloud of affliction shuts out from the hearthstone the accustomed sunlight, that our thoughts turn back to God; and the consolation which no friend can give we seek at the feet of God, the giver of all good things."

Philosophers tell us that man may be defined as either a rational or a religious animal; theologians tell us that both definitions are identical, for when man ceases to be religious he ceases to be rational. Father Vaughan believed that this dictum was verified by every page of history from the earliest ages down to the present day. He believed, to quote the eloquent words of a clerical friend of his, Father Dunne, of Eau Claire, Wis., that "everywhere and at all times we find men and nations turning their eyes up from the gross and the material to the world beyond, ever striving and yearning to catch a glimpse of the supernatural, to peer into the realms of

Deity, to catch from the very brow of heaven those eternal truths and laws that men need so sorely in answering the questions of the purpose of life: 'Where did I come from? Why am I here? Whither am I drifting?' As in the natural order the astronomer gazing through the telescope beholds not mere star points of light, but vast millions of revolving worlds, hidden from the untaught gaze—worlds resplendent with light and beauty and harmony, winning from him awe and admiration—so in the supernatural order, he who gazes through the telescope of faith beholds in the supernatural world truths, sublime and Godlike, that draw from the depths of his soul the holiest sentiments of reverence, love and worship."

Father Vaughan was a great student of the modern drama—possibly because of his experience in earlier years—but his deepest thoughts and fondest ideals were centered around the plays of the "Bard of Avon." In every one of them he saw a sermon, and after he had become a priest he showed how effectively they could be used to teach the highest lessons of humanity and morality. And so his lectures on the Shakespearean drama attained a wonderful popularity, and audiences everywhere enjoyed and applauded them. The crowds that went to hear he held captive as he dramatically pictured the beautiful lessons of love and truth and righteousness that are to be found in the plays of Shakespeare. Never before had the great bard been interpreted so artistically and sympathetically on the lecture platform. By the sheer power of his voice and personality he created dramatic effects that one would believe impossible without the aid of massive scenery, varied costumes and all the counter-

REMAINS LYING IN STATE AT CUBA CITY, WIS.

feit realities of modern stagecraft. A discerning newspaper critic had the following to say regarding his lecture, "Sermons from Shakespeare:"

"Imagine an ordinary looking man, in clerical collar and conventional frock coat, standing on a stage set to represent an impossible modern drawing room. The man is uttering clever platitudes on literature and art, and telling they know but little about the soul of Shakespeare. In an instant all is changed; the frock coat and drawing room have faded into nothingness; with them has disappeared the man, and in his place rises a dramatic genius. The magic modulations of his voice lend power of vision to the ear, while his gestures conjure places and imperial pageants out of empty air. With its base half revealed through the mists of imagination, the statue of great Pompey stands in the Roman capitol; Julius Cæsar, his body a mass of gaping wounds, lies outstretched on the marble pavement, while Mark Antony swears vengeance on the bloody-handed senators. Then follows the wonderful scene in which Mark Antony makes his treacherous peace with Brutus and Cassius and craves permission to eulogize Cæsar in the marketplace.

"Probably the majority of the audience had seen this drama enacted, aided by scenery, costumes and all the paraphernalia of the craft, but never had they been brought face to face with the breathing soul of that great scene more powerfully than by Father Vaughan. Passages from Macbeth and King Richard the Third were as fine; by a whisper, a shriek or maybe a sweeping silent gesture, Father Vaughan created an atmosphere of ghostly terror to surpass all the white sheets and electrical appliances known to the theatrical profession. His

interpretation of Shylock was a trifle too much overdrawn, but it was very powerful and served well to illustrate the thought which the orator had enunciated just previous to throwing himself into the part. All in all, as a dramatic interpreter of the great English playwright, Father Vaughan is incomparable, and deserving of the highest praise."

Father Vaughan claimed to see in Shakespeare the broadest and most versatile of authors, a man who depicted all passions, all truths, all classes and types of humanity, whereas other great writers devoted their lives to studying one phase of his life. It is commonly said of Shakespeare that in his works one may find anything that is contained in the human mind or heart. But Father Vaughan, a priest, a man of God, naturally saw there more religion than anything else. Sermons there are in Shakespeare, and Father Vaughan saw them above all else, and being a great actor he could preach them with the power of genius. Shakespeare, he said, did not create, but pulled back the curtain and unfolded God's creation, and believed his works were next to the great book of nature. Most people, he thought, did not read Shakespeare rightly, merely dissecting words, instead of delving down into the depths of the story and gleaning therefrom the purity of the motive. While there was blood, blood, everywhere in Shakespearean work, each story had a central figure from which could be drawn an inspiration for good. In Cæsar, said Father Vaughan, Shakespeare drew a world without a God, and depicted the maelstrom of vice and paganism. The Merchant of Venice, he declared, is not a comedy, nor a tragedy, but a satire directed at the Christians. Taking the composi-

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH AT EAU CLAIRE, WIS., WHERE FATHER VAUGHAN FIRST ASSUMED THE DUTIES OF PRIESTHOOD.

tion as a single mental picture, one sees it as a magnificent satire, a stinging protest against the religious bigotry of the Christians of that time; and not only a magnificent satire but, in the opinion of Father Vaughan, the masterpiece of Shakespeare and the greatest satire of the world.

No man has painted so many deep-dyed villains as Shakespeare, declared the brilliant orator and lecturer, but with the single exception of Iago, not one who is not seen at some time quivering and trembling before his God. Shakespeare is the one man who understands the human soul. No matter how devilish, no man is all bad; underneath, hidden by mud and slime though it may be, is the image of God. Others give expression to only one phase of God's book of life. Shakespeare holds the mirror up to nature and gives not one but all of the human emotions, every passion and yearning from the cradle to the grave. He reveals not his own creations but God's—he tears open their breasts and discloses a human soul. They speak no set phrases, but speak from their hearts. "I have no doubt," said Father Vaughan, "that Shakespeare, before every composition, sat down and read God's written word." He wrote no mere poems or plays, but gave to the world some of the greatest sermons ever given to man.

With characteristic liberality of mind, Father Vaughan recognized to the full the fact that properly speaking the drama is a reflex of life, and that therefore the sacred things of life should have place in stage representations—more place than the tawdry features which nowadays have so much prominence on the stage. Those who hold the theater itself to be, in some sort, a temple,

have no hesitation in giving affirmative answer when asked whether sacred things should be presented on the stage. He held, however, that they should be presented sacredly.

In his celebrated play, "A Woman of the West," there is a scene which includes a celebration of the Mass. In his earlier days Father Vaughan had been a successful actor, and the sanctity of his later calling had not effaced from his mind the conviction that dramatic art, when devoted to presentation of truth, is a sacred thing in itself. Therefore he held, and often affirmed, that in presenting a scene from the Mass on the stage in a modified manner, however, he was moved by the honest and Catholic purpose of making a religious appeal to the audience. He was convinced that one of the most admirable things about the average man is his hunger after truth, and he was unable to see that the scene referred to in any way justified condemnation while paintings of sacred subjects were lauded so universally. This frame of mind, reached after many days of prayerful thought, resulted in his writing "A Woman of the West." Profoundly convinced that the stage, devoted to clean and educational productions, was one of the century's greatest institutions, he declared it to be "high time that the church stepped in and wrenched it from the powers of hell." Mrs. Annie Mack Berlein, a sterling actress with whom, years before, he had appeared in two successful dramas, had often asked that he write for her a play which would be clean and wholesome, and at the same time truly portray Irish character. He did so, and at the same time did something which no dramatist without religious orders had ever dared attempt before. He was satisfied

that the time was ripe for the presentation of a play that would include religious pictures and religious teachings, due reverence being observed. He hardly believed that the general play-going public was ready for the broadest theatrical treatment of religious themes. Hence the much-discussed scene in "A Woman of the West" contains more of suggestion than of actual realization. In this way he carefully guarded against wearying some or offending others.

It was in Chicago, in the year 1905, that Father Vaughan finally made up his mind to write the play. In the fall of that year Mrs. Berlein was playing in the western metropolis. Father Vaughan met her and renewed his former acquaintance. Once more she urged him to write a play for her. He half promised, and finally fulfilled his promise, but not until three years after was his work laid before the public eyes. It was on May 4, 1908, that the play was presented at the Bush Temple Theatre, Chicago, with Mrs. Berlein in the leading role. As a first effort at writing for the stage it was such a pronounced success from a literary as well as from a dramatic point of view that the brilliant author's most sincere admirers have never ceased to regret his failure to follow it up.

The evident sincerity of the work is one of its chief charms. Extremely pretty in story, interesting in dialogue and strong in dramatic effect, the play is replete with clever comedy touches and original situations. The scene which aroused so much discussion represents a midnight Mass in a western mining camp on Christmas eve. The episode is brief, and, being handled with the reverence befitting the author's sacred calling, is highly

impressive. The rite progresses for little more than two minutes, beginning with the sanctus and terminating with the offertory, when it is interrupted by a striking climax, one of the characters rushing in to announce that the villains of the play had blown up a mine owned by Nance Naughton (Mrs. Berlein), the "Woman of the West." The curtain drops and is raised once more to show the service resumed, the priest being in the act of raising the chalice.

Regarding this scene there was much of unthinking criticism, much that was rancorous and some prompted by honest conviction. Several clergymen of distinction voiced strenuous objection to the introduction of such features into stage productions, but none questioned the motives which actuated the author. Rev. H. A. Percival, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, of Peoria, Ill., expressed the unspoken views of many when he said over his signature:

"This truly meritorious play leaves a lasting and healthy impression on all who hear it. The name does not convey the real excellence of the play. It carries with it the rich aroma of Idaho, along with the real pathos of true western life. It is a wholesome and clean play, and emphasizes the best things in life, viz.: love of home and religion. The religious parts are picturesque and reverent. For a moral stimulus see 'A Woman of the West.' "

It can be seen readily that Father Vaughan, himself a theologian, would hardly do anything in the remotest degree contrary to sound theological principles, or of such a character as would subject him even to suspicion of sacrilege or irreverence. His play was not written around the religious incident, although the dramatic

structure rests largely upon that foundation. He simply hoped that in writing the play he could aid the stage in reaching its proper place as a tremendous influence for good. The Mass scene is simply a living picture, and Father Vaughan held and sincerely believed that in it there was no more sound basis of criticism than there is in representation of the same thing in water colors or in oil. In discussing this subject he said:

"The Catholic faith is not a religion of sentimentality, but a religion of principles; a religion of the intellect, not a rhapsody of sentimental gush. 'A Woman of the West' touches no principle of faith, of morals or of usage. It is purely a secular play, touching, indeed, the religious sentiment of the characters presented, but carefully avoiding any religious belief, rite or usage. The church scene is simply a picture intended to bring out the instinctive respect of human nature for the house of God."

Father Vaughan never for a moment conceded that his play was of a character calling for defense, but he uttered the words quoted above rather in deference to the views of those who in his honest opinion entertained mistaken views as to the work. He was fond, in a jocose way, of pointing out that Mrs. Berlein, the leading woman of the play, and Mrs. Elizabeth Kennedy, her mother and manager, were both devout Catholics, and that eighteen out of the twenty-five persons in the original cast were of the same faith. It is also a fact that every person who appeared in a Catholic part was a Catholic, and all attended to their religious duties with due regularity. In responding to a curtain call at the Bush Temple Theatre after the third act of his play, Father Vaughan defended

the representation on the stage of sacred subjects in the following words:

"Matters of sacred purport may be presented in a play, without bringing forth the criticism that they are debased thereby. Indeed, I think that such matters, if handled with delicacy and reverence, may even tend to have an elevating influence upon the playhouse. The theater in America exerts an ever-growing influence, and we must do what we can to bring its teachings into harmony with the higher divine truth. People go to church but once a week; they may go to the theater every night in the week. Hence, it is important that the theater should mirror a lofty conception of the world and of worldly relations."

Father Vaughan's lectures were sermons in themselves, and his books and plays have the uplifting influence of a Christian life. His sympathetic nature served to bring out the best of every one he knew, and every man to him was a brother, regardless of race or creed. His discourse in private was like that of Nestor, which Homer compared to the flowing of honey for its sweetness, and it would scarcely be too much to say of the gentle and eloquent priest as Milton said of another eloquent spirit that "his tongue dropped manna."

It has previously been remarked that Father Vaughan was a great lover of books, and with this in mind the friends who knew him well can readily believe that probably his fondest wish as his end drew near was expressed in Leigh Hunt's confession as to himself in his charming essay on "Books." "How pleasant it is," he said, "to reflect that all those lovers of books have themselves become books. What better metamorphosis could Aristotle

have desired? It is the only visible change which changes no farther; which generates and yet is not destroyed. To a shape like this, so small yet comprehensive, so slight yet so lasting, so insignificant yet so venerable, turns the mighty activity of Homer, and so turning is enabled to live and warm us forever. To a shape like this turns the placid shade of Academus; to a shape like this the grandeur of Milton, the exuberance of Spencer, the pungent elegance of Pope and the volatility of Prior. In one small room can be gathered together 'the assembled souls of all that men held wise.' May I hope to become the meanest of these existences?

"This is a question which every author who is a lover of books asks himself sometimes in his life, and which must be pardoned because it cannot be helped. I know not. But I should like to remain visible in this shape."

And, therefore, from within the covers of these volumes the kindly, gentle priest will speak again to those who knew and loved him; will speak indeed to the present and future generations, for the world "will not willingly let die" writings so eloquent, so brilliant, so tender as those of Father Vaughan. And all who knew him and appreciated the sweetness of his disposition and the justness and moderation he ever displayed towards those who disagreed with him, as well as towards others, may well say with Tennyson:

"I would the great world grew like Thee,
Who gavest not alone in power
And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity."

# THE POWER OF LOVE

ILLUSTRATED

# THE POWER OF LOVE

MY dear friends: I'm glad to see so many of you present to review with me the sweetest story of life, and, though I came to you with joy, now, as I stand here looking out on your expectant faces, there comes back to me a feeling I often experience when an audience looks to me for a word from God.

I cannot help tonight asking myself the question: "Why have you come out to hear me speak, to hear a human voice echo and re-echo through a building reared up by the hands of man, while the voice of God is rolling through the universe teaching such lessons, unraveling such wonders, disclosing such mysteries, as never entered into mind of man to conceive, or power been given to the human tongue to manifest?"

Friends, when you have wearied of my voice, and in my own weak way I have told you the story of love, don't feel that that story is all ended. Go out tonight and stand under God's beautiful blue vaulted dome of heaven, studded with myriads of twinkling stars, like tiny lanterns hung out by angels' hands to win your soul from earth to heaven, and standing there alone the voice of God rolling on through the universe will echo through your soul, whispering out of the starry skies the everlasting, unending love of God. Delve down, if you will, with your sciences, into the very bosom of mother earth, and there, written by the finger of the same Eternal God,

you will find on the very foundation stone of earth the same old story of love. To me it is written on every page of God's book of nature. To me it is traced in the golden sunlight of day; it is sung in the love-songs of the birds; 'tis whispered in the sighing of the trees, the rippling of the brooks, painted in the varying colors of the flowers.

Oh, there in the flowers, let us read tonight the story of our life. (Taking the flowers in his hands.) No need for me to speak to you tonight if you would but take up this bunch of sweet flowers, and out of their soft, velvety petaled hearts, read the lesson that God would teach you. See, friends (holding up the flower), this little flower. How beautifully God made it! How wondrously fashioned! How artistically colored! How exquisitely perfumed! And, after all, what is it? A handful of earth touched by the finger of the Eternal God. A few weeks ago a gardener went forth to sow his seed—sow them in the cold, dark and noisome earth—and the seed fell from the hand of the gardener on a cold, dark sod, to lie shivering—shivering in the cold earth—shivering until one day—one glorious day—when the golden sunlight of God went up in the zenith of the heavens and threw out His jewelled arms in benediction o'er the world, and this little flower seed, shivering in the ground, felt the warmth of life thrilling it through and through, felt the finger of God touch it, felt the story of life unfold. It started and it grew, it burst and bloomed, and now tonight it is sending up to God a perfumed prayer of praise and thanksgiving. But what intelligent man can look down on these beautiful flowers and not think of the flowers that will never bloom? How many other seeds were sown by the hand of the gardener that fell down into the lowly places.

They lie under the shadows; they never caught the golden sunlight of God when it ascended into the zenith of the heavens; the golden finger of God never touched them; the warmth of light never thrilled them; the mystery of life was never known, and there they lay; there they moulded, and there they rotted—all earth and earthly.

Friends, is not that the story of your life and mine? I am here to unravel no great wonder, to disclose no great scientific principle—no deep, intricate reason. I am here to talk to you like a father, to tell you that this world — this beautiful world of ours — is God's flower garden. Every day—aye! every hour of the day—God sends forth His gardeners into the world, and they sow the flower seeds of God's eternal kingdom — immortal seeds—the souls of men—your soul and mine—and they fall from the hands of angels, like the flower seeds in the early spring fall upon a cold and a dark and noisome earth, and lie shivering in a world of sin—shivering until one day—that day that comes into every Christian life—one day when the glorious sunlight of God's divine truths of Christianity goes up into the zenith of our lives. One day the mystery of life is disclosed, one day the story of love is told, and our minds stir and our souls yearn and our hearts swell and our lips send up to God a prayer of praise and thanksgiving. That is, some of us do. But how many, oh, how many, of these immortal souls of men are like the flowers that never bloom? They have fallen down into the lowly places of life, they are lying under the shadows of temptation. They never caught the golden sunlight of the divine truths of Christianity. The mystery of life was never disclosed; the story of love was never told them. There they lay; down in the valleys

of sin! And friends, unless some mind, more skilled in the mysteries of God, goes down into the valleys of sin and leads them up onto the mountain of God's righteousness; unless some hand, more skilled in the mystery of life and death, draws them forth from under the shadows of temptation, there they will lie, there they will mould, there they will rot, like the flowers that never bloom—all earth and earthly. Friends, it's for these that I come to you tonight, to take you by the hand, to talk to you like a father, to walk with you through the pathways and byways of life, and strive to show you God's sweetest lesson of love.

Friends, were I to speak the heart of God I would speak it in a single word—'tis LOVE! Were I to take the great Scriptures and turn them over page by page, and sum up the whole work into a single sentence, there would be only one word—LOVE! Were I to tell you the spirit of the Christ again, I know only one word—eternal, everlasting, unending LOVE! Yes, friends, that is the mystery of life and death: God is Love. And in the realms of God all is love. Love rules supreme, regenerates, elevates, consecrates all that enters into the benign circle of God's divine pleasure. Yes, God is Love, and it is only in the manifestation of that love that we are able to know aught of the inner excellence or wondrous perfection of the Deity.

When throughout the unending and unopening cycles of the vast and vapory unknown, God, wrapped in the arms of His own Omnipotence, viewed with divine complacency, in His only limitless perfections, by the infinite act of an infinite intellect, begot His own Divine

Son, co-existing, co-eternal, co-equal with the Divine Father.

And as in the Son the Father beholds His own Divine perfections, and in the Father the Son beholds His own Divine prototype, from both proceed the Divine Spirit—the spirit of God, the spirit of love, the completion of the August and Holy Trinity, bound in love divine. Hence it is that throughout the unreckoned ages of eternity there burst on the heart of God that Trinity of Love, first manifested through the Son, now seeking through that Son to externalize Himself in the living act of creation. So by the love of God Divine came forth from naught the myriads of angels that surround the great white throne of the Deity. So by that love of God Divine for these same angels reared up the vaulted arches, the jewel-decked domes of the heavenly court. So by that love of God Divine came forth from naught seraphic fires, principalities, thrones, dominations and powers, born in love, by love confirmed, with love united, and then, when at last the veil of night was drawn across the boundless surges of eternity, and from a pregnant chaos time was born, by one mere fiat of His mighty will, urged on by His love, the co-eternal Son, from formless night the light came forth, and all the glories of the world were done. Then from the roaring billowy deep, up rolled the islands green, and the earth brought forth her thanks and fruits, her trees and flowers, birds flitted from tree to tree, within the open sea fleet fishes glided, all nature blended in harmony most sweet, and sang a song of praise in measured beats of love unto her God, and God declared it all was well.

But still, because of that love that burned within the

heart of God, he wished to see in this world of ours a knowing mind, a thinking intellect, who seeing all the wonders of nature, might voice in intelligent language the praise and the honor that was due to God. Then spake the Lord unto the Lord: "Let us make man," said He, "to our own image and likeness."

Friends, do you mark the love of God? Like to Himself He would make man perfect. Then out of the earth God formed the man, out of the clay He fashioned him, for though man was to be the king of the earth, he was to be himself the thing that was earthly. Though he was to be the perfection of nature, he was to be a child of that nature. And when that perfect form was made, God, in His love, breathed into that perfect form a living soul — the image of the great Creator — and when that perfect creature stood there before Him, God loved him so He could not leave him here forever, and so He gave him a promise that one day He would unite him to Himself. He raised man from the natural to the supernatural plane, and then it is as the Scripture says: "God cried out, 'Behold, Adam has become like one of us.' "

Yes, like to Himself God made man perfect. Perfect in himself, man held a soul untrammeled by the flesh, because the flesh was then a body unstained by sin. Now mark the beautiful story of love upon that favored creature. God in love, lavished every care. Never since have the angels of God looked down on trees so green, on pools so limpid clear. There were pebbles of opal, onyx and emerald green; there were ferns and fruits and flowers; there was music in the air, perfume in the breezes, colors in the grass; joy and gladness and love and harmony everywhere, and still amidst that all, man

has sinned. Aye! Stood up 'twixt heaven and earth and hurled back in the face of the great Creator His pledge of love and immortality. And in that instant this world became a desert, there gathered dark clouds in the heavens, the thunders roared and lightning flashed the heavens' curse upon the earth. On the sea came a hurricane blast, upon the land the earthquakes crashed. There was blight in the air, there was blast upon the flowers, for sin had entered our beautiful world. God's beautiful world was lost. Beasts that before were tame and full of play, now put forth their claws to tear and their tongues to sting. Birds whet their beaks for prey. Upon the sweetest land, upon the fairest home this world could ever know, our parents turned their backs, cast forth upon the pathway of sorrow, the broken hearted scions of a ruined race.

Now after this what did God owe man? Only wrath. When God had created man to His own image and likeness, placed him in that garden of love, showered down upon him every favor and every blessing the nature of man could wish for or desire; when the whole world, aye, the myriads of worlds of the great cosmos were whirling on through space, each in its own orbit, obedient to the will of God; when the mighty cosmos, with its myriads of worlds, was like a mighty orchestra playing a symphony of praise to the eternal God, and man stood up and hurled the one discordant note into that symphony of praise, what did God owe him? Only wrath. And still, because of that love that burned within the heart of God, He gave to sinning man a saving hope, a promised Redeemer. And so our first parents went forth from the closed gate of that garden of love, to which is now added

the yearning of hope that one day they will be re-united with that perfect love in heaven above.

Then stood the world in desolation. For four thousand years men waited for the hour of their deliverance. For four thousand years the world groaned under the burden of the Creator's wrath. For four thousand years the wailing prayers of a faithful few arose in incensed clouds around the throne of God, and then—then in the twilight of Jewish greatness, in the setting glory of a degenerate people, the pledge of God was fulfilled: the Messiah came. Christ Jesus, the Son of God, came down to save His perishing people. Yes, God loved you so, and God loved me so, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him may not perish, but may have life everlasting. Miserable and lowly and despised, the Jesus came. And why? In order that every man, woman and child, however despised, or however much an outcast from the world, might seek and might find Him. To show His love for you and me, Jesus left His throne in Heaven to lie a beggar in a manger. To show His love for you and me, He cast aside the regal robes of His Divinity and donned the rags of our mortality. To show his love for you and me, He annihilated Himself, becoming even as a slave. He, the glory of God, and the wisdom of God. And on that Christmas night so long ago, when Heaven came down to earth, and earth seemed raised to Heaven, Mary brought forth her only Son, wrapped Him in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger. And why? Because there was no room for Him in the inn.

For four thousand years the world had been running wild, and man, running wild with the world, was seeking

his happiness in the things of earth, and on that night when God would stoop down there from on high and awaken the slumbering soul of man and raise him up to the dignity of an intelligent being and lead him on to the culture and the refinement and the civilization of Christianity, God had stooped unto His own, and His own received Him not. The inns were full of the mighty ones, full of titled and nobility and culture and riches and gold and silver and silks and laces and the riches of Eastern embroidery, and there was no room for God —and He went out, out onto the hillsides, out to the lowliest of God's people.

You remember the story. There were shepherds watching their flocks by night, and lo, as they watched, an angel of God stood by them, and the glory of God shone round about them, and they feared with a great fear. Just like you and I, standing tonight on the culture and refinement and eminence of the twentieth century, when a messenger comes from God to awaken our startled souls and lead us on to higher ideals, nobler ambitions and grander living, and the glory of God shines round about us, striving to pierce down into our souls, you stand there trembling. You are afraid! You are afraid to listen to the voice that is leading you on to higher ideals, nobler ambitions and grander living. You are afraid to throw open your hearts and let the glory of God shine in. And why? Because you know if you listen to that voice that is leading you on to grander and nobler ideals and broader striving — if you open your heart and let the glory of God shine in—it means breaking away from the old life and the old companions; it means tearing the sin and the pain and the temptation

out of your soul; it means sacrificing something of your earthly goods for the benefit of your fellow-man and the glory of God. And you are afraid! You are afraid! But, oh, friends, when God is leading you on to higher things, and you stand there trembling, remember the words of the angels that night: "Fear not, for there is born to you in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ Jesus the Lord." A Savior that will come down into your life and my life and take the sin and the shame and the pain and the temptation out of your soul and mine. A Savior that will come down into your everyday life and bear again the crosses and the burdens upon His mangled shoulders. A Savior that stands in the opening years of the twentieth century as in the years gone by, with His arms outstretched to the world, crying: "Come, come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavily laden, and I will refresh you." Oh, when once that fundamental idea of Christianity sinks down into your soul; when once you realize, however narrow the way, however dark the path, however terrific the battle, when Jesus is leading on 'tis all blithesome and gay. Thus with you and with me as with the shepherds on that night: "Immediately there was with them a multitude of the heavenly choir, praising God and singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace — peace to men and good will.' " That was the anthem the angels sang; that was God's pledge to men—"Peace."

Have you ever thought of it? For two thousand years that prayer of praise and of peace has rolled forth from the Heavenly choirs before the throne of God, and has echoed on through the universe. Every day, aye! every

hour of the day, that prayer of praise and of peace rolls up before the throne of God, and still we know no peace.

True, in one Christian home the angels of God have sown the seed of peace, destined to bloom into immortal flowers that one day will be twined around the great white throne of the Deity. But in another home, veiling their faces, they have fled. And why? If God has given us His only begotten Son as a testimony of His love and has sealed that gift with an anthem of peace, why is the world at war? Why are nations ever contending one with another, staining God's beautiful earth red with the crimson blood of God's own people? Why cannot Christian neighbors live in harmony and love, striving to bear the burdens of one another, and make of God's beautiful world what He intended it—a happy home for the children of His love—instead of forever contending and striving, with their hate and their malice and their greed and their lust? Why do sons rise up against fathers and fathers against sons? The ties of blood are rent asunder, homes are broken up, hearthstones are cold, and broken hearts wander desolately through the land. Why? Why, because men will not learn the lesson of love.

Why is the world unhappy tonight? Why are there ruined lives and wrecked homes and broken hearts and miserable, weak, sinful men and women groveling in the mires of degradation? Did God make the world so? God made the world all sunlight and flowers, with the love-songs of the birds and the sighing of the breezes and the rippling of the silvery brooks, and man! man! man! with his faltering hand, has given over that masterpiece of God, and has made it a meaningless daub—a valley of sighs and tears and groans and ruined homes and broken

hearts. Why is the world unhappy tonight? Because you men and women seek for happiness where pain lies like a serpent in wait to sting. Why are there wrecked lives and broken hearts and weak men and women crying out to God to take back the gift of life? Because you men and women insist on drinking of the chalice of the world —the chalice of greed, of avarice, of lust and strife; a chalice resplendent in gold, but alas, dregged with a poison that saps away life's vital spark, which is content. Why is the world unhappy? Because men will not learn the one lesson that the Eternal God has been striving to teach to the human heart for six thousand years.

Friends, have you followed me?

In love was the Son born in the bosom of the Father; in love did He come to earth—love of you and love of me. In love did He send forth His glorious Christian Church into the world to regenerate mankind, socially and physically as well as spiritually; to raise men up to the dignity of intelligent sons of God; to lead mankind on to the culture and the refinement and humanity of today; to give to you and to me the happy homes, the pure women and upright men, the moral code — everything that makes your life worth living. And what power did Jesus give that church when He sent forth twelve ignorant men to regenerate the world? No standing armies at their backs to fight the battles of civilization; no sword of oppression in their hands. One mighty power Jesus gave them, one wondrous lesson: "Teach them," said the Christ, "to love one another. Love God, and love thy neighbor as thyself." With that little lesson of love, twelve ignorant men went forth to build up a world anew.

Rome, the mistress of the world, pagan Rome, the place that put her strength in the power of her sword and her mighty armies; Rome, demanding tribute of every civilized people, how she laughed at the spouse of Christ —the early Christian Church—that came with her lesson of "love and forgive!" And so, away, away from the imperial gates of Rome the Church of Christ was driven like a mendicant and a slave.

The Greeks, with their splendid literature and their false philosophy, looked down with a supercilious sneer and laughed in the faces of the messengers of Christ who came with their philosophy of "love and forgive and forget,"—and so for three hundred years that Church of Christ was an outcast. For three hundred years the seed of love was sown. Not in the minds of the cultured few; not in the schools of the learned; not in the glittering palaces and dome-decked temples, but out to the slaves and the renegades of the cities. Out under the vaulted dome of God's great heavens, out among the graves and the catacombs of Rome, there were sung the first hymns, there were murmured the first prayers, there were offered the first sacrifices of the Christian Church. For three hundred years that Church of Christ, with her philosophy of love, was a wanderer. For three hundred years there were tears in her mother's eyes; there were prayers on her mother's lips; there was blood on her mother's hands —the blood of the innocent, the blood of the poor.

Then at last came her hour of triumph. In the dawning years of the fourth century, when in spite of the arrogance and pride of Rome, in spite of the subtle and false philosophy, the imperial eagle of Rome bowed down

to the Cross, and Jesus Christ, with His lesson of love, was at last victorious.

Take up your histories now, and look back through the vista of ages and see the hand of God framing the destiny of Christianity. Along in the fourth century and into the fifth, down from the North came the barbarians, sweeping like a tidal wave over Europe. On they came, hundreds and thousands, nation after nation; men without any history, men without any known language, men without one idea of the humane. On they came in resistless numbers, like mighty billows sweeping over Europe, and Rome, Rome, who had relied upon her standing armies; Rome, who put her faith in the power of the sword; Rome went down with a crash before the inroad of the barbarians, burying the whole civilized world in the debris of the ruins. Still and still they came on—these barbarians. On they came, the Goths and the Visigoths, the Huns and the Vandals, in resistless numbers. Every nation was rent asunder; every political institution was undermined; every power was subjugated; every representative of civilization was ruined and buried. All save and except one. There was one institution made by the power of God and compacted by the hand of Jesus Christ. That institution was the glorious Christian Church. She stood when everything else went down to ruin and destruction. She remained when every other power was laid in waste. She received the barbarians as they came down from the North, hundreds and thousands. She received nation after nation, with no standing armies at her back to fight the battles of civilization, no sword of oppression in her hand. She received them, one after another, into a mother's bosom.

"AND CHRIST, WITH HIS LESSON OF LOVE, WAS AT LAST VICTORIOUS."

She taught them the lesson of Christianity. She told them the meaning of true manhood. She showed them the highest ideal of man was not to tear down and ruin and destroy, but to rear up glorious monuments that might stand forever as living testimonies of the Godlike mind the Creator had given to man. She whispered to these savage hordes the story of love, and they stood amazed and in wonder. Love!—they could not understand its meaning. Forgive!—there was no such word in their barbaric tongue. Forget!—the heathen mind never forgets. And yet, the very novelty of the doctrine held them entranced, and they stood in open-mouthed wonder, listening to that novel story of love. And as they listened, they came to understand, and understanding, they learned to love, and loving, they sought to frame their lives upon the model of THAT MIGHTY LOVE.

Look back through these ages of history and in all the stories of the lives of men you will find no sweeter page than the story of that Church of Christ in the ages called dark, perfectly or imperfectly, as you will, fulfilling her grand destiny of love, weaving the golden thread of charity into the lives and the laws of nations, founding a new civilization on the mighty principle of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

So, as early as the fifth century, the Church of Christ was standing alone—alone on the ruins and the debris of the world that had passed away forever. She did not shrink from the task that lay before her. Girding herself for that mighty task, alone and unaided, with neither arm nor sword, she began the regeneration of humanity —the building up of a new civilization—to give to the world the upright men, the pure women, the happy

homes, the moral codes, the human society—everything that makes your life worth living today.

When all Europe was a battlefield, flowing with blood; when every man was obliged to be a soldier and buckle on his armor to defend his home and his family and his native sod; when every boy must grasp a sword and take his place in the armies of his country, the only men of culture in Europe, the only representatives of civilization, were the representatives of that Church of Christ: the priests and monks of these early ages. They had gone into their monastic homes with the two-fold principle of Christianity engraven upon their hearts: the love of God and the love of their fellowman for God's sake. When all the land was red with human blood and men were wrestling in the throes of death, when like the billowy waves of the ocean mighty armies surged to and fro across the continent of Europe, these representatives of the Church of Christ, for the love of God, kept alive the light of faith in the hearts of the Christians. They sowed the seed of love in the minds of the barbarians, and in these dark hours prayed for a brighter day, and in the depths of their monastic cells copied over, letter by letter, the sacred Scriptures, multiplying copies of the sacred text to hand down to a civilization, which they knew, by the promises of Christ, was yet to come out of that chaos and gloom. For love of man they left the safe retreat of their monastic homes and went out into that maelstrom of war and blood, gathering together all they could lay hands on of Roman art and Grecian culture, and carried it back with them into the safe retreats of their churches and their monasteries, and there in the depths of these same monastic cells copied over the works of Virgil and

of Horace, and thus preserved the classical literature of the past, that they might hand it down to a civilization which would forget their very names and the good they had done to humanity.

Ages rolled on, and what a sight to see! Barbaric hordes, who had come down from the North without one idea of the humane, throwing away their swords to take up the plough and learn the homely occupation of a civilized life. Around the churches and the monasteries, reared up in the name of Christ, there was the first land tilled in the new civilization of Europe; there the first schools were opened; there the seed of the new civilization was sown, which was destined to spread to the remotest corners of the earth. What a lesson of love to view the Church in these days of gradual progress, carrying out her Divine mission of love, weaving the golden thread of charity into the fabric of nations.

And while she preserved the faith of Christ that would save men's souls, she was ever mindful of man's material necessities. With her Divine wisdom she threw a mantle of religion over the ruins of ancient Rome, that she might protect them from the barbarism of the people. On the walls of the Pantheon she placed the twelve statues of the apostles, that the stamp of religion might make these ruins sacred in the eyes of the Vandals. On the top of the pillar of Trojan was placed the statue of St. Peter, that it might be safe from the ravages of the barbarians. It was a monk of that early Church that attended the laurel that grew upon the grave of Virgil and of Horace.

In all the pages of history we see this freeing power of love. Is there a page in history that you love to read?

The story of a great man or a noble woman? That reading, you would wish to give your children, that they, reading it, might be the better? And why do you love that page in history? Why is the name of that man or woman handed down from age to age? Is it because their lives are all glory? Is it because they wrung from the world a mighty share of the world's spoils? Is it not rather because they have sacrificed everything that men hold dear in order that you and I might be free and gloriously independent at the price of another man's love? Is it not well, then, that I come to you tonight to tell you in my own way that old, old story of love—as old as God's world? Is it not, after all, the only story of life worth telling?

When the young man went to the Master, and standing before Him, asked the mystery of love; when he asked: "Master, which is the greatest commandment of the law?" do you remember Jesus preached no long sermon—there was no deep, intricate reasoning, no abstract philosophy. In a single sentence Jesus tells him the mystery of happiness: "The first and greatest commandment of the law is this: that you love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole soul and thy whole strength." And the second is like unto this: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." In this is the completion of the law. Indeed, well did the early Christian understand this when St. Paul, that apostle par excellence, that man who seemed called from the great white throne of God to lead the Gentiles on to the culture and the refinement and the civilization and the Christianity of today, when he would, as it were, throw out the golden lifeline to guide the Corinthians safely through the

breakers of life, o'er the shoals of time, onto the shores of eternity, again there is no sermon, again there is no deep philosophy. In a single sentence he tells them: "Spake I with the tongue of an angel, had I faith that would move mountains, and I have not charity, 'tis all vain and meaningless."

Is it not well, then, that I come to you to tell you again the story of love, to awaken your startled souls, to say to you that the love of your fellowmen for God's sake is the foundation stone of Christianity? Aye, more, that the helping of your fellowmen for God's sake—the helping of a fellow creature is the keystone of all religion. For, after all, what is religion? Is it long prayers and loud sung hymns, and sighs and formulas and exterior expression? Whatever all this may play in your scheme of religion, religion is something infinitely grander. True religion is the spirit of God, like the golden sunlight trembling o'er the land, giving life and vitality to all creation. True religion is that spirit of God in life, tearing down the mighty mountains of iniquity and filling the plains of vice, and in spite of the greed and the avarice and the lust and the perfidy of men, making the whole world scintillate in the glory of God. True religion is that golden chord of justice that binds the human soul forever to the great white throne of Deity. True religion is the sum total of relation to God. It is the spirit of God deep down in the human soul, manifesting itself in our actions toward God and toward our fellowman.

Do you doubt this? Analyze your religion. I care not what your denomination may be, what your creed or your formula—analyze it down to its fundamental principle, and your religion is God—that inborn religious

sense of your relation to and your dependence upon God. Religion—true religion—then is the sum total of man's relation to God and its consequent obligations.

And what do you know of God? Were it not for the lessons of love written by the hand of God all o'er the world of nature, were it not for these inspired messages handed by love, what would you know of the inner excellence or the wonderful perfections of the Deity? Can you not see the debt that the human race owes to God is the debt of love, the debt that you and I and every man owes is a debt of love? Are you honest men, are you upright women? Then pay back to the Eternal God the debt you owe. Pay Him back in the coin in which the debt was contracted—the coin of love.

And how shall we, creatures of the finite, reach to and grasp the garments of Divinity, and pay back our debt of love? God has told you how. Pay it back to the sons and daughters of the Mighty Father. Pay it back to the poor and the miserable and the sinful and the weak and the wayward creatures in this world. Pay it back to the heirs of Christ, the little naked children, shivering in the winter-time. Is this asking too much? Is it asking too much that you make the helping of your fellowmen the grand motive of your life?

After all, what are you? If I were to ask you, one by one, would you not stand up tonight before heaven and earth, and cry out: "I am a Christian!" Are you? Are you a Christian? Have you ever stopped in your religious fervor and your loud sung hymns and your sighs long enough to ask yourself: "What does it mean?" when you and I stand on the mountain of culture and education of the twentieth century, and cry out: "I am a

Christian!" Christian! It means Christus, another Christ. Are you a Christian? Are you another Christ? Then in God's name go home tonight, take up the Testament and read it over, letter for letter and line for line until you have read the life of Christ. Are you a Christian? Read it o'er and o'er and o'er until you can stand before the world and say: "I know it—I know the life of Christ." Are you a Christian? When you have read it, when you can stand before the world and say: "I know it," then go out into a world of sin and shame, of misery and broken hearts, of weak and sinful men, and live, live that life of Christ!

Ah, friends, when we look around the world, and use that God-like intellect that the Creator has given us, it is easy for any intelligent man to understand the part he is to play in the great scheme of Christianity's regeneration of the world. What we need in the opening years of the twentieth century is not more grand churches reared up in the name of Christ, not more eloquent preachers to go forth and repeat over and over the story of the Christ, but we need more men and women to live the life of Christ in a world of sin. When you look around you and see the ruined homes and the broken hearts and the wrecked lives and the sin-debased humanity, and the poor, weak, miserable men and women, dragged on in the vortex of vice, your own intelligence will tell you what we need is sympathy, is charity, is love —more of the Christ-like spirit in everyday life. When I speak of charity and love and the Christ-life, I do not mean your religion at arm's length—your charity and sighs and groans and tears. No! I mean hand-in-hand fellowship; I mean that kind of Christianity, that kind of

love, that kind of brotherhood that will clothe the little naked children that are shivering in the winter's cold. I mean that kind of charity that will get food for the hungry, medicine for the sick, clothing for the naked. I mean that kind of religion that will find a job for the poor man who has a big family to support. But more than all that, for, after all, that is only the human part, I mean that kind of religion that can go down into the gutter, into the mire and the dirt of the world, and raise up the poor sinner that is bound in the slavery of hell, the poor creature that is chained down in the strength of his own passions. Perhaps it is a young girl, and the breath of suspicion has rolled from mouth to mouth, and you have turned your face away from her, and you have closed your doors in her face; you have driven her out of your churches, and the arms of hell were opened wide, ready to receive her. Perhaps it is a drunkard, and he has reeled through the streets of your city, and he has fallen helpless in the gutter and lies a brute at your doorway. His coat is torn and ragged and dirty, his face is begrimed with the slime of the gutter, his eyes are bleared and bloated; he looks, indeed, more like a beast than a man, but will you pass him by? Would Jesus leave him there in the gutter? Are you a Christian? Raise him up! Do you not know that underneath that ragged coat, behind that bloated face, there is a soul?—a soul in the image and the likeness of the Eternal God!—a soul that Jesus so loved that He hung for three mortal hours upon the cross, and even tonight He is standing before the throne of the Eternal Father, praying: "Father, that I may not lose even one of these, my little ones!" Raise him up for Christ's sake, and one

day you may be glad to have even the soul of a drunkard to hold up before your own trembling heart and the eyes of the Eternal God.

Oh, friends, how different this world would be if you and I would so model our lives. If every man that says he is a Christian would bring that spirit of Christ into his everyday life! But you will ask me, what is the spirit of Christ? Friends, I dare not answer. Was power ever given to the human mind to encompass the spirit of Christ? Was power ever given to the human tongue to frame that spirit in language? How many times, when young men, yearning for a better life, come to me, asking this question: "What is the spirit of Christ?" when old men, trembling on the grave, seek to unfold the mystery; when matrons and maids seek my guidance, I stand and tremble and wonder if I dare answer.

What is the spirit of Christ?

Friends, though I may not put that spirit in words, God knows sometimes I feel it. Sometimes, when I am alone in that wild northwestern country, driving along the country roads, in the days of the early fall, when the land is rich with the harvest, and a storm has swept across the country, and the sky is dark with clouds, and the air seems thick with moisture, and the rains drench the land; the trees and the shrubbery seem weeping in the uncertain light, and the grain has bent down its heads, heavy under the storm, and the world seems weeping—the land is bowed in sorrow—have you ever noticed: a rift comes in the cloud, and the golden finger of God steals through, and the arm of light sweeps over the land and the golden sun shines and trembles across the field? And see the world is changed! The trees are no longer

weeping, but glisten with colorless jewels; the shrubbery is ablaze with liquid diamonds; the golden grain raises its head, waving gently in the breeze; the sunlight waves in great billows across the field—no longer a land of sorrow, but a sea of gold, scintillating under the glorious sun of day.

Friends, that is the spirit of Christ. Like the golden sunlight, He went from city to city in Judea, bringing life and joy and light into every heart. They brought forth the lame and the maimed and the blind and the miserable, that the shadow of Jesus might fall upon them, that they might be freed from their ills, that they might look once into the eyes of Christ, and never again know pain nor sorrow. Ah, friends, there is the model of a truly Christian life: to bring sunshine into the dark spots of the earth, to bring joy into broken hearts, to give hope to the heart that despaireth, to reach out a helping hand to the weary and the weak stumbling along the path of life.

Would you be a Christian? Would you be another Christ? Friends, there is a picture in the life of Jesus that I would every Christian soul had engraven upon his heart. It is a beautiful sunny day in the city of Judea, early in the morning. The gray dawn is hanging like a pall over the world. The whole city is hum and bustle, buzzing like a great beehive, making its preparation for the day, before the burning heat of the Eastern sun. All the little shops are open. Already the merchants' goods are spread out even into the roadway. Already the crowds are congregating on the corner. Already the merchants run hither and thither. Already the children peek their heads over the stone balustrades of the housetops. But, lo, across the country a courier approaches!

A messenger brings the glad tidings that Jesus, the great Prophet, is coming to town, and the hum and the bustle cease, and the preparations stop in the midst of their striving, and the stores are closed up, and the goods are put away, and the merchants congregate on the corners, and the women bear the news from house to house, and the crowd surges into the street. It is to be a holiday. Jesus is coming to town! And as the news spreads from mouth to mouth, and as the streets are filling with curious and expectant people, there stands in the heart of that city, in the early dawn, a woman of the street—a creature of sin—the despised Magdala. There she stands, leaning against the stone building, and there is a look of hate in her eyes and a curling smile of scorn upon her lips as she throws back the sneers of the crowd who tell her: "Go home, go home, Jesus is coming!" And the women draw away their garments lest they become unclean, and the Magdala laughs in their faces and cries out: "What do I care for your Jesus? What do I care for your Prophet? I will go home and I will put on my finest linen, and I will deck myself in jewels, and I will come back and laugh in the face of your Jesus!" With a snatch of song, she dances along the street to her own apartments, and entering in bathes herself in sweet perfumes, and out from a great chest of drawers she takes the finest linen and robes her splendid form, and then for hours she brushes her beautiful hair until it scintillates like spun gold in the glory of day. Then out of that chest of drawers she takes strand upon strand of gold and silver cord and plaits them into her matchless hair. The glittering jewels are placed upon her forehead—glittering with jealousy over her sparkling eyes. Upon her fingers are rings

without number, on her arms bracelets even to the elbows. Around that spotless throat are bound rope upon rope of pearls, and over all she throws the badge of her silken shame, and now for the moment she stands before her little metal mirror, and looking down at the beautiful image there she arches her eye-brows, she paints her cheeks and she crimsons her lips, and she laughs back at the beautiful picture, and whispers: "No man born of woman can resist me now!"

Then with a snatch of a song, she hurries back into the midst of the city and places herself upon a corner where she will catch the eyes of Jesus as He comes down the street. And the people surge forward, and behold! Mary must raise herself upon her tiptoes to look over the heads of the surging crowd. And there is a cry of joy, and the people rush forward. For the moment Mary stands alone. Jesus is coming down the street. The crowds shout and hail Him as the Mighty Prophet, but Jesus seems to hear no sound. A young blind man, crouched down on his doorstep, is crying out with a broken heart: "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" and Jesus heeds him not. The old women run after Him to touch the hem of His garment, that they may be made clean, and Jesus knows them not. His eyes are wandering over the crowd. Hither and thither His gaze wanders. He is looking for one—the greatest sinner of all in that sinful city—that He may send her down the highways of time to teach you and me how to live the life of Christ. See! the crowd rushes forward now, and Mary must raise herself on her tiptoes to look over the heads of the men, and lo, as she strains and stretches, her eyes meet the eyes of the Christ. My God! how she

HE IS LOOKING FOR ONE—THE GREATEST SINNER OF ALL IN THAT SINFUL CITY.

screams when she sees the eyes of the Savior! How she cowers down like a whipped dog, trembling; how she crawls, like an animal, hiding behind the backs of the men till she comes to the corner, and there, standing erect, her arms clasped upon her bosom, her eyes gleam wildly, her bosom heaves, and all the time she is crying between her sobs: "Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming!" But all the time she is running away. Running madly, wildly, away from Jesus, away from the crowd, away from the houses and the bustle and the city; out beyond the walls, out into the wild country, and there, standing alone, with maddened hands she tears the jewels from her beautiful hair and casts them far away into the shrubbery. The gold and silver cords are torn from her plaited locks, and handfuls of hair come with them. The rope of pearls is stamped into the ground at her feet. The badge of her silken shame is rent asunder, and Mary stands almost naked. Her hair is flowing wild in the wind. Only the linen garment covers her shame. Her arms are thrown out towards the city, and she cries: "Jesus, I am coming! Jesus, I am coming!" Now back, like a crazed creature, she runs through the town, and the crowds pause as she passes, and the men point their fingers and say: "See! see! see! Mary is mad!" and the boys hurl stones at her, and all the time she is crying: "Jesus, where are you? Jesus, where are you? Jesus, where are you?" But Jesus is gone.

You know the story. Jesus was to dine that day with a Pharisee, and He has gone on down the street into the house of the Pharisee. And the feast is brought forth, and the table is groaning under the viands, and there are

lots of flowers and music and songs and laughter and women in festive attire, and men are hurrying to and fro, and all of a sudden they are still! A woman of the street is standing in the doorway—a creature of sin has polluted the house. She does not hear the men as they swear at her and call her vile names; she does not see the Jewish women cowering in the corners, lest they become unclean; she sees only Jesus, and rushing in, throws herself down at the feet of the Master. Those beautiful eyes, that have entrapped so many souls in sin, rain down tears on the feet of the Savior. That matchless hair, that has bound so many hearts in the slavery of hell, wipes the feet of the Master.

Would you be a Christian? Would you be another Christ? What did Jesus do? When the Pharisees stood over in the corner and pointed their fingers and said: "See, He talks to a woman of the street!" did Jesus say: "You thing, what are you doing here?" Did Jesus say: "You reprobate, what have you in common with the Son of God?" Jesus, the Man of Purity, stooped down and before them all raised the woman to her feet and cried: "Mary, many sins have been forgiven thee, because thou hast loved much. Go, and sin no more!"

Ah, friends, how the world might change if you and I would live that life of Christ!

I often wonder, friends, do you ever think how many souls might be saved, how many broken hearts healed, how many wrecked lives restored, if men would learn that spirit of Christ. How many, oh, how many young men tonight are inmates of our penitentiaries and reformatories, wearing the striped badge of degradation, with a stain upon their character that no power of

man can wipe out. Is it because they are worse than you or me? Is it not rather because when the boy made his first mistake—when he took that first step that leadeth down to perdition—there was not one Christian man in all that town with enough of the spirit of Christ to take that boy by the hand and show him the way to a better life? What did you care for the boy that was going to hell? You were busy with your own home and your own family and your own ambitions. You were so satisfied with your faith in Christ and your professed piety and your long prayers. What did you care for the boy that was making the mistake that meant his ruination? What did you care for the boy that never had a decent home; never heard the golden lessons of Christianity; never had a father to advise him or to help him? Perhaps you are the very one that, when his fall was known, cried out for judgment on him. You laid down the law, you uttered the sentence, and the crowd howled in unison. And you Christian men drove that boy out of respectability, and hell was glad to receive him. And he might have been saved!—he might have been saved! He, and hundreds of others, might today be an honor to the land and a consolation to their families, filling the empty seats in your churches, if there had been one man with enough of the spirit of Christ to take that wild and wayward boy by the hand and say: "See here, John, this is not the way to be a man. This is not the way to make a success of life." How he would have looked up at you with amazement! You, the respectable man of the town, talking to the boy that was an outcast! One of you men whose name he had seen in the papers and had looked upon as something of a superior creature. And to have

that man come to him, and take him by the hand and advise him! He would be like a baby in your hands.

How many thousands of women are lost on the streets tonight? Lost to God and to society and to the church, because when the girl was wayward and wild, as yet no real evil in her life, and the breath of scandal was just tainting her name, there was not a woman in all your churches to give that girl the hand of a mother—a woman who could do it without injury to herself. No! You drove her out of your homes, and you shut the doors of your churches in her face, and the arms of hell were opened wide to receive her and drag her down—through the maelstrom of vice that is rolling through our land.

Friends, you think I am talking theory. You will say: "Oh, this is a very beautiful theory, a very beautiful doctrine, but it won't work out in everyday life." Friends, you are wrong. I am not talking theory, I am talking life—everyday life. I am telling you the power that makes it possible for you to live the respectable life that you are striving. Do you think it is your little influence that is filling your boys with a noble ambition, with a desire to be honorable and pure men? Do you think it is yourself who is rearing up your pure daughters and making them like lilies, clean and spotless? Do you think it is simply your desire that is making the clean homes and the upright society of today? Friends, you are wrong. Were it not for the few faithful men and women who are living the life of Christ in the world today, stemming the tide of vice, your pure homes would be an impossibility. Your daughter would be tainted with the polluted atmosphere that would swell round her;

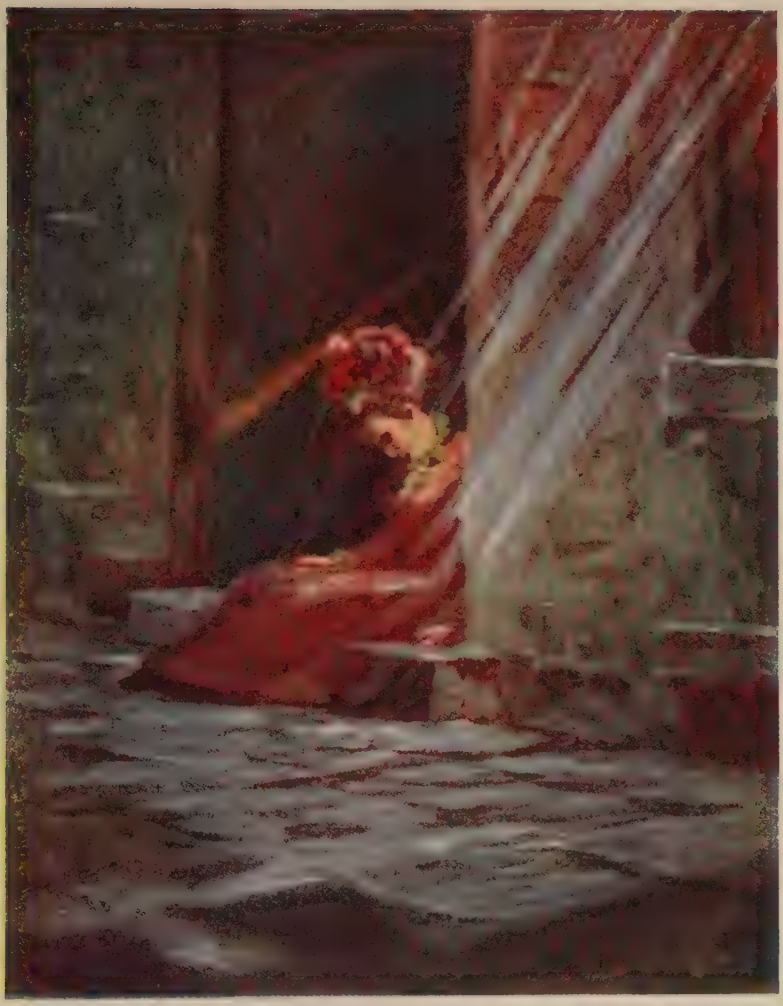
your boy would go mad with the lust of the hour. Vice would enter the very sanctuary of your homes.

Would you know the power of love? I would to God I could take you with me tonight—every one of you—you men and you women who think you know the world. I wish to God I could show you the power of one kind word, with the spirit of Christ behind it. I would to God I could take you tonight into a great penitentiary—into your great prisons tonight—along that ill-smelling hall with grated cages on either side for men made to the image of God. Along that ill-smelling hall tonight I would take you with me, and the guard would say: "Do not go over there, don't go near that cell! that man is a brute; we have him in a strait-jacket most of the time; he will swear and curse and revile you."

But, friends, don't mind the guard. That is his business. That is the very cell I want to take you to. I want to show you the lowliest of God's creatures. I want to show you a man who has sunk lower than a dog. I want you to go up close by that cell where you will be able to see that the guard has spoken the truth. The man is a brute. The devil is gleaming out of his very eyes; his face has grown a ghastly, sickly pallor. Great circles are under his eyes. The marks of crime are graven in the lines of his forehead. But, ah, friends, do not turn away because of that. I want you to wait. I want you to wait until the guard has turned his back. I want you to wait until the guard has gone, and see the devil die out of that man's eyes, see that face flush crimson red, and then grow whiter, if possible, than it was before. I want you to see that beast-man tremble in every fibre. I want you to see his stubby, criminal hands creep out between the

bars and clasp mine like a child. I want you to see the tears roll down that hardened face when that man knows he has found one who pities a soul that is half in hell—one who knows the devil he has fought; one who understands the world with which he has battled; one who knows the temptations that assail him every hour. Oh, I wish to God you could lay your head against that grated door, and between the heart-broken sobs listen to the story that such men never tell to any man but a priest. You would understand better what I mean by living the life of Christ.

Would you know the power of love? Would you know the power of one kind word when the spirit of Christ is back of it? Come with me into a great city tonight—come with me into Chicago. Down on State street and Clark street, at half-past eleven or twelve o'clock, when the lights are going out and respectable people are hurrying to their homes, you will see them—the women of the street — in all their garbs, coming 'round the corners, dodging into doorways. Men swear at them as they pass by, and now, for a little while, they come out into the light, and the rowdies over at the saloon door whistle and jeer and call them vile names, and again they dodge back into the doorways. And now again the woman of the town comes out under the great electric light on the corner like an animal at bay, looking this way and that, and the men curse her as they pass by —the very men who have made her what she is, curse her tonight—and the rowdies whistle and jeer, and a policeman, coming along, strikes her with his club and says: "Damn you, go on!" A sister of Christ in a city of churches! Like a dog they have driven her across the



SHE SINKS BACK INTO THE DOORWAY AND THE WIND HOWLS.

crossing and down the street. You will say: "She has sold herself." Sold herself! My God! It won't hurt you to know—God knows it.

Last winter when you gathered close by your fires and shivered when the wind howled, and the thermometer sank down to the degrees below zero, thousands of these women walked the streets. They had not ten cents between themselves and starvation. Sold herself! Sold herself! Friends, tonight hundreds of these women will walk the streets all night long from darkness until dawn, hour after hour, walking to save themselves from freezing to death.

Well, she has gone on down the street tonight. The men have cursed her; the officer of the law has driven her on like an animal. Is it sin and shame and lust that are in her heart? Ah, friends, the purest woman could look into that heart tonight and not blush for the picture she sees there. The days of her sin hath passed and gone. The hour of retribution is at hand. She is going down the street tonight thinking of the days when she stood in the church with you and me and prayed the prayer of Jesus: "Our Father, who art in Heaven." And tonight, between her clenched teeth, she is asking the words: "I wonder if there is a God?" She sinks back into the doorway, and the wind howls, and the rain beats into her face, and the great town clock tolls out the hour of twelve. She doesn't mind the crowd now. She doesn't hear the sneers that are thrown at her. She is dreaming of home. It all comes back—the old home and the old friends, and the father and mother, the sisters and brothers. God knows she loved them in the old days! She is thinking of the life—the beautiful life—God gave

her, and oh, what a wreck she has made of it all. She can see that old home tonight so plainly. The old kitchen, the great fireplace, the teakettle singing its endless song. She knows it is past midnight, and they have all gone to bed, brothers and sisters—gone to bed hours ago. And now the old father has taken off his shoes and placed them there by the kitchen fire, and he, too, stumbles off to bed, murmuring a bit of an old familiar prayer—and the house is still. But, ah friends, that poor deserted creature in a great city knows well what you and I understand. There is one faithful soul that never sleeps when the wayward child is astray. Somewhere in this beautiful land of ours tonight the old gray-haired mother sits by the window, looking out into the gathering night, and when the children laugh and play and tell their stories, and mother nods her head, she does not even know what they are saying. Her thoughts are far away in a great city—far away in a great city, where her girl went years ago, and they have never heard from her since. But mother would not speak one word to make the home unhappy. And even now, when the children have all gone off to bed, mother keeps that story locked up in her heart. She would not pain that old father. And now mother is alone—alone with God. Now she stands for the moment and listens to see that they are all asleep; and then, tiptoeing gently across the kitchen floor, she takes down the old kerosene lamp and places it on the kitchen table and opens up her old worn Bible and reads over and over and over again the story of Magdala, until her old heart grows weary, and her head has fallen upon her hands. And, friends, she is praying to Jesus: "Jesus, send me back my girl. I don't care how bad she is, I

"JESUS, SEND ME BACK MY GIRL."

don't care how far she has wandered away; but, Jesus, send her back, send her back!"

Friends, don't you know that God hears that mother's prayer? I say to you, God does hear. That mother's prayer will cleave the heavens and shriek before the throne of God. And even now the great God has turned upon His great white throne and is bending down and listening. He is looking through this audience, through your Christian homes, through your churches, looking for a woman who dares, for a woman who could, with safety to herself and her family—a grand woman like that woman, Mrs. Booth—who will go out on the corner tonight and meet these creatures, looking up for a word from God; like our little Sisters of the Good Shepherd, who will throw open their doors tonight and receive these creatures in, answering their questioning souls thus: "There is a God. We come to you as representatives of that Christ that died for all. We will show you the way to a pure life; we will lead you, step by step, up that mountain of God's righteousness, like Magdala of old. You stand forgiven at the feet of Christ."

Ah, friends, how many more might be saved if you would live that life.

But instead of forming your life on the model of your professed belief, you go on with your bickering and quarreling and striving, with your jealousies and vain ambitions, until the intelligent observer must wonder if your faith is aught but a snare, and your profession more than a lie. How many times in the glory of the twentieth century I have asked myself: "Is this Christian society, or are we back again in the inhumanity and greed of Rome?" How many times I have sat in the midst of

Christian society, surrounded by cultured men and elegantly dressed women, and I sat there silent. How many times have cultured women turned to me and said: "Father, why don't you talk?" Talk! My God, how could a Christian talk? What is the conversation? Is it something to broaden the minds or elevate the hearts or inspire the souls of the listening? Is it a plan to better the condition of society around you? Is it even a theme that would hold intelligence? How many times the theme of cultured society brings back to my mind the memory of the South! The great black buzzards, sweeping like a cloud across the heavens, shutting out the sunlight of God; flying on o'er fields of sweet scented flowers, on o'er the limpid silvery streams, and they see them not. Till lo, in the depths of the forest they come upon a festering carcass, and they swoop down upon that rotten mass, and gorge themselves upon the rottenness of a fellow creature.

Is not that too often the picture of our Christian women of the twentieth century? They have before them the carcass of a woman weaker than themselves, and the stench of her decaying character seems to attract rather than repel their careful scrutiny. They would tear into tatters what little is left of a sister's character. And you Christian men, you have your neighbor in a corner, and you will squeeze the very heart's blood out of him and coin it into your filthy dollar. You want the law, and you will have your rights, and you demand justice, and you will hold him down to the letter of the code. You will? If you and I receive justice from God tonight, would you be there—would I be here?

I remember a little incident in my own life. In the

town where I was reared we had many good Christian families. There was one family noticeable because they were leaders in the church, because they were foremost in all public movements, and indeed, as far as their exterior life went, they were model Christians. I remember that family had many good customs. Every night when the hour came for retiring, the father took down the Bible and read a chapter from the Sacred Text. Then all together, the family, kneeling, asked the blessing of God upon their home before retiring to rest. I remember another good custom of that family. Of an evening, when the supper dishes were cleared away, instead of each one hurrying off to his or her amusement, it was the custom of that family to gather around the table, and one of the boys, or one of the girls, would read aloud some good book for their instruction or their entertainment. Sometimes, when the book was put away, one of the family would read aloud from the newspaper the local news. On the night of which I am about to tell you, one of the boys took up the daily paper and began to read on down the column of the local news, till he came to a certain place in the paper—there had been a scandal in the town. One of the young women of society had forgotten the laws of God and man and had taken one step down the social grade, and it had gotten into print, and as he read on he read aloud this incident. Then, putting the paper aside, the family began to discuss the situation, each one striving to tear into shreds what little was left of the girl's character. The mother was very bitter. She could recall a dozen different incidents in which the girl had been bold and brazen and forward, and she even said she believed it was a judgment of God

that she should end just as they found her. Each one of the girls had their little dab at their fallen sister. The father was most bitter of all. When they were all so hard on the young creature, one of the family, a girl about sixteen or seventeen—she might have been eighteen—began to plead for the girl and make excuses.

Turning to her father, she said: "Father, why are you so hard on her? Isn't it some excuse that she is young? And then, father, perhaps she loved him."

The father turned on her with disgust! "What do you know about this? I am surprised to hear a girl of mine say one word for the woman that don't know enough to take care of herself. I tell you, my girls, when a woman goes wrong, no decent woman should say a word in her favor; no decent home should shelter her. When a woman once goes wrong, there is no place left for her in the world—no place but the river."

When he had said this, there was little more talk. His words seemed to cast a sort of a chill over the family, and after a little while the paper was put away and each one began preparing for his or her bed. Then the father—that very man who had said there was no place left in the world for the sinner but the river—reached up and took down his Bible and read a chapter from the Master's word, and then, all together, kneeling, they prayed the prayer of Jesus: "Our Father, who art in Heaven, * * * * forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and they went off to their beds feeling themselves good Christians.

Went off to bed and to sleep—all but one. There was one member of that family who did not sleep that night. I went to school with her when I was only a bit of a child,

and many a time since the story became public property I have pictured her to myself when that prayer was ended. Springing to her feet like a guilty thing, she ran upstairs and into her own room and quickly locked the door, lest any of the others should disturb her, and stood like an animal at bay, listening, waiting, watching, until they were all quiet in their own rooms, and then, half-kneeling and half-sitting, she crouched down by the window and looked out into God's beautiful starlit sky, repeating over and over again between her sobs the words of her father: "There is no place left—no place but the river!" Looking up into God's beautiful sky and wondering if the judgment of God would be as hard as the judgment of man, and when they were all asleep in their rooms she sprang to her feet, grabbed an old shawl and threw it over her head, and carefully unlocking the door, silently crept down the stairway and along the hall and out the front door and down the stoop, and then slinking along in the shadows of the buildings until she came to the river—and there! standing one instant on the bridge between the judgment of God and the judgment of man, she sprang over the bridge into the river.

I was only a boy then. I saw her body the next morning, half buried in the soft slime under the shallow water. They had tied it with a rope and it was swishing back and forth with the incoming tide, waiting for the coroner. I saw her father when the news had reached him, come like a madman down the street—no hat or coat —and, oh! he shrieked like a woman when he saw the ghastly, upturned face! How he cried aloud like a child and sank on his knees and begged and prayed God to strike him dead because he had passed sentence on his

own child. It seemed all right last night when he was laying down a cruel law for another man's child. It seemed all right last night to be narrow and cruel when talking of a girl uptown. How little that old man thought when he was laying down a narrow judgment on another man's child that he was tearing out of his own heart the girl that he loved better than anything God had given him in the world.

Take care, friends, God made you and God made me to be happy here and in Eternity, and He has told you the secret: "Love one another for God's sake." And, friends, you do, if you only knew it. That principle of brotherly love is in every heart here tonight, but you let it go to sleep. You are so satisfied with your splendidly worded prayers and your protestations of brotherly love and your profession of charity, that you never awake the spirit of Christ into your active life. But it is there, nevertheless, in the heart of every man worthy of the name. And it needs only some great calamity, some startling incident to awaken it into life.

In the great Baltimore fire, when so many human beings were stricken, no sooner had the news been telegraphed o'er the land than city after city sent offers of aid. The American people were ready to sacrifice anything to help their brothers in distress. In that great theater fire in Chicago, when six hundred souls were hurled into eternity, before the news had spread through town, when the first word of disaster had reached State street, in that city where we are told the souls of the merchants are tied down in chains of gold, the large stores closed their doors and wagonload after wagonload of blankets and muslin went forth. Nobody said: "Who's

going to pay?" or "Where is the money coming from?" The dead were lying naked in the street. Distracted men and women ran about, their clothes literally torn from their backs, and the one thought of rich and poor alike was to save their fellowman from needless pain. That big drug store on the corner closed up its main entrance and opened up its shelves of medicated cotton and bandages that brothers in Christ might not endure a needless moment of pain. And even unto today nobody has asked: "Who is going to pay?" I love to think they are waiting that mighty day in a better land, when Jesus will pay them back a hundred fold

Friends, that same instinct of love is in every one of you. When you read the early history of the church; when you read of these noble men and women who went forth into the arena and died for the name of Christ; when you read of the brave missionary bands who went off into the islands of the barbarians to carry the light of Christianity to other nations; when you read of such noble women as Mrs. Booth, who has given up home and friends and kindred and every dollar she can lay hands on, and uses it for the uplifting of fallen women and the betterment of degraded men; when you read of that noble priest, Father Damen, who left his home and his friends and his country, and went off into the leper islands of the Pacific, and there spent his whole life in attending to the needs of the lowliest and most afflicted and most forsaken of God's creatures, and when, after years of labor and sacrifice, he had contracted that loathsome disease, and when his body was rotting away, even while the life-blood was yet bubbling through his veins, and when the putrid flesh dropped from his decaying bones, how he

sang the hymns of David and praised the name of God who had used him as an instrument to awaken the slumbering charity of the Christian world. Friends, when you read these records, does not your heart grow larger? Does not your soul swell up with the desire to do? Does not your very intelligence yearn to make the world better? Don't you often cry to yourself: "Oh, if I could only do that! If I could only do some great thing for humanity! If I could only be a hero, and write my name on the scroll of fame." Oh, ah, you would be Christians then, wouldn't you? Now, isn't that foolish! You want to be a hero—you want to do great things. Friends, if you are intelligent, thank God every day of your lives that you are not asked to do great things and make great sacrifices. Get down on your knees every night, women, and thank God that the day has gone by when men are asked to die like dogs to prove themselves true Christians. Thank God the days are past and gone—I hope forever—when Christian men and women must spill their blood to show themselves followers of Christ.

No, friends, God does not ask Christian men and women of the twentieth century to die. He asks of you and me something grander, something nobler. He wants you to live—to live the life of Christ in a world of sin. And you can do it. There is not a day of your life that you could not be a Christ to some poor creature. It is not the big things that make up life. Perhaps there is not one of us here tonight who will ever have really a great or heroic event in our whole life. Life is made up of the little things—the kind words, the pleasant smile, the friendly shake of the hand, the good advice given to the wayward, an hour spent by the sick-bed of the poor and the miser-

able. These are little things, yes, but they are the things that make up the lives of ninety-nine per cent of God's people. There is not a day of your life that you could not bring sunlight, ever so little, into some other life.

Take a little homely example. You have hundreds of them in your city. It need not be an old grey-haired mother, tottering on the verge of the grave. Take a woman in middle life. She has a boy growing up, fifteen or seventeen or nineteen years of age. He is much the same as the other boys in town. He is not any better, he is certainly no worse, but to that mother he is just the only boy in God's world. She watches him as you watch a flower that is ready to bloom; she is always thinking of the day when he will be a big, strong man, and how happy she will be when she can lean on his arm and walk down town. How proud she will be when she will meet you and introduce her son, saying: "Why, this is my boy." And one night he gets out with a crowd of boys and the next day his name is in the paper. What does it matter to you or to me, think you? If we could save that boy for his mother; if we could still make a man of him and make him understand the mistake he has made. Perhaps he is a thief, perhaps he is a drunkard, perhaps he is worse. What does it matter what he is if we could make a Christian man of him? If we could save him for his mother, for God and for society? You read the news at your morning meal and you start down to your business and you pass by that home. Yesterday it was a home. Today it is like a grave. There is not a soul moving about. The window shades are drawn down to the very window sill. Would Jesus pass by that house that morning? Don't you know that behind those drawn curtains a mother's

heart is breaking? Open the gate and go in. Knock on the door. Perhaps she has been one of these hospitable women. When you went there before she opened the door wide and received you with both hands. She won't this morning. Ah, friends, I have studied every detail of the picture. She will open the door just a little bit, and she stands back in the shadow, her eyes are on the floor. She doesn't dare look you in the face. She fears—she fears she will read condemnation in your face. Open the door and go in. Take that broken-hearted mother by the hand. She doesn't want your money. There is no need of a long talk. You need not speak a word. The human soul understands sympathy. Take that mother by the hand; look into her eyes like a man. She understands what it means. It means: "I do not believe your boy is all bad, even if he has done wrong. I do not believe your boy is a criminal just because he has made one mistake. And I am one of the men of this town who is going to stand with you and the boy if he wants to do right. We'll show the boy that there is lots of power in the Church of Christ to make a man of him, even if he has made a mistake in life. We'll teach him that there is lots of room at the head of the ladder for a boy, even if he has done wrong, if he wants to turn back and strive for virtue and for right. I am one of the men in this town who believes we need men too much to let even one of our boys go to hell."

Now go on down to your work, and do you know you will hum tunes that you haven't thought of for years, and you will whistle snatches of songs and the fellows around you will be saying: "I wonder what is the matter with John today?" And you do not know yourself. The world seems broader and wider and grander. The heavens

seem clearer. It is your heart, man, it is your heart! God has come into your life, and is showering back a hundred fold into your soul the little ray of sunlight that you have brought into a broken heart that morning. Friends, try it, and see if I am talking theory or the practical side of life.

God made you, and God made me to be happy here and happy in Eternity. The test of any doctrine then must be the test of happiness. Who is the happy man in this world? Is he the rich man? Is the rich man happy? Friends, can you think of a single millionaire tonight whom you consider really happy? Who, then, is the happy man? Is it the ordinary rich man, the man that we speak of as the rich man of our town? He lives in a great palatial residence on the outskirts of the town, and the house is closed up all summer. His wife is away in Europe, his daughters are off to their watering place, and his boys are on an automobiling tour or a yachting cruise, and the old man is down in the office attending to business. Is that happiness? Who, then, is the happy man? Is it you or I, the ordinary man, who goes out today or tomorrow or the next day and has a business deal with his neighbor, squeezes the dollars out of him—you get the better of the deal and he gets the worst of it? Are you happy? I will admit you are satisfied. There is a certain satisfaction. You have accomplished what you started out to do, but are you happy? You come home tired and nervous and irritable. You sit down to your supper and the prattle of the children annoys you; you try to read your evening paper, and the children must be sent to bed early. You can't stand their prattle. And after a little while you go into your bedroom and undress and roll into

bed. Are you happy? You can't rest. You roll on one side and you can't sleep, and you shift onto the other side, and you can't rest. You are scheming how you are going to catch the other fellows tomorrow. That is all you get out of it.

Who, then, is the happy person? Is it the young man or the young woman that goes out tonight or tomorrow night or some other night to a dance or a ball, and they dance till two or three o'clock in the morning, and, as the boys say, they have a "high old time," and he sees the girl home, and she lives away out in the suburbs, and he wonders why in God's name she doesn't move into civilization, and gets home at three or four o'clock? The sun is making faces at him o'er the horizon. And he slinks into his own room, and he takes off one shoe, and it goes "plunk" on the floor, and he takes off the other, and it goes "thud;" and his mother sits up in bed and says: "Oh, Tommy got home!" Yes, are you happy, boys? You roll into bed and you say to yourself: "Well, ain't I a chump!"

Who, then, is the happy man?

Friends, have you ever seen a picture of happiness? A little white cottage in the half-deserted street on the outskirts of your city about six o'clock of an evening. There is swinging on the front gate a little, golden-haired boy, and every little while he pokes his head away out, trying to see down the street, and after a little while there comes round the corner a man in blue overalls and discolored shirt—hands and face begrimed with toil—but little golden hair, swinging on the gate, gives a cry of delight, and jumping down from his perch, runs along the street; his hands are extended toward that toil-stained

man, and there is a look of heaven in his eyes as he cries: "Pop! Pop!" And that tired man stoops down and raises up the little bundle of pink and white, and the kiss of an angel is on his lips, and I tell you all the gold in all the world and all the powers of kings could not buy that baby from that father who loves him. All day long he has labored in the shop or factory, and the sweat has poured down his forehead and dropped upon his work, but to him every drop of sweat is a source of joy. It is a testimony of faith to his baby and the woman whom he loves. Go back into that kitchen in the little cottage and see there another slave, if you will, a slave of love. All day she has worked, and since five o'clock her heart has been at the gate. But no, she let the baby go, and she remained within that supper might be ready and everything in order when "Pop" and the baby came home. Friends, if this is not happiness—if this is not a glimpse of heaven—I know not how to paint the favor of God.

Who is the happy man? I need not tell you, friends. Your own intelligence has read it in the faces of hundreds of men and women who have tried to make the world better because they have lived. The happy person is not the man who has made money and acquired fame and holds power. The happy soul is the one who, lying down weary at night, may say: "Thank God for today, for I have made one soul happy because I have lived." And this is not my idea, but it is the decision of God on the life of man. You will find that mandate of God in the very first page of creation. When God had created Adam as a perfect man, surrounded him with all the favors and all the blessings that man could desire, placed him in that garden of Eden, where every beauty dwelt, still you

will remember, God looked down upon that man, and God pitied him. Pitied a man who had everything his soul could crave, and God said: "It is not good for man to be alone." And why? Because Adam was made to the image and the likeness of the eternal God—an intelligent creature—and therefore he could be happy only by imitating God, to whose image he was made, and though he had everything that his heart could desire, he would never be happy until God gave him another intelligent creature to whom he could give every favor and every blessing that God had bestowed upon him. It was the law of happiness.

Follow this out in the life of every man. Have you ever seen a young man in love? Most people look upon this period of love as a laughable incident. Well, I will admit the young man in love does many ridiculous things, but to me there are few things in the world more sacred than the days of a budding love. To me it is God drawing two pure souls nearer and nearer and nearer together, that He may show them the supreme life in the golden school of love. But have you ever studied out the details? Have you ever seen a young man in love? Is he happy? The most miserable creature in God's world. We will all agree on that, it seems. There is a young man, and he is in love, and he is unhappy. Now have you ever figured out how that young man tries to make himself happy? He runs down town and he buys candy enough to give the girl dyspepsia the rest of her life. Christmas rolls around, and he buys jewelry that an Indian squaw wouldn't wear. The girl always had enough to eat and enough to wear, but to watch that young man running with packages to her house, you would think she never had a decent stitch. What is the matter with the fellow? There is not any-

thing the matter with him. He is a man, a man made to the image and the likeness of the eternal God, and he is just carrying out the God instinct that the Creator placed in him. In that girl that he loves all humanity is idealized, and he will never be happy until he has bestowed upon her every favor and every blessing that God has given him. It is the law of life, it is the law of happiness.

Friends, the trouble with the average man is this: We are looking for great things, for great opportunities to do good, but we overlook the real necessities of an every-day life. Sometimes an insignificant act that you and I might laugh at as folly has been the changing point of a human life. I remember a little story in my own life. You might almost laugh at me for telling it, but to me it seems the power that called me nearer to God.

Some time ago I lectured in Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and after my lecture a large number of people came in to see me and shake hands with me, as I was well known there, and during the talk with many old friends I noticed a young girl. She had an opportunity several times to speak to me, but she seemed to hang back, and I thought was waiting for the others to go. After most of the people had retired, the young girl came forward and spoke to me. She said: "Father, I know you have noticed my hanging back and not speaking to you when I had an opportunity, while the others were here, but I wanted to talk to you for a moment alone. I wanted to thank you for a kind word that you spoke years ago. I wanted to tell you that I have thought of you every night for ten years." I remember laughing at her, and telling her it was a peculiar confession to make—that she had been thinking of the priest every night for ten years—

but she answered: "I knew you would laugh at me, but I just felt that I must tell you." And then she went on and told me the story, and it all came back to me as she related the incident. I had been in Fond du Lac about ten or eleven years before that. I was not a priest at the time. Getting up one morning I took a stroll down the main street before breakfast. The little children were just on their way to school, and as I passed along I noticed a little golden-haired darling dragging her feet along the pavement. She had a long strap, held in one hand, with two little books wrapped in the end of it, and with her other hand she was mopping her eyes. I remember, just in a spirit of mischief, going up to the child and patting her on the head and saying: "Hello, baby, what is the matter with you?" I remember how she looked up at me with her great, big, blue eyes, swimming with tears. She said she was going to school and she didn't know her lesson. She had such a cross teacher, she knew she would be punished, and she just knew she would call on her because she didn't know her lesson. I laughed at the child's fears, and said to her: "I wouldn't feel so badly about it. Perhaps I can help you out—I went to school a few days myself. Let me see your book and your lesson." And she unwound her strap and opened her little book and showed me her lesson. It was just as I expected. Though the lesson covered an entire page, there were only one or two thoughts in the whole thing, and I said to the child: "Now, see here, dear, if the teacher calls on you this morning, if she asks you such and such a question, don't try to tell her what is in the book, but just answer this way," and I gave her the exact words of the answer, "and if she asks you this other question, just answer

this," and I went on formulating the lesson into two or three questions and answers. We went over the matter three or four times. By that time we had reached the square where the school was located, and, as we had a few moments before the bell rang, I went over the lesson once more with the child. Then the bell rang, and the little thing looked up once more with her great trusting blue eyes. I gave her the book, saying: "Now remember!"

The little one ran across the street and up the school steps, and that was the last I thought of it. But it was not the last for the child. She went into school that morning, and sure enough the teacher called on her in class, and when she asked the question the little thing stood up and just popped out the answer, and the teacher was surprised, and she told her that was very good; and just to try her she asked her the second question, and the little thing just popped out the second answer the same way, and the teacher was very much pleased, and the little girl was perfectly delighted because she knew her lesson, and the day passed a red letter day for her, and she went home happy as a bird. And when school hours were over, with the other children she played herself tired, and when at night her mother called her in and taking off her little clothes prepared her for bed, kneeling at her mother's knee she prayed the old accustomed prayer—prayed for father and mother, and sister and brother, and aunts and uncles and friends, and when at last her mother thought that it was time to say "Amen," the little angel had one more prayer. Clasping her hands together she raised her eyes to heaven and prayed: "God, make that big man good."

Friends, you may laugh, you may laugh at the absurdity of my telling you that foolish story, but if you knew what it meant to me, if you knew how near I have stood to the brink of hell and looked down into its very depths, if you knew how often the devil has struggled for my soul, if you knew how often one step more might have meant perdition, you would not wonder that I love to think, since I have heard that girl's story, that when the devil wrestled for a soul, a mightier power was battling on my side; a pure girl was kneeling at her mother's knee, and praying: "God, make that big man good."

This much I know, friends—some power stronger than my own drew me into the Church of God. Some power beyond my mere will made it possible for me to throw away the world and preach the gospel of Christ, and I cannot but feel that it was the power of love. That one sunny morning in a little city God looked down upon a young man, standing on the corner of a busy street, teaching a golden-haired baby a primer lesson, and God so valued that lesson that He said: "I will draw you to myself, and I will give you the power to wring hearts and to enthuse souls and to enlighten minds, because you have been kind to her—to one little one."

Friends, don't lose your opportunities. A single kind act may be the glory of your life and the salvation of another.

But, friends, I needs must pause. I have not finished the story of love. It is like God's great world, rolling on in a circle. There is no beginning, there is no end. And, friends, let us take to ourselves, into our hearts, into our everyday life, the story of love as far as we have read it tonight.

Is there any place in God's world where it should be so easy for men to love one another for God's sake as here in the glorious United States of America, where every page of your history tells the story of some noble man or noble woman, who sacrificed all he or she held dear in life in order that you and I might be free and gloriously independent? Is there any land in God's great world that so cries out for brotherly love as this land of freedom, where every foot of the precious soil is fertilized with the blood of a martyr? Would you know your duty as American citizens? Then realize that every stone of the glorious temple of liberty is cemented to its fellow with the heart's blood of a patriot. Our forefathers reared up the glorious temple of liberty with pain and sacrifice and bloodshed, and they have left it to you and to me to put into that temple of liberty the spirit of brotherly love, the spirit of God, that there may not be a man or a woman or a child in all this temple of liberty, in all this land of freedom, that may not be truly free and intelligently happy.

Would you know the story of American citizenship —of brotherly love? Do not take the story from me. Go ask some old Grand Army man. He will tell you a story something like this: He will describe to you a little white cottage nestling back in the velvety green hills of New Hampshire way back in the early sixties. He will describe to you a plot of green, surrounded by a whitewashed picket fence; he will tell you of a little flower garden nestling in the heart of the green. And one morning the door is opened. Go in, and there you will see a New England home. The carpet on the floor is woven by mother's own hands; the pictures and mottoes

and frames on the walls are made by mother and daughters; the old rocker over in the corner with the ruffled pillow lying in the seat; the little sprig of bloom growing out of an earthen vase over on the window sill; everything there cries out "Home, Sweet Home." And one morning way back in the sixties there stands in the middle of the floor a soldier dressed in blue, and by his side is a woman dressed in a calico wrapper, her soul is in her eyes, both hands clasp his shoulders. She cannot speak—some grief is too much for words. The little children are running around pulling her wrapper and saying: "Mamma, mamma, where is papa going?" and she cannot answer. A great lump rises in her throat. She starts, for they hear the roll of the drum and the bugle call and the tramp, tramp, tramp. The soldiers are coming down the street. She follows him to the door, staggers on to the gate, and with swimming eyes sees him join the ranks of the soldiers, pick up the step, pass on down the road, over the hill, and out of her sight forever.

Follow them on—follow them on down into the South. See these Northern soldiers rise up with the first streaks of dawn, see them start off on their long march over that wild country, devastated by the enemy—ten, twenty, thirty miles over a land in desolation. Everything is burnt away. The very water is polluted, and hour after hour these men of the North march on, the hot Southern sun beating down upon their half-protected heads, and just as night comes on, down from the forest the enemy sweeps upon them, and they fight, man to man, horse to horse, until God lets down the dark curtain of night to shut out the accursed scene. And then there are moans

and groans in the darkness, and the ghastly moon steals up into the sky and throws out her trembling arms o'er the world. And now, now you can see it—the world in desolation. Men in blue and gray who looked with hate into one another's eyes and tried to shoot away the life of a brother, have crept close together to die in the trembling twilight. Men and horses lie heaped in confusion. Men with their limbs torn from their bodies, men with their throats cut, and men with their scalps lying bare and their heads raised to Heaven, and they are crying: "Water! My God! Water!" and in all God's world there is not a soul to answer. Yes, there is an answer. See, there come two women, stealing over the battlefield, creeping along under the beams of the moon. Is it some mother, come out to look for her son in the midst of death? Is it some woman who seeks the man to whom she has pledged her love? Ah, no. The cross of Christ is on her breast, the bonnet of St. Vincent on her head. Two little Sisters of Charity, alone with God and night. How they move without fear through that valley of death and of darkness! How tenderly they stoop o'er each dying soldier! For them there is no North or South, no blue or gray, no nationality, no creed, no denomination. In every soldier's upturned face they see the face of Christ. How tenderly they moisten the parched lips, how they cool the fevered brow, how they close the gaping wound, how they murmur words of consolation in the dying ear, how they take a last message to bring back to the mother and the wife and the loved ones far away! Even there—even in the death and the blood and the carnage of battle—the power of love rules supreme. And stamped forever on that flag—the Stars

and Stripes—stamped forever is that lesson of love, that as it leads on in the vanguard of civilization it may teach to the world America's story: the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man—the glorious, the splendid lesson of Love.

# A TRIBUTE

# A TRIBUTE

Respectfully and Lovingly Offered to His Grace, The Most Reverend John Joseph Kain, Archbishop of St. Louis. On the Occasion of the Conferring of the Pallium, May 10, 1896.

Dedication.

*As a tiny lake, though girdled by base sod,*
*Looks to the Heaven's blue as to its God,*
*Feeling the sun's warm rays pervade it through,*
*Sends up in vapory clouds a tribute due,*
*So I, though earth-bound after wayward flight,*
*Feeling day's warmth after the chill of night,*
*Urged by that love which thrills me through and through*
*This humble tribute tender now to you.*

OUR GRACE, Archbishop, though my lyre is weak,
Still doth this day compel the Muse to speak,
And that she urged me to the mighty task,
I can't refuse, and so thy pardon ask;
For though my song but little grace may do thee,
As little, too, the harm it brings unto thee;
For noble souls are freed from nature's bent
And guardian angels for their care are sent.

Yes! angels guard thee, John, for at thy birth
A host of Heavenly seraphs came to earth,
And back and forward hovered in the sky,
From Heaven e'en to the breast where thou didst lie
And sweetly singing round about thy bed
Strewed all their blessings on thine infant head.

Whilst hymning loud in jubilation's strains
The stories of thy glories and thy pains,
And 'midst their singing and their heavenly light
These words were wafted through the stilly night:
"A guide to many will the new-born be,
A soldier of Christ, far-famed from sea to sea.
The foes of Christ his foes will be, mayhap,
But peace will lull him in her flowery lap.
He shall not live in strife, yet at his door
Unending war will never cease to roar;
For it will be the privilege of his life
To reconcile all enmities and strife."
How truthful were these words soft warbled at thy birth
Which drew a soul from heaven, a hero gave to earth.

How like the Christ thy early years were spent
Unmindful of the world on wisdom bent;
And whilst you roamed the fields in childish glee
Each act bespake Faith, Hope and Charity.
How early did you seek the earthly ties
That win young souls to flights beyond the skies;
And breaking thus the bonds of flesh and birth
With soul in Heaven your body lived on earth.
Nor fought the fight alone, for comrades three

Walked by your side with wondrous constancy.
First, Hope, bold champion, courageful and free,
Close at thy right hand was ever wont to be;
Whilst bright-eyed Faith brought light that you might see
The wondrous gold-winged beauty of sweet Charity.

And so the years fled on till manhood came,
Bringing with time a sacerdotal name;
A name at first indeed but little known
Save in the boundaries of thy hill-girt home.
But as the cultured rose with fragrance sweet
Soon wins the seeker to its soft retreat,
So noble virtues shining wondrous fair
Soon made thy precious worth known everywhere.
At Harper's Ferry first thy holy zeal
Spoke to the hearts and made the spirits feel,
Strengthened the faith in those who had the light,
And drew the wandering souls from shades of night.
And so though many fruitful years have fled
Thy name is writ on tombstones of the dead;

Whose souls thy minst'ring hand did guide in flight
From lowly vales to God's eternal light,
Quickening the hearts of the still surviving few,
Who, comrades of your strife, your labors knew;
Who hailed with acclamation the mitre on thy brow,
Loved in old Virginia as in Missouri now.
Yes, where the great Ohio swells onward to the sea,
Its rippling song still whispers a sad farewell to thee.

The green Virginian hills towering to the sky,
Clasp in their fertile bosom a name that cannot die.
Yes, once on the hills at Wheeling I stood on a moonlight night
And oft to the distant mountains I called with a lusty might:
"Oh, tell me, ye green Virginian hills, your greatest name —oh, fain,"
And the hills and valleys answered back a single word—
"Kain! Kain!"

Nor will the record of the past eclipse the future years,
For thy glory in Missouri will dry Virginia's tears.
Oh, knew I but the wondrous tongue that angels wield with might,
Then could I tell Missouri's heart and fill thee with delight;
But with the feeble, wavering speech my mother gave to me
How can I clothe the soul of love her people lifts to thee;
How will I voice a thousand prayers oft whispered in my ears;
How could I lift unaided the veil from the future years?
In vain would I strike the sounding lyre, in vain its strains renew,
Had not the Muse in pity shown me a vision true;
A picture painted in flowers by an artist true but free;
And though I filch from the hand of fate, I'll whisper it to thee:

A VISION.

I wandered today in the land of dreams and beheld a wondrous sight,
The brilliant rays of the burning Kain flooded the vale in light;
And I saw that in the land of thought it was a festive day;
Far down the highway of centuries this pageant passed my way;
Newman and Wiseman and Faber came to pay a tribute due,
And I saw their tribute tendered an American, 'twas you.
Then Carroll and Hughes and Kenrick came with garlands of shamrocks green,
And 'midst the emblems of Irish faith a rosebud white was seen.
Yes, I saw you, John, in the land of thought in the midst of the mighty dead,
And a throne in Heaven was numbered with your name, the Prelates said.
Above arched a dome ivory hued instead of crimson sky,
And lilies with hearts of native gold in the emerald valleys lie;
For you know the moisture of crimsoned sky a storm presages true;
But the ivory dome of my vision gave not e'en a cloud for you.
Within your hands were snow-balls white, emblems of thought so high,

And in your path from Heaven above, forget-me-nots, emblems of love, were strewn a watery blue,
While some one dropped a mistletoe to add to their airy hue;
When out of the valley of emerald green came a band of virgins fair,
Bunches of juniper in their hands and twined within their hair,
And clerics without number brought clovers white and sweet,
And I cast a twig of rosemary over them all at your feet.
Then pastors eager pressing within with woodbine laden down,
And one amidst their number bore laurel for thy crown,
But as the crown was given I woke from my mid-day dream,
And I tried and I tried to interpret what all these might mean;
And then came the vague remembrance that today was May's tenth day,
And 'twas but a spirit picture that in dreamland passed my way.
Then I sank on my knees in my student cell and I prayed that your life might be
As full of a holy glory as in dream 'twas shown to me.

# IS LIFE WORTH LIVING?

ILLUSTRATED

# IS LIFE WORTH LIVING

MY Dear Friends: I am delighted to be with you this evening, and it is a great pleasure to see so many of you out to discuss with me the serious question of Life. Not that I am going to unravel to you the great mystery of existence — it would take a great philosopher to do that. I shall feel well satisfied if, when we have spent an hour together, we are able to answer the question: "Who is it that ties the knots in that wondrous thread of Life?" Life! that wondrous panorama rolling on before us, full of joys and sorrows, victories and defeats. Life! that wondrous span, so full of joy that we cling to it even in the darkest hours of sorrow. Life! that wondrous spell so full of sorrow that oft, even in the glorious sunlight of its noonday, we wish that God had cut the thread before it well began.

Is it not strange that man, gifted with that Godlike mind, soars up into the bosom of the Heavens and tears from the sun the mysteries of his light? Is it not strange, gifted with his Godlike mind, man roams in the darkened hours of night, and steals from the moon the mysteries of her rays? Is it not strange, gifted with his Godlike mind, man delves down into the bosom of the earth, and tears from the heart of nature her mysteries and her laws? But of himself—of Life—of that wondrous mechanism of soul and body, working on in perfect harmony—man seems to know little or nothing.

The truth is, man stands in life on that ever-changing

point called Time, which juts out into the immeasurable ocean of futurity. Alone he stands seeking to penetrate the mist and fog which hangs like a pall between Time and Eternity. We stand, for the most part, like children, seeking the sun on a cloudy day, shading our eyes with the shields of faith; we may catch the light dimly through the mist of Time, where it throws out rainbows of prismatic hues, filling the soul with a still increasing longing to know in full that wondrous light that paints this uncertain vale in glory.

Yes, man by his nature yearns for the eternal; within his soul he cherishes a desire for immortality—a consciousness, a potentia to that end—and though he may turn from it, he can not blot it from his soul. Hence, left to himself, man would, by the grace of God, almost unconsciously yearn for the supernatural. But seduced by the spirit of this age of materialism and sentimental religion; wrapped in worldly pursuits; buried in deep material problems; hurried on in the mad rush for fame, for riches, for pleasures, man is slowly, but surely, drawn from the light of the supernatural.

God does not withdraw Himself from man, but man forgets his great Creator. Vividly impressed with the cares of the body, the flesh soon chokes the spirit into silence; and so far do we wander in pursuit of that phantom of earthly bliss, that the still small voice of conscience is lost in the distance, and so naught but the sting of misfortune, naught but the natural effects of sin, naught but the pressure of the forefinger of God's justice can make us pause and reflect; stop and look back upon the mad race we have run, and then when we see the tinseled folly of our dreams fade away into airy

MAN STANDS IN LIFE ON THAT EVER-CHANGING POINT CALLED TIME, WHICH JUTS OUT INTO THE IMMEASURABLE OCEAN OF FUTURITY.

nothingness; when our fierce hopes bring forth fresh sorrow, then like wayward children we rebel against God, and cry out, "Is Life Worth Living?"

My beloved people, is Life worth living? The question put pointedly to two-thirds of the human race would receive the negative reply. The trials, the tribulations, the anxious seekings, the bitter disappointments, the heartaches, the death-pangs, the unfriendly frowns, the sarcastic smile of fortune—all draw from the discontented majority a wailing, lingering, swelling murmur of discontent: "What have I done that I should be so afflicted? Why am I not as fortunate as my neighbor?—I am a better man; of higher intelligence; with greater ability; why, then, should I remain with the struggling mass, while he soars Godlike to the pinnacle of fame?"

My beloved people, are these your inner thoughts? Is such the bursting anger of your soul? If so, I pity you. This is indeed the lamentation of the age; the story of thousands of millions of human beings; but, nevertheless, it is the outcry of a guilty heart, the evasion of a stubborn nature, the flickering protest of a misspent life. It speaks more eloquently than the most gifted orator; paints more clearly and truly than the artist's brush, the story of your material life. It brings before the mind's eye the man who lives but in the present moment—lives for his body, for his senses, for a fleeting pleasure—in one word, the materialist; the man that looks down into the grave and sees there the end of human life—bones and rottenness and decay; the man who sees nothing in life but the amount of sunshine or pleasure that can be crowded into a few given moments; the man who judges only from his own selfish desires.

That the materialist and unbeliever should take this view of life's suffering and affliction is not to be wondered at; but that we Christians, we followers of a suffering and crucified Christ, should cry out, "Life is not worth living," is a marvel of inconsistency.

You ask me, "Is Life worth living?" I answer, "Yes." Friends, if Heaven is more beautiful than earth; if life in that celestial realm is more sweet than here, truly then, wonderful indeed, are the things prepared for the just.

Life on earth may be made sublime—a dream as calm, as peaceful, as blissful as the celestial creations of an opium-burdened brain, but it all rests with you. You are the architect, Time the builder; what you design, Time will finish—whether it be a hovel or a palace; whether it be a temple fit for the gods, or a puny abode for struggling men. But when the hollow pillars of your structure—pride, greed, selfishness, hate—when these pillars crumble under the weight of years do not ascribe the change to life, but to your own plan in building.

Life is what we make it. Happiness is contentment—a God-given gift, and can be found in God alone. What misery in life which man has not brought upon himself by deserting God and seeking that spirit of the world—a false coquette, more fickle than love, who hides, evades, flees from the anxious seeker, but covets the heart she can not subdue, seeks for the spirit that will not bow to her a slave and, like Cleopatra, crowns in glory her conquerors.

That which you sow, that you will reap—honor, honor; and gold, gold. But when the dark moments of life come on, as come they will; when the grave looms up darkly in the twilight of life, you will find yourself alone,

WHEN THE HOLLOW PILLARS OF YOUR STRUCTURE CRUMBLE AWAY.

with only vain hopes and hopeless longings to fill up the vacant hours.

To those who form their judgment of things according to human appearances, or the dictates of their own selfish wills, sufferings and afflictions are indeed a cause for lamentation—a burden hard to bear. It is indeed difficult for such to see the congruity in life's great picture—Job sitting on the dung hill, and Ahab adored in his palace; Saint Paul in prison, and Nero on the throne; Barabbas set free, and Christ in torment; innocence oppressed and trodden under foot, while vice dominates, and iniquity triumphs.

But with the eyes of Faith we see the harmony of light and shade in life's picture. By Faith we know that Life is but the cradle—the infancy of eternity—and so in it we must expect all imperfections of a maturing period; we see that Life is an instrument fashioned in Heaven, but too often played upon by the hand of the devil. And so man's actions run up and down the scale of virtue and vice, and life's melody must needs combine the highest notes of joy with the deepest throbs of sorrow.

Many and great are the calamities which man brings upon himself by crimes against society and sins of his private iniquity. Indeed we may safely say that all the misfortunes of life are but the direct consequences of nature's chastisement of personal iniquities.

How many are now poor and miserable because, when fortune smiled upon them, they forgot their God, squandered their wealth, turned a deaf ear to the pitiful cry of poverty and affliction. How many have turned the very temporal favors of God into seeds of eternal woe. Are we not stricken by sickness and wasting disease, because

in health we were slaves to voluptuousness, and sacrificed all to the fire of passion? Have you not brought down upon your guilty head the vengeance of Heaven by oaths, imprecations and blasphemies? Have you not brought upon yourself and family public shame and disgrace by the irregularity of your life, and the corruption of your morals? How many have beggared their families, ruined their bodies, rioted their health and wealth in drunkenness and dissipated living? Is it any wonder the very elements—the seasons, the blight of nature, the scourges of the animal world, and the devil himself should be permitted to conspire our ruin?

Would you know the value of a human life? Would you understand the incalculable value of the gift that God has given you? Would you understand the exquisite work that Life is as God made it; and then see and understand the meaningless thing that man has made of this priceless gift? Think of human life as of a great mechanic, who, out of his wonderful brain, has contrived a marvelous piece of mechanism. Take, for instance, the watchmaker. Consider how out of his fertile brain he brought forth the cunning scheme, the splendid mechanism of the watch for computing time; how he thought of it by day, how he dreamed of it by night; how he built it o'er and o'er in his imaginations until it was part of himself; how, when he went into his workshop, and sitting down at the bench, cut out each wheel, adjusted each pivot, carved out each tiny screw, created each marvelous tiny jewel, and, then, with feverish hands, he placed them one by one, each in its respective place; how he wound the infinitesimal spring, and placed the marvelous balance; and when it was all done he wound it up and stood in

pride and exultation as it ticked off each hour, each minute, each second, and then, in his glorious pride, how he placed it there in his showcase for the admiration and wonder of intelligent men. And he loved it—that cunning bit of mechanism—loved it as a father loves his child. It was a part of himself; it had come forth from his very brain, from his very soul; and then you or I or some other being, entering in, saw that splendid work, and yearned to possess it; and the great watchmaker said: "Yes; I will give it to you, for I can make another, many others like to it." And he gave it into your hands, and he said to you: "It will keep every second of your life; it will tick off every hour, every minute, every second of your existence; but I alone know the secret of its power. And if you would have this watch run on in perfect harmony, without a balk, without losing a second, without stopping on a beat, then you must follow the laws which I shall give you: 'Wind it every day, that it may keep its power, and never cease its measuring of time; guard it from falls or sudden jars, that it may never lose its splendid balance; do not expose it to excessive heat or excessive cold; an electric current may destroy its equilibrium.' " And so he confided it to your care; and day by day you followed his instructions; and that wondrous watch was faithful to its maker. Just as his brain had devised, so it worked out the hours and the minutes and the seconds of the day. But one night you failed to wind it, and the watch stopped, and Time stood still; or you exposed it to excessive heat or excessive cold, or brought it close to an electric current, and its mechanism was unbalanced. Could you blame the great maker, who had coined this marvelous machine out of his brain? Would

you feel that the watch was valueless because you had failed to intelligently use it? No; your intelligence would cry out against yourself, because you had abused a splendid piece of work.

So with human life. God is the wonderful mechanic who, through measureless eons of Eternity, built up that wonderful mechanism of human life—soul and body, working on in perfect harmony—and when it was all perfected He gave it to you and to me, and—just like the watchmaker—when He gave to you and to me that splendid work of human life, He left us not in ignorance of its mechanism. Just as the watchmaker, He said: "I am the Lord thy God. I made Life, and I alone know its secrets and its wonders and its beauties and its capabilities. If you would have that Life work on in perfect harmony—soul and body—without a tear or a sigh or a groan, then follow the laws." And, just as the watchmaker, He gave you the laws to govern the mechanism which He had confided to your care. He gave you the Ten Commandments.

Have you sometimes thought of the Ten Commandments as an arbitrary bond placed upon you by God Almighty? Have you sometimes thought of the Ten Commandments as tyrannical laws imposed upon you simply to show the mastery of God, and the dependence of humanity? What a false idea of the true meaning of these divine precepts.

The Ten Commandments are ten laws to govern Life, to preserve harmony, and perfect equilibrium in the working of that wondrous mechanism of soul and body. They are ten testimonials of God's infinite love that would guide humanity aright in every crisis of human life.

They are the kindly touches of the Father's hand, guiding His children aright, to keep them from harm.

The Ten Commandments are placed upon us for our own good. What does it matter to God whether you keep the Ten Commandments, and so merit Eternal Life, or whether, rebelling against His guiding hand, you perish in perdition? God was God before you were born, all-powerful, all-knowing, infinitely perfect; and God will be God for all eternity, whether you sing his praises in Heaven or forever rebel against His divine will in the anguish of hell.

No human being can add to or take from one iota of the glories or the perfections of God.

Why, then, has He given you the Ten Commandments but as the watchmaker gives you the laws to regulate the work of his hands, and save it from destruction?

Run briefly over the Ten Commandments, and you will see they mean nothing to God, but they mean everything to you and to me. Take, for instance, the first three commandments: "I am the Lord thy God," "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day."

What does it matter to God whether you praise His name, or defile your speech with blasphemy? What does it matter to God whether you cant hymns on the Sabbath or spend the day in slavish pursuits or worldly revelling? God is God, ever was and ever will be; before, beyond, and above your feeble endeavors. Why, then, has He given these laws but as a testimony of His love to guide you, in spite of your wavering intellect and changeful will, to the happiness for which He created you?

God made man to be happy here and happy in Eter-

nity; and in every human soul that yearning for happiness is the one great motive of action and of life.

Take the child tottling at its mother's knee. He wants to be happy; he forms his ambitions by which that happiness will be gained; he wants to grow big and get out with the other boys; he dreams of the day, when, older grown, with other boys and girls, he will off to school. Have you seen him on the day when he first starts out? He thinks his ambition is reached. He goes to school cheerful and happy, with smiling face, expectant eyes—a single day of wonder, his happiness is gone. He has grasped the ambition for which he dreamed, and school becomes a drudgery, and a thing to shirk. Does he stop here? No; the human soul still yearns for happiness. He builds himself a new ambition; year by year he toils on; he wants to finish school; to get out into the world; to become a man, and take his place in the affairs of men.

Have you seen him on the night when his school days are ended? Commencement day; the youth, with all the promises of a glorious manhood? Have you seen him step out before a smiling audience of friends? He has reached the point for which he has dreamed all these years of school days—his graduation—a single night of triumph; friends applaud him; relatives greet him with smiles and congratulations; his brain has built up airy castles for his future; how grandly he reads his essay on "The Needs of Human Life." He feels himself a power. Now to be a man amongst men, and go out into the world. The presiding professor hands him his diploma—his happiness is complete—just for a day.

He has reached his ambition. He thought he would be happy when his school days were ended; he thought it

would be a glorious thing to be a man. Have you seen him the day after his commencement? His childhood is gone forever. He is a man. He takes the first step, as it were, out into the world, and finds himself a stranger. He thought he had finished; he has only begun.

Does he give up? Oh, no! Within his soul God put a yearning for happiness. He forgets the years of boyhood toil. He must begin all over again, and learn the school of a man.

He makes his resolution; he will be a doctor; perhaps a lawyer; perhaps even to the sanctuary of God he will walk a priest; he will startle the world with his learning or intellectual power. And so he begins anew. Goes off to college, to the university; begins way down at the bottom again to plod his weary way to the top. But he has a new ambition, and so he starts in. One year, two years, three years, four years he studies and struggles and strives, and wins at last—he is a doctor or a lawyer. Is he happy? He thought education was the panacea for all ills; for years he dreamed that education was a golden key to open the doors to happiness. Now he has it, and he finds what? He finds that he is but one in an army of strivers; he finds that the profession instead of distinguishing him amongst men, has but placed him again at the bottom of a new world. He must begin at the bottom and win his way in the profession that he has chosen—he is in a new and another world.

He leaves his home where he was reared, and begins the task of winning fame in the line that he has chosen.

And so it goes on through all human life—yearning, ever striving, but no sooner grasped than we find we have been chasing a shadow, and happiness lies still beyond.

Perhaps in no walk of life is this so clearly seen as in farming. The young man of the soil, when he has finished his brief school days, starts out in life, always confident of a happiness that is yet to come. He wanted to be a man through all the years of his school days; now he goes out like a man to carve his fortune from the stubborn earth.

He starts in to work for another man; weeks, months he toils; he must have capital to start in life—that is his ambition; and as the months go on, dollar by dollar he saves the needed power of gold, and, true to his ambition, month after month, he walks into the town and deposits his savings there, and works and saves, and deprives himself of pleasure and gratification that his ambition may be reached—to be his own master, and own his own little kingdom, a farm.

And so the money grows in bulk, and at last his dream is realized; the happiness of which he has dreamed is at hand—he has saved the money, and he sees a little farm, perhaps far out from the settlement, and he goes and looks it over, and he sees the owner, and they make the price, and he goes into the town and the money is drawn from the bank, and paid down upon it; the deed is signed, the land is his, and he is happy—just for a moment he is happy.

If there is anything in God's world that is truly inspiring, and at the same time depressing, it is to see that young man with the deed to the little farm of which he has dreamed all his life in his pocket. Have you ever seen him? He walks around that farm, every foot of it. He is master, but is he happy? He comes back to the gate, and there is a new yearning in his soul: There is

a mortgage on the farm, and he must pay it off; and so he starts in again, way down at the bottom, to work and slave to make the farm really his own. And he is an honest, sturdy fellow, and he makes his dream come true; and the day comes when the mortgage is paid, and he is his own master, and every foot of the little farm is his own. Is he happy? Look at him as he sits before the little cottage of an autumn evening, and he says to himself: "It's mighty lonesome here all alone; this is not home for a man." A new dream has come into his life. God has sent to him a sweet, pure, shy maiden, and his little farm will always be lonely, and the little house will always be vacant until she is there with him.

And so he starts out to make that home complete. Now he works harder than he ever did before; and one beautiful, sunny day, it was in the springtime, as they walked home from church, he told her of his love, and she promised to be his for life, and he is happy, oh, so happy, but just for a little while. He goes home, and now he works harder than he ever did before to make the home worthy of the woman that he loves. How he fixes the little place up so neat and sweet and beautiful; like a bird building its nest—and he dreams his dream of perfect happiness.

The day comes when he claims her as his own; proudly he leads her to church, and there, before the altar of God, before Heaven and earth he takes her for his own. And he brings her home to the little farm, and they are happy, oh, so happy, but just for a day.

He thought she would make his happiness complete. What is the truth? The very first Sunday that he goes to church a new dream comes into his life. His neighbor

across the street rides to church in a beautiful new carriage, and the wife of his neighbor sails up the aisle of the church rustling the silks of her skirts, and a new ambition is born in his soul, and he says: "My wife is just as good as his wife." And he goes home, no longer happy, but with a new ambition to eclipse his neighbor's wife.

"I can never do it on this little farm—only forty acres." He talks it over with his little wife. There is another forty acres near the farm, and they will have that forty acres or they will die. And sure enough, a few dollars is scraped together to buy the other forty acres; and a new mortgage is on the farm, and they start in to pay it off. There are two slaves now, instead of one—she works and he works, but the day comes when their dream is realized. The new mortgage is paid, and now they are looked upon as well-to-do people. They walk into town; they pay the mortgage off. Are they happy? He has his eye on another eighty acres that is going cheaply, and he will have it if it kills him.

And so they go on year after year, and the day comes when he can walk to town—he has a bank account—and write out his check for a given sum. Is he happy? His children are growing up, and a new ambition has come into his life. He doesn't care for his neighbor, nor the dresses of his neighbor's wife; his children each have ambitions, and he must see them prominent in the world.

And so he goes on and on, always striving, always seeking for happiness, but never finding it.

Why, can't you see it, friends? If God had given him the whole world his soul would still long for something he did not possess. It is the likeness of God within him,

which will never be satisfied until he possesses the universe in knowing his God face to face.

That is why God gave you the Commandments; because He knew this: that the human soul might seek in every corner of the world, but would find happiness only in the infinity of its Creator.

Go on and read the story of love in every Commandment. Take the fourth Commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother." What does it matter to God whether you honor father and mother? What can it add to God or take from Him, whether your home be a home of happiness and contentment and peace and harmony, where parental authority is recognized, or whether it be a hell of discontent and striving? God was God before you were born, and God will remain. What, then, can the honor of father and mother, and happiness of home mean to God? But oh, what it means to man!

The home is the foundation of society, and only when the child, trained to honor its father and its mother, learns the sanctity of law, will the home produce good citizens who will honor the law of the land, and the world become a world of peace instead of a world of striving. Therefore hath God said: "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thou mayst be long lived upon the land which the Lord thy God will give thee."

God hath said, "Thou shalt not kill." And why? What does it matter to God, wrapped securely in the arms of infinity? What can it matter to Deity whether man strives against man, and the strong murder the weak, and the mighty tread down the struggling mass? What can it matter to Infinity if frail woman becomes the prey of sturdy, brutal man, and children and weaklings become

slaves in the arms of the mighty; or whether, listening to the voice of intellect, man lives with man as brother, and the strong protect the weak and the mighty lift up the lowly? What can it matter to God, who has drawn all humanity out of nothing, whether the world be deluged in blood, and humanity perish by its own striving, or whether the world be a world of love, and humanity thrive and prosper under her own nourishing? But oh, what it means to man, that an Omnipotent God stands before the mighty and the strong and says: "Thou shalt not, thou shalt not harm even the meanest of thy God's creatures; thou shalt not wreak vengeance even upon thy enemies, for I will exact the blood of the weak at thy hands. I am the Lord thy God, and I am the avenger."

God says, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." What does it matter to a Spirit God of infinity whether lust governs the human race, and men living like animals—why, lower than animals—destroying their bodies, wrecking their minds, and cursing the human flesh with disease and filth, or obeying the light of an intellect, made by a Spirit God, will live a life of purity and intellectuality, using the blessings and the powers of nature to produce in love and purity a vigorous and strong race? What does it matter to God? Nothing; for He will persevere forever and ever, though men fail and humanity perish. But oh, it means much to the human race, that an infinite Creator warns in time, and cries out: "Thou shalt not."

"Thou shalt not"—because He made the body and He made the soul of man, and He knows what every intelligent man knows; what the doctors and the scientists of the world have been crying out for centuries; that scarcely an organic disease known to the human race has

found its birth in aught else than the lust of the flesh; because centuries, and centuries before you were born the Omnipotent God knew what our doctors in council assembled in Philadelphia, cried out: "The curse of the human race is unbridled lust that is wrecking the bodies and ruining the minds of men, and filling the world with woe." Therefore hath a merciful and loving God said: "Thou shalt not."

So I might go on through every one of the Commandments—no burden from God upon the human race; no yoke to bind us in submission, but the yearning cry of a loving Father to warn us from the dark and dangerous spots in Life, that His wondrous work, His splendid mechanism of human life may ever roll on, body and soul in harmony.

Therefore the intelligent mind can not murmur against Life—that priceless gift of God—because of the imperfections that we find in it. If there are sorrows and tears and dark places in Life it is man who has brought them there; it is man who, with his faltering hand, has dared to go over the masterpiece of God, and change it into a meaningless daub.

Would you know why there is sorrow in Life? Would you understand the source of the imperfections in human existence? Would you understand the value of Life as God gave it to man, and then see what man has made of this splendid gift? Come with me into a great city—into the whirling vortex of human life, where the great stream of humanity rolls down from the hills and the mountains and the plains into that great seething mass of humanity. Come with me into the great city where the great school of human life goes on in its most acute form. Go into a

great prison; along the ill-smelling halls with their grated cages on either sides; lean your ear up against the barred doors; listen with me to the broken-hearted story that each condemned creature tells—the tale of broken hearts and ruined lives, and wrecked homes—the legacy of one man's sins visited upon thousands of his offspring.

Go on and read the story to its bitter end; into the great hospital; along the narrow aisle of its public ward, with white-draped cots on either side; listen to the moans and the groans of men and women carrying the burden of their own or other people's sins; listen to the cries of pain and the half-moaned prayers praying God to take away—to take back—the greatest gift that God could give to man. Pause there at the end of the line. See! a white cot; read the story of desolation. There lying on that narrow bed is a man; yes, one day God made him a man—even now in the outlines of that white counterpane you can see the master work of God. One day God made him a man with all that it means to be a man; one day God gave him manly strength, a great physique, splendid vitality; one day the life-blood was bubbling through his veins, the light of love was in his eyes, the bloom of youth was in his cheeks; one day, with that wondrous mind that nature gave him, he built his airy castles, and formed plans for the future, for God had given him a great physique, and God had given him wondrous strength, and God had given him manly beauty. And how did he use the gifts of God? How did he use the manly strength, the splendid physique, the wondrous beauty? Not satisfied with ruining that splendid body; not satisfied with debasing his wondrous intellect to the level of the brute, he used the very gifts of God, not only to ruin

himself, but to drag others on to destruction. And God, not in anger, but in love, struck the splendid body that He might save the withering soul that was dying within.

Pause there by the side of that one; listen to the learned doctors gathered on either side; hear them strive to diagnose the case: One says it is tuberculosis, another doctor says it is pericarditis, another calls it anæmia, and some other calls it by another learned name; but when they have all passed along, and the priest of God kneels down beside that death bed, that young man raises up his withered hands and cried out: "Father, they lie; it is my sins, my sins."

Go on and read the story to its bitter end. Out of the hospital ward and into an asylum, where human life has been dragged down below the level of the brute; listen to the gibbering idiots on every hand; see the human beings housed up, caged away from their fellow men; read the story of sin written on some of the faces; find out the story of the innocent ones—the legacy of sin handed down from fathers and grandfathers—one man's sin a curse upon the human race.

My God, friends, when we look around us, and see the enormity of our public sins, and the depth of private iniquity, instead of wondering that there is sorrow in Life, instead of marveling at the inequality, and the dark spots, we should see the result of man's deliberate choice between following the laws of an intelligent God who made him, and the acceptance of his own wavering will.

In the face of the enormous crimes that pollute our society, it is a miracle of God's mercy that the Lord comes not upon us, and that we are not made a scorn of nations and a desperate people.

It is not, then, my dear people, so much the act of God or the malice of the devil that causes our miseries, but our own corrupt hearts and irregular lives. Why, then, should we not bend in patience to what we have brought upon ourselves; and, like intelligent men, cry out with the Prophet: "It is with justice we suffer these calamities we have deserved?"

There is another and a brighter light that I would have you throw upon that picture of life, that you might see it as God sees it. This second light comes to me from the lips of our Divine Saviour Himself.

When Jesus would discuss the value of human life; when Jesus would answer the very question that we are asking ourselves tonight—the value of Life with its sorrows and its trials and its incongruities—standing before the multitude the Saviour cried out: "Unless you do penance you will all likewise perish." Is not that a strange doctrine coming from the lips of the Christ who died for you and me? Does not that sound strange to the Christian of the twentieth century? "Unless you do penance you will perish." Have you ever stopped in the mad rush of Life to ask yourself, "What did the Master mean?" Have you ever paused in your loud protests of faith to study the significance of the Saviour's words, "Unless you do penance you will perish?" He makes no distinction; the high and the low, the rich and the poor; the strong and the weak, all, here is the remedy against failure: "Do penance."

Did Jesus mean the penance of body? Did Jesus mean merely physical—the persecution of the flesh, the agony of the nerves, the quivering of the muscles by pain inflicted? Oh, whatever part all that may play in man's

scheme of penance, Jesus meant something infinitely grander; Jesus meant the penance of the intellect—the bending down of the stubborn will under the intelligent law of God; Jesus meant the curbing of the wild animal impulses of a fallen humanity; Jesus meant the bringing down of the body under the domination of the intelligent soul; Jesus meant the curbing of the flesh until it became a willing servant of the intelligent soul.

And indeed, friends, this is no novelty in the scheme of regeneration. God has written that law of penance not only for man, but it is written on every page of the book of nature, animate and inanimate. On every page of nature you will find that law of God written: "Unless you do penance, unless you bring the material under the domination of the intellect, the whole world must perish."

Would you understand the real significance of this law of penance and its true meaning and its effect upon man, and nature? Come back with me in the mind, and let us stand together on the boundary lines of the universe in the dawn of Creation. Let us go back thousands of years and stand and view the world in the golden glory of a virgin day, when the world was new and humanity in its childhood. See! Eve standing in the Garden of Eden, surrounded by the beautiful flowers, all smiling the dawn of a virgin day, happy in the home that God had prepared for the children of His earth. See! how into that Garden of Eden the devil crept upon his cursed belly to sting away the life of the human race Listen! as he speaks to woman in all her virgin loveliness. Have you sometimes thought that the sin of our first parents was merely the disobeying of a divine law? Have you sometimes thought that the sin of man was the promptings of

some craving of the flesh? Oh, no. Listen! Listen! to the serpent as he speaks to Eve: "Why do you not eat of that fruit?" And like a child she answers him: "Because God hath said we must not." There was no desire of hunger, no yearning of the flesh. God had given to the children of His love everything that their nature craved. But listen! the serpent still goes on: "Do you know why," he said to the smiling woman, "do you know why God hath said you must not eat of that fruit? Because the day you eat of the fruit of that tree you will become like unto God Himself." Oh, there is the sin—to be a God; to be her own master; to throw away every law and every commandment and every decree; to be free and independent—there was the sin—to break the bond that bound her to her Creator. And she stretched forth her hand and she plucked the fruit, and she did eat, and gave to her husband who did also eat. And God came and He stood before Adam, and He said to him: "Adam, you want to be a God? You want to be your own master? You want to live without your Father and your Creator? Go out, go out into the world, and live, and live, and live until you learn the horror of living without your God."

And Adam and Eve went out; out from the home of the human race, out into a world that they knew not; out into a land where they were strangers, into a wilderness where no human son had ever trodden; alone they wandered—strangers in a strange land—over hills and mountains and valleys and marshy places; they began to eat as God never intended man should eat; they began to drink as God never intended man should drink; they began to learn their passions and desires from the animals of the

fields. And God cursed the earth that was leading man astray.

And what does that mean when the Scriptures say that God cursed the earth? Have you sometimes thought that curse of God as of an angry man or of a degraded woman hurling down maledictions? What an idea of an infinite, intelligent, loving God.

Would you know the meaning of that curse? Let me tell it in language that you will understand. Have you ever seen a mother with a wayward son? Have you ever seen a good, kind, loving mother with a passionate, wayward boy? From his very cradle he has been a burden and a sorrow to his mother's heart—a nervous, irritable and wilful boy, and no sooner has he grown into the semblance of a man than he yearns for his liberty and his own way; and night after night he is out with older men drinking and carousing and ruining his life and wrecking his health. Have you ever seen that good mother pleading with that son for his own sake, for her love, and for God's sake to stay in that night, and not to ruin himself and break her heart? The boy, nervous and irresolute, listens. He is not all bad, for he promises that he will remain in and he sits down there by the window, and as long as his mother is around he seems strong enough, but no sooner than the mother is gone to some other part of the house than he jumps to his feet and grabs his hat, and sneaks out the back door, around the side of the building. The mother, coming back, finds the vacant chair by the window. She runs to the window and looks out; she sees him going out the gate; she rushes to the door and calls after him; but he never turns, goes down the street, and around the corner.

Have you ever seen that mother lean against the doorpost and turn her tear-stained face away? She can not look upon her boy going to hell.

There is the curse of God. When man was faithful to the great Creator God loved him as no mother ever loved a son; the eye of God dwelt lovingly upon him; the arms of Jehovah encompassed him around; angelic choirs camped on the hillsides and down in the valleys that no sigh or tear or pain or sorrow might enter into the home of the children of God's love. But when man sinned—when man hurled back into the face of God His love and protection; when man went out into the world to be his own master; when man began to eat as God never intended he should eat; when man began to learn his desires from the beasts—God turned His face away—He would not look upon humanity going to perdition.

And when God turned His face away angels fled out of the world. There the smile of God no longer lingered, and demons entered to take their places. The world no longer smiled its abundance, but brought forth thorns and thistles. The world had gone wild, and man had gone wild with the world.

That is the curse of God. Now, friends, can you not see the application? The world has fallen from the high sphere in which God created it for the children of His love; man has fallen even as the world. Now, how do you bring back the earth to the sphere in which God created it? God gave you the earth from which to wring your livelihood. Can you get your living from the earth as it comes to you—wild from the bosom of fallen nature? No! What would you think of a farmer who would go out in the springtime and sow his grain on the wild acres

of the prairie as it comes to him from the hands of fallen nature? You would think him insane, and well you might. No; if you would sow your seed and hope to reap a fruitful harvest you must bring that material earth under the domination of your intelligent soul; you must plow it up; you must harrow it; you must refine it; you must fertilize it; you must bring it up to a higher point of cultivation before you can sow your seed, and hope to reap a fruitful harvest.

Go farther, and see that law writ on every page of nature; that law that says: "Do penance; bring the material under the domination of the intelligent soul according to law."

Take, for instance, the flowers, the beautiful, blooming plants that every intelligent man or woman loves to see around his or her home in the summertime. Were they always so? Were they always a joy? No! weeds, wild and rank and ungoverned, out on the hills and the fields and the valleys, until man, man with a mind like a God, coming along saw the marvelous beauty that God had stored away in these little plants which were squandering their splendid beauty in wild, ungoverned growth.

Take the rose, the beautiful rose—the queen of the flower garden—was it always so? Have not you read the story, how one day a gardener walking along the roadway, saw blooming by the roadside a little thorny bramble growing up out of the hard, wild, fallen earth? A dozen sprouts were sapping away the life and vitality of the tiny root buried away in that fallen earth; a hundred buds burst prematurely into bloom—a single circlet of leaves—but a sweet perfume drew the attention of the gardener, and he saw the splendid beauty that God had

wrapped up in that tiny bramble now squandered away in wild, ungoverned growth. He stooped down, and carefully, very carefully, he gathered that root out of the wild earth; and he took it home; he planted it in an earthen pot; he fertilized the soil around it; he watered it carefully day by day; he took a sharp pruning knife, and he cut away, one by one he cut the wild sprouts that were sapping away the life and vitality of the root, until one single stalk remained standing; and when that stalk, with its wild, fallen nature, would throw forth new branches he cut them off one by one, and when, prematurely, it would burst into bloom he pinched back the buds one by one; and after months of cultivation and pruning and checking and pinching back, one day a single bud came forth, and it opened, it burst, it bloomed, and there —no longer the wild, thorny bramble of the roadside, but the beautiful rose, the queen of the flower garden.

Would you know farther? Go on and read the story, if you will, to the end. Take the horse, that animal so valuable to the human race. Was it always so? Did you ever see the horse as it comes to us from the school of fallen nature? Did you ever see the horse out on the prairies or in the pasture before it is brought down under the domination of intelligent man? Have you ever seen it run hither and thither, raising its head to Heaven, and shake its mane as if it would defy even the Eternal God? And man with an intelligent soul comes along; with his great lasso he brings that horse down on its haunches, puts the bit into its mouth, holds the lash over it, and that horse trembles when he feels the power of an intelligent being. No longer the wild animal that rebelled against all power and government, he becomes the friend

THE LITTLE SILVERY STREAMLET RUNNING DOWN IN SOFT, SWEET MUSIC.

of man, the most useful of all animals to the human race.

So we might go on and find the same story on every page of nature—the necessity of bringing every material thing under the domination of intelligence and law.

So with human life. Would you bring your life to perfection? Would you bring back human life to that perfect state in which God created it? Do penance.

So the lesson that you find on every page of nature; for, after all, what is human life but a flower—the seed of intellect planted in a pot of clay—the seed of intellect planted in your body and my body? Would you bring that flower of intellect to perfection do as the gardener did with the rose: cultivate the clay in which the flower grows; fertilize it, cultivate it, and when the flower begins to grow take the sharp pruning knife of law, cut away the wild ungovernable yearnings, pinch back the passions that would burst prematurely into bloom, and then, and then only will that flower of intellect grow, and thrive and blossom and bloom, a flower worthy of the smile of an intelligent God.

To me the human soul is like unto the great peaks of the Alpine mountains, or like the towering points of our own western mountain chain. These great mountain peaks stretch up, up into the heavens, far beyond the clouds, crowned with eternal snows.

Do you not realize that one of the great pleasures of the tourist is to climb up these great mountain peaks, up beyond the habitation of man, on to the cloud-wreathed summit? And one of the great beauties of these mountain climbs is the tiny streams—little, silvery streamlets, running down in soft, sweet music. Away up there in the

snow-capped peaks these little streams find their birth, and they come singing down through the mountains.

Wearied and tired after your long climb way up in that rarefied atmosphere, you just feel as though you would like to lie down by these murmuring streams and rest and rest and rest; but the guide will cry out: "Take care! There is one of the great dangers of the mountain." And you just laugh at him and say: "What! that little stream, so clear, so pure, and so beautiful—why, there is no danger in that." But watch and see. One little, silvery ribboned stream starts way up in the cold, cold icy bosom of the mountain, and comes rippling down in its soft music; and as it dashes on another little stream joins the first, and they sing louder than they did before, and they dash on laughing merrily; and the third stream joins the other two, and now they laugh no more; they rumble and they roar; they dig down into the heart of the mountain; and a fourth joins the other three and they tear away the shrubbery; and one night the storm sweeps across the mountain, and the thunder roars and the lightning flashes and the rain pours down, and where, where are your little streamlets of silver now? They have lost their glitter and their music—stained a crimson red they dash down a roaring torrent through the heart of the mountain; they tear down into its bosom; they tear away the shrubbery; they undermine the trees; they dash on carrying all over the precipice of destruction.

That is the soul of man—your soul and mine. Away back there in the mountain of the human soul, hidden away from every eye but God's; away back there are the little passions. Like little silvery streams they come rippling down through the valley of the soul, and they seem

THEY DASH ON, CARRYING ALL OVER THE PRECIPICE OF DESTRUCTION.

so sweet and so pure, and you just like to lay down your weary head and dream by their music; but the guides of life—the priests and the doctors—cry out to you: "Take care! There is the great danger of human life!" And you just laugh and say: "How foolish; there is no danger in these tiny passions of the soul." But watch them and see. One little passion comes trinkling down—the silvery singing stream—through the soul, and another little passion joins the first, and they sing louder than they sang before, and a third joins the other two, and they sing no more; they rumble, and they roar, and the harmony is gone out of your life forever; and one night the storm sweeps o'er the mountain of your soul, and where, where are your passions now? Like the streams of the mountain, they have banded together; they tear down into the depths of the soul; they snatch away every moral law; they uproot every religious principle; dashing on wilder and faster over the precipice to perdition.

Would you make your life worth living you must take these little passions, away back there in the mountains of the human soul, and cut them off. They were placed there by the hand of God, each for a wise purpose. If you would have harmony and peace in your life you must not let them band together; you must guide each passion down through the valleys and the lowlands of the soul, each passion to its legitimate source; and then, and then only, will you have peace in your life, and harmony in your existence.

And will you do this? Will you check your passions? Will you curb your inclinations? You people of the twentieth century who can not stand a cold day or a warm season without murmuring; you people who want your own

will and your own way; who cannot bear to listen to the chidings of your elders, or the authority placed over you —will you do penance? Will you curb the yearnings of an ungoverned nature? Because you will not, therefore does God sometimes permit sorrow to come into your life; therefore does God sometimes throw the cloud of sorrow o'er the sun; therefore does He stand in the form of affliction in your doorway, that realizing the vanity and the helplessness of your friends you may turn to God where alone you will find peace and pardon.

God permits that the afflictions, which we have brought upon ourselves by sin and folly, be turned into a means of merit and reward. Because we will not of ourselves do penance, God may permit that afflictions come upon us in order that by patience and resignation here we may save endless years of woe in the world to come. If, then, while the sun of grace and mercy still shines, God visits you with poverty, sickness, with cares and afflictions, it is for your soul's salvation; it is to give you opportunity of advancing in virtue, increasing in merit, to recall you from error, to prepare you for life everlasting. If He scourge the body, it is to heal the soul. If He deprive you of the comforts of this life, it is to remove from you those things which He sees will be to your ruin and eternal death; for God declares by the mouth of His Prophet: "I have destroyed with burning wind your land and garden; I have undermined all your plans and designs in order to force you to return to the ways of salvation."

It was affliction that touched the heart of humbled Herod, and dragged down the insolent pride of Nebuchadnezzar; it was amidst the thunder rolls and lightning

flashes that Jonas was forced to a confession of his sin; and it was in the darkness and gloom of a prison cell that Manasses found repentance and pardon.

But we need not seek in the Scriptures for examples. Let us each look into our own hearts and see how many of us would ever have turned to God and forsaken our pet vices had not the sting of affliction awakened our sleeping souls to a realization of the vanity and emptiness of earthly things.

But there is a sweeter side than this to pain. There is a higher, a grander, a more consoling motive for bearing our trials bravely. Saint John tells it to us in these words: "Those whom He loveth He chastiseth." If we scan the sacred Scripture we will find it on every page inscribed that crosses and trials are the inheritance of the servants of God. "Because you are acceptable to the Lord," said the angel Raphael to Tobias; "therefore was it necessary that affliction should try you." And then did the just Tobias exclaim: "I will bless Thee, O Lord, God of Israel, because Thou hast chastised me."

The awe-inspiring birth of Christ, which raised the world from the darkest despotism into the light of a supernatural life, was achieved by sorrow and pain and sacrifice and bloody persecution. Mary, our Blessed Mother, is best known as the Queen of Sorrow. Pain was the thorn-decked path that led the saints on to a blessed eternity; and it was to teach us this lesson that Christ Jesus, the Lord and Saviour, came to earth. Look at His life! Look at the Divine Model! Born in the lap of poverty, nursed at the breast of affliction, cradled in the arms of sorrow—a life neglected and unknown—a single woe from Bethlehem to Gethsemane; from Gethsemane

to Golgotha. See Him in His agony in the garden, when my sins and yours, and the crimes of the world crushed Him to the earth, and pressed from His sacred pores a rain of blood. List to the call for human consolation, pleading for a heart to touch His own in that saddest hour: "Come, will you not watch one hour with me?" And in all the world there was no one to answer. And so whilst He wept and bled and prayed His apostles slept thoughtless of His soulful cry: "Watch! Watch! Will you not watch one hour with me?" See Him betrayed by His friend, deserted by His apostles, cursed by His people, reviled by those He had taught and prayed for, and blessed and cured of evils. Follow Him along that blood-stained path to Calvary, where angels knelt in awe and seraphs veiled adoring faces while demons guised as men outraged the law of cruelty itself. See Him hanging upon the cross, between Heaven and earth, a spectacle to men and angels; deserted by man, left lonely by the angelic choir. No moans escape His sacred lips, no complaint until in the awful moment when the Great Source of all life and happiness is for an instant lifted from Him; then did His soul burst forth: "My God! My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?" All else is naught, but the frown of His Eternal Father.

Oh, here is our Model—the Divine Guide in all His pain. This is the sweetest hour of Christ's life, when He paid his debt of love, and fulfilled the will of His Eternal Father.

Afflictions, then, are not curses, but blessings. They come to us like the terrifying voice of the flames that warn us of the conflagration, which threatens to destroy us. They are the fires that burn away the dross, so that

the gold may mass together. They are the special favors of God which force us to the contemplation of the Great Creator.

Yes; Life is a mighty poetic verse writ in iambic strain, and every foot must have a light then heavy beat to carry out the sweet iambic strain. Once every day does nature hide the glorious orb of light that in the chill and darkness of the night the precious dew may fall and save the drooping plants. So with us. 'Tis when the shadow of sorrow darkens our doorway; when the cloud of affliction shuts out from the hearthstone the accustomed sunlight that our thoughts turn back to God; and the consolation which no friend can give we seek at the feet of God, the giver of all good things.

What we need is faith, faith to look beyond, ever upward and onward to the Great End. As we view the riches of the worldly, the pomp of powers, and the pride of life, and feel our own miseries deeply, oh, think of our Divine Model; think what you are to the beloved Christ Jesus. This thought I would leave with you, would impress upon you.

I remember once it came to me with all the strength of our glorious faith. 'Twas when I first beheld the great Cathedral of New York—that testimony of Catholic Faith, the architectural pride of the New World. I was rapt in admiration of that marvel of artistic skill as I viewed the stately pile of spotless marble; its towering spires stretching up, up, up into the very bosom of Heaven, its statues and pillars and buttresses and sculptured loveliness, massive portals and columns and forests of pinnacles, its lofty aisles and transepts and wonderful baptistry, its stained windows and Gothic arches inter-

lacing, interfolding, intercolumned grandeur, blending the harmony of art with a chorus of colors into the splendor of a glorious sunset. And, then, that altar—matchless, spotless, a colorless gem on which the artists dreamed and the sculptors framed their dreams in marble. There was ivory, onyx and gold, and statues and domes and pinnacles and sculptured loveliness, until my brain reeled and my tongue involuntarily exclaimed: "My God! how beautiful! Truly this is a temple worthy of a living God —an act of faith, a frozen prayer, a doxology in stone!"

As I passed around that magnificent building speaking aloud my admiration of the numberless works of art, old Monsignore Doane was there, and touching me upon the arm he said: "Young man, are you a Christian?" and as I stood hesitating, he continued: "Oh, my son, you have not learned the first lesson of the Christian faith. You think this is the temple of God? This grand pile of stone reared by the hands of men? Look there." And he pointed over where an old woman was kneeling before the statues of the apostles. She had been selling fruit out upon the street corner, and now, with her basket, in the heat of the afternoon, had crept into that grand cathedral, and crouching down on the marble pavement was praying. "There," he said, "there is the temple of the living God; and though she be old and ragged and despised, underneath her shabby dress there is a soul, a soul made to the image and likeness of the Eternal God; a soul that Jesus so loves that one day He will stoop down from His throne above and gather it into His bosom, there to sing hymns and pray prayers, and cry out Hallelujah when the last stone of this great temple will have crumbled into dust."

Oh, this is our faith! This is our hope! Clasp the thought to your heart, oh, Christian soul! Let it be your joy in sorrow, your consolation in affliction, your solace in life, and your hope in death. Whatever you may seem to me, remember you are an immortal being, an heir to Heaven, the beloved of Jesus Christ.

What you need to make your life worth living is a model. Think of this life as of a great artist who had many sons. He was growing old, and one day when his sons were all gathered around him at the table, he looked around upon them, and he said: "My boys, do you love me?" And the boys answered: "Father, you know that we love you." And the old man answered: "Oh, my boys, you have said that so often, but still my heart keeps asking: 'Do you love me?'" And the boys said: "Father, why do you talk so foolishly? You know that we love you." And the old man turned to them and he said: "Then if you love me, show me, show me that you love me; give me a testimony of your love." And the boys cried out in one voice: "Why, what do you want us to do, father? Tell us; we will do anything." And the old man smiled, for he was wise in the ways of the world; and standing up from the table he went into his studio—he was a great artist—and taking down the great bunch of modelling clay, he brought it out and placing it there on the table before him, he flattened it out, and he smoothed it down; and he took a great knife and he cut that modelling clay into even cubes, and to each one of his boys he gave a cube of the modelling clay, and as he gave it to them he said:—and there was a yearning in his voice—"My boys, you say that you love me. Take this bunch of clay, take it to your rooms and mould it into an

image of your love." And each boy took the bit of modelling clay, and they laughed amongst themselves, and they said: "Oh, dear! father is becoming so childish. Why, it is easy; we can do this any time when we have spare moments." And they went off rejoicing, so easy seemed the task of love.

And one boy ran to his room and placed the modelling clay upon his table, and with a great yearning in his soul —for he, like his father, was an artist—started in, while the face of his father was still before him, to mould the image that he loved. And hour after hour he worked on, and the face of his father began to steal out of the dull clay, and the night sped on, and still he worked; and when the morning broke in golden beams across his window, still he was working; and when they came to call him to his meals they could hardly persuade him to leave his work; and when for a moment he did leave it was to go to his father, and while the face of his father was fresh before him he ran back again to his work; and he put the light of love in the eyes, and the smile of peace upon the lips, and day by day that statue grew until it needed only the breath of life to make it a living counterpart of the father that he loved.

And another son went to his room that night, and he started in like his brother to work upon that piece of clay. And hour after hour, as he worked on, the face and form of his father began to shape out from the clay, and as he worked around the corner came a crowd of boys, and they whistled, and they laughed, and they called: "Come on out! We're going to have a great old time to-night!" And he looked at the statue, for the yearning of art was in his soul; and he listened to the joyous crowd

outside calling, and he said: "It will be all right; I shall finish it tomorrow." So carefully, very carefully—for he intended to finish it to-morrow—he wrapped a cloth around the unfinished work, and he put it away in his bureau drawer, and he took a key and he locked the drawer, so that no one would disturb it, for he must finish it tomorrow. And out he went with his companions for an hour's pleasure.

And the other boys went to their rooms; and they looked at the piece of clay, and they smiled, and they said: "Father is becoming so queer. Why, we can do this any time when we have a spare hour." And one went off to work, and another went off for a business deal, and another went off for pleasure. The days fled on, and the weeks passed by, and the seasons changed, and one day the boys were gathered around their father's table, and the old man looked down on either side of the family board, and there was a look of yearning love in the old man's eyes, and a quiver came into his voice as he said again: "My boys, do you love me?" And the boys cried out as one person: "Now, there you are again, father, with that same foolish talk. You know that we love you." And the old man said: "Then show me; give me a testimony of your love. Go to your rooms and bring me an image of your love." And now the boys were frightened, and they ran to their rooms; and the boy that had worked by day and by night drew away the cloth that covered the statue of clay, and he had only to brush away the dust and there before him stood an image of the father he loved, and he bore it to him in triumph.

And the other boy ran to his room, and he took his key from his pocket, and he unlocked the bureau drawer,

and he took out that piece of clay, and he put it on his table, and he began to work, but the clay had grown dry and hard, and it would not work, and he took some water and threw it upon the clay to soften it. Have you ever modelled in clay? When he wet it a second time it was soft in one place and hard in another; and try as he would it would stick to his fingers and mar his work. He could not make a finished work.

And the other boys went to their respective rooms and they grasped that piece of clay, and it had grown hard as a stone, and they could not work upon it, and well they knew it would take hours and hours to soften it. And all the time the father's voice was crying: "Bring me a testimony of your love." And when they stood before their father only one boy could show him a testimony of his love. And the father took that statue and he put it by his bedside where the last thing at night he might see that testimony of love and the first thing in the morning he would know that one son lived for him. And the rest he threw out into the ash heap and the garbage.

That is the story of life, your life and mine. You are moulding a statue of your love. God is the great artist with many sons, and every day when the glorious sun mounts up into the heavens, that is the golden voice of God crying out to you and to me: "My sons, my daughters, do you love me?" And—you know how it is—day by day we answer: "My God, you know that we love you." And God says: "Show me that you love me. It is all right, your long prayers and your loud hymns and your sighs and your formulas, but show me. Give me a testimony of your love." And every day—just like that great artist to his sons—He gives to each and every one

of us a bunch of clay—your body and my body—and He says to you and to me: "You say you love me. Take this body of clay, take it into your homes; take it down to your office; take it out on your farms, and mould it, mould it into an image of your love."

That is what you are doing; that is human life—moulding an image of your love.

Would you make your life worth living? You know as well as I no artist can mould a statue successfully without a model. What your model is that your finished work will be. Now, you are moulding an image of your love. What is your model? Your model is your love. Whatever your love is that your finished work will be. If your love is the brute, then day by day you will become more like the brute—more selfish, more greedy, more lustful, and, like the brute, you will end in the earth. "But," you will say, "it is not as bad as that; I have not fallen as low as to copy the brute." Well, what is your love? Is it the world? Is it the yearning to be like other men? Then remember, if man is your love, then day by day you will become more like a man—more vain, more frivolous, more greedy, and you know the end of man—bones, rottenness and decay.

But oh, if your love is God, then day by day this body of clay will become more like unto God, your model—more pure, more chaste, more loving, more kind, until even angels will wonder at what man can do with a little bunch of the lowly clay.

That is the thought to keep uppermost in your minds. If you would make a success of any work you must keep the end forever in view.

I said to you at the beginnig of this talk that life was

the building of a temple. Every man builds his own structure of life. Well, now, you understand as well as I do that no man can successfully rear up a structure unless he knows the end for which he labors. There is no use laying down a four-foot foundation if you intend to rear up a frame structure. There is no use in building a massive wall unless the foundation is well grounded. Whether a palace or a hovel, if your building is to be a success you must know the end for which you labor.

I said to you that you were moulding a statue. Well, no man can make a successful statue unless he knows for what the statue is destined. A statue made for a church will never do in a saloon. A statue made for a saloon would be blasphemous in a church. You must know the end, the object of your work.

How frequently men tell us that Life is the writing of a book; each day a page, each year a chapter. Well, if a man wish to write a successful book he must know the end. A book written for the university would be of little value in the primer class. A work written for the primer class would be useless at the university. Success depends upon the end. Very well, then, what makes Life a success? It is the end. And what is the end of human life? It is the same for all, the high and the low, the king on his throne, and the laborer that works for his daily bread —the four walls of a bed chamber; the window curtains drawn down even to the very sills; a group of friends standing whispering in the corner; the nurse tiptoes across the floor, and you, you are lying there upon your bed, and it is growing dark, dark, dark; your hands grope out over the counterpane; you are looking for something —for what? Anything but God. Anything that you

could grasp out of your busy life that you could hold up between your trembling soul and the all-knowing eyes of God.

Oh, friends, I remember the end of a human life! In the town where I was reared we had many people who called themselves Christians. Most of the families sent their boys to school to a little private academy. I remember one of the brightest boys in that school was the only son of a widowed mother. Year after year John held the head of the class. The boys all loved him, the teachers were proud of him, his mother's soul was wrapped up in that boy. Year after year when the school was closing, John took the honors of the class. I remember well the year he graduated, every detail of the commencement exercises—John was the hero of the hour—medals, diplomas and prizes—his mother was wild with joy. Anybody who went into the house the day after the commencement would have to listen to the history of John from his cradle up, and read over the diplomas from beginning to end.

And that dear old mother, seeing the talents of her son, made up her mind that whatever it might cost her, she would give him a start in life, so he might make a great success. So she did. The only thing she had in the world was a little homestead left by her husband who was gone. She mortgaged that little home to raise money to send John off to the university, where he could prepare for a brilliant, successful career. When the news spread around through the town that John was going to the university seven others of us made up our minds that we too would go.

And so when the fall term opened eight of us went off

to the university. From the very first John was a success. He began his old career at the academy. Examination after examination John stood at the head of his classes. The boys all loved him, for he was a genial, good-hearted, spirited fellow. The professors were proud of him because of his splendid mind. And so the year went on, John winning praise at every step.

We were at the university about a year when the word began to be whispered about that John was becoming wild; was going out with the boys; was becoming a bit sporty. Some of the Christian women went to his mother and told her that she ought to speak to John; but the proud mother only laughed and said: "My boy, John, is a mighty smart fellow, and he will make his way in the world. I am not going to begin to preach to him. Let him sow his wild oats; he will be all the better in the end." And so the time went on, and nothing was said. John sowed his wild oats, all right, but in spite of it all he held his place in his classes, and the love of his fellow students. And one year passed, and two years, and three years, and John repeated each year his old triumphs. The fourth year came, and he carried the honors of the university. He went home in a little whirlwind of glory. I remember how proud the people of our town were that one of their boys should win the honors of the university; and they met him at the depot, and they cheered him, and his mother was just wild with joy.

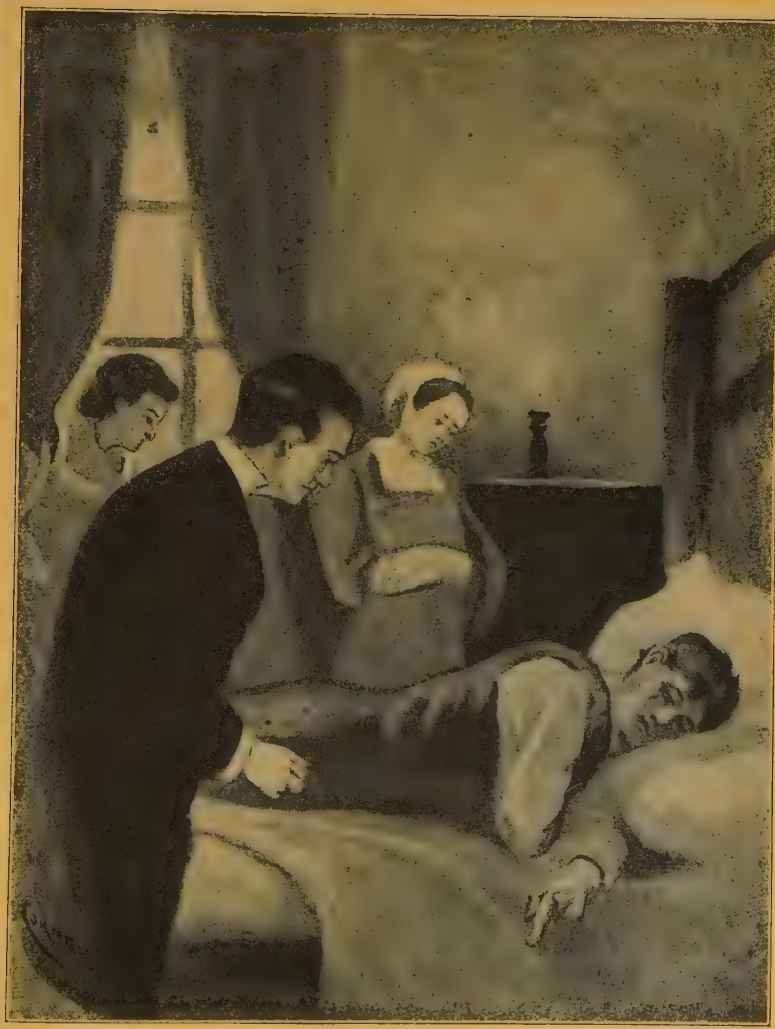
But John was home only a few weeks when he was taken down sick. We boys knew the secret. John was sick before he left the university. He had spent so much time out at the sports and the games that when it came to the final examinations he had to make a herculean effort

to hold his place. But he did it. He studied night and day, and he won the prizes, but he paid the penalty. He came home a nervous wreck. He was home only a few weeks when the sickness came on him. It was pitiful to see that mother who had sacrificed so much. The medals and diplomas were all carefully put away, and the one thought in that mother's heart was: "Will my boy live?"

And as the days went on instead of growing better John grew worse, and then there came a relapse, and we knew it was only a question of days until he would be with us no longer. We boys would go over night after night to sit up with him—his mother could not be there all the time—and so, friends, I was there the night John died. There are some memories that live with us forever. We went over early that night, along about five-thirty or six o'clock, and he heard us coming, and he yelled out to us: "Come in, boys, I feel good tonight!" And we thought he was better. And he said: "Come on, raise me up in bed, I want to talk." And we did; we raised him up there in the bed, and put pillows at his back, turned over a chair behind him so that he could sit up straight. You could hear his laugh ring out all over the house as he talked of the pranks and the jokes we played on one another at school. But along about nine o'clock the fever began to steal back upon him, and that mind that was the marvel of the university; that man of whom we had often been so jealous, began to grow weak like a little child, and his hands began to grope out over the counterpane, and, just like a little child, he began to cry: "Mother! Mother! Where are you? It is becoming so dark! I am afraid! Mother! Where are you?" That poor mother

ran across the room and threw herself down by the bedside and clasped the poor groping hands, and the boy kept murmuring on: "Mother! It is becoming so dark! I am afraid! And say, mother, there is a big, high mountain, and I have to go over the mountain! Won't you help me, mother? Won't you help me?" And the poor mother burst into tears, and cried: "God help me, John, I can do nothing! I can't help you!" And so the boy cried on all through the night: "It is becoming so dark, and I am afraid! Won't you help me, mother? Won't you help me?"

Along about eleven-thirty there came into the room an old servant—she had been in the family for years—and she stood there in the corner with the university graduates, listening to that boy crying out in the darkness, until she could stand it no longer, and, pushing the men away, who would hold her back, she ran across the room and grabbed the boy up out of the bed, and shook him as she cried: "John! John! call on Jesus! He will help you over the mountain! He will help you!" It seemed for a moment as if the cloud cleared from his brain and he knew her, for he opened his eyes in half-startled manner, and murmured like a weary child: "Oh, it is you, Nora. I forgot all about Jesus. They never taught us anything about Jesus at the university." And then like a child he began his prayer: "Jesus, help me over the mountain! Jesus, help me over the mountain! Jesus——!" And all night long that prayer echoed throughout the room; and just as the day was breaking and the sky was all a halo of crimson glory, he sprung up in his bed, threw out his arms, and cried: "Jesus!" And sunk back into the bed —dead.



"THEY NEVER TAUGHT US ANYTHING ABOUT JESUS AT THE UNIVERSITY."

I saw that mother raise up the body of her son, and press down kisses on his dead face; and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she cried out: "My God! Why have you taken him from me? He was the only thing in the world that made my life endurable! But oh, my God, I thank you that my boy died with the name of Jesus upon his lips."

That was the end. No talk of the university, and the honors, and the learning; the only thing that could bring consolation to that broken-hearted mother in the hour of her grief was the thought that her boy had died with the name of Jesus on his lips.

That is the end for you and for me; for every man. So write your book of Life, then, that the name of Jesus may come forth on every page; so live your life that in the hour of death the name of Jesus may shine like a glorious star through the darkness of death.

Do you not know for those who live with the name of Jesus on their lips; for those who mould their lives, even imperfectly, on the model of Christ; for such as these there is no fear in the hour of death? Oh, I have seen a Christian die with his hands clasped upon his breast, with these words: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." His imprisoned soul burst forth from his prison of clay, cleaved the Eternal Heavens, rushed across that mighty river that rolls between Time and Eternity, and entered the realms of the blessed. Do you not know that angels met him on that unknown shore? Do you not know that Christ came forth to greet him? That the crown denied on earth is held in trust in Heaven? That the great Eternal God turned upon the great white throne and

cried out: "Open up the pearly gates! Let him come in! Let him come in! On his forehead, and on his lips is the name of the Christ! Let him come in, and I will show him eternal kindness for the sake of the living Christ!" Surely such a life is well worth the living.

# SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

# SERMONS FROM SHAKESPEARE

IT is with a sense of deep responsibility that I venture to speak to you on an educational subject. I say educational, because to me Shakespeare is a liberal education. For, after all, when we come to understand education properly, it means something more than a knowing of dates and facts and figures, something more than a memorizing of rules and formulas. Education, when you come to understand it truly, means taking the first steps out into God's great world; it is getting our bearings aright on the sea of life.

To me education is the lighting of a lamp, by which we may read aright the enigma of life; the unfolding of the human soul, whereby we may drink in the wonders and the mysteries and the laws and the beauties which the hand of God has painted all o'er the face of nature.

True education is to know something of the heart-aches, the death-pangs, the anxious seekings, the bitter disappointments and the soul's yearning of the human race, and so be able to attune our own hearts to be in harmony with God's great world around us.

And I know of few means that God has given us more powerful in arriving at that happy point of education than the books which we read. Books! What a part they play in the life of the intelligent man! They influence our morals, they tinge our character, they stimulate our ambitions; they frame, and they color our whole life's great picture.

Have you not marked it, how the book of the boy becomes the guide of the youth, the companion of the man, the friend and consolation of old age? It is a grand thing when you are growing old, when the burdens of many years are bending down your shoulders, and the snows of many winters have whitened your hair, when you sit alone, and yet you are not alone—when you are surrounded by the ghosts of the mighty dead. And sitting in your library, leaning back in your chair, you may shake hands with the old friends of your childhood—the authors on the shelves. They never leave you; they stay with you when every other memory of a long and eventful life seems like the vapory figures of a dream that has long since passed.

It seems to me that the first great book was written by the hand of God—written in letters of light across the scroll of chaos. It was a wondrous book; it was God's book to man, the great book of nature, that wondrous world that was to unfold before us page by page and chapter by chapter, wherein the hand of the Eternal God had written the laws and the lessons and the mysteries and the wonders and the beauties that would bind the human soul for ever to the great white throne of God.

And in order that man might read that book of nature, and reading it aright might find therein the mystery of his being, God gave to every man a wondrous mind—an almost Divine intellect—that as that book of nature unfolds before him he might read aright the lessons that are written there.

But when man sinned — when man stood up twixt heaven and earth and hurled back in the face of the great Creator his pledge of love and immortality — in that

instant the God-like mind was darkened. Sin heaped up and repeated through generation after generation, dwarfed the body, weakened the physical structure, and dragged man down to almost the level of brute-life. The God-like mind was still there, but all in a chaos of confusion. The splendid intellect was buried within, but could not manifest itself through this sin-abused and much debased body. Man was buried in material things, seeking his happiness in the world, and he could not reach to, nor grasp, nor read aright the supernatural lesson that the hand of God had written all o'er that book of nature.

And for a little while it seemed as though God's work was lost. For a little while it seemed as though that book of nature had become a book of cipher that man would never read aright, a book of wonders that man could never understand.

But to a few gifted minds, to a few men of genius, God seems to have given the key to that wondrous book of nature, that as it unfolds before them page by page and chapter by chapter, with the light of genius given them by heaven, they may read aright the lessons that are written there, and put them into language that you and I can understand.

We call these great minds, we call these men of genius, authors. We love them, friends, and why? We love them most of all because they take up that great book of nature, that work of God, and turning o'er its pages they find the mysteries that are hidden there, and translate them into language that the sons and daughters of men can understand.

They lie out in the summer time under the beautiful

green trees, they listen to the love songs of the birds, and in the love songs of the birds there is whispered to the soul of genius something more than sweet music, something more than trembling tones. In the love songs of the birds there is whispered to the soul of genius something of the mysterious anthems that angels sing around the throne of God.

They lie down by the babbling brooks, they listen to the silvery waters rippling in soft music o'er the white pebbles as they march onward to their beds in the lakes. And in the murmur of the waters, in its rippling and its roar, there is something more than rushing water—it is the voice of Divinity whispering of the mysterious powers that the hand of the Creator has buried away down deep in the bosom of mother nature.

They pause—these men of gifted minds—pause o'er the tiny flowers that you and I would pass thoughtlessly by, and looking down into their soft, velvety petaled hearts the soul of genius sees something more than the pretty flowers, something more than the splendid shape, something more than the marvelous coloring: Out of the heart of the beautiful flower a soul steals forth that whispers to genius the mysteries of life and death.

Amongst such authors Shakespeare stands alone. He seems to occupy a unique position not only in the language and the literature of our own tongue, but, for that matter, in the language and the literature of the world. He differs even from the greatest authors. Why, even the greatest authors, as I read them, study them, and analyze them attentively, I feel, indeed, with that mighty genius given them by heaven, they have read that great book of nature as it unfolded before them, they have

drunk in her wonders and her mysteries and her laws and her beauties, and then out of their own minds they want to imitate God. They would create—build up marvelous characters; wonderful indeed, but they are man-made. And when they have built up their little characters, into their mouths they put set phrases and analyzed sentences. Shakespeare differs from all this.

We can seldom say, truly, that Shakespeare creates. With a master hand he draws back the curtain from the stage of life and shows us men and women, not the creatures of his brain, but God's men and women—men and women as we know them in everyday life. He puts into their mouths no set phrases, no analyzed sentences, but coming down to the footlights, the men and women of Shakespeare speak forth their hearts and their souls to us.

Even the greatest authors, as I read them I seem to feel, with their mighty genius, they have grasped the world of nature as it flew on before them, and they have become so enraptured with a single page of the book of life, so lost in the study of a single human joy or a single human passion, that they spend their whole lives in translating one little page of God's great work, in giving expression to a single soul's joy or a single heart's yearning.

And so the danger to a man of one book, or of one author, is that he will judge God's whole world from the coloring of his favorite book, or from the standpoint of his favorite author.

These men of gifted minds delve down into the very bosom of mother earth; they filch forth the heart-drops of humanity; they crystallize them into beautiful literary

gems, set them in wonderful settings, and send them forth for the admiration of the world.

Again, Shakespeare differs from all this. He never translates in part, he never delves down, nor digs, nor seems to seek for his material. With the genius of a master he holds the mirror up to nature and gives us a reflex, not of one page, not of a part, but of God's whole great scheme of existence—every human joy and every human passion from the cradle to the grave.

He is the one author that, as I read him, I feel, with a yearning of a genius he has thrown his arms out to the world, he has grasped the hand of humanity, and he has counted the pulse of the human race. He is the one author who seems to have thrown himself prone down on the bosom of mother nature and listened until he has caught the heart-throbs of humanity.

It is this very massiveness, this very completeness of Shakespeare, which has made his work even like the book of nature — a book of cipher — that men cannot read aright; a book of wonders that men study all their lives, and dying admit that they know little or nothing of the wonders or the mysteries or the beauties that are buried away in that matchless work.

It is this very massiveness—this very completeness of Shakespeare—which has caused the greatest critics in our language, after years of study, to conclude that, after all, the work is too gigantic, too complete for any one mind to have conceived, or any one hand to have finished in detail, but, after all, many minds and many hands were engaged upon the masterwork.

Why, even the lovers of Shakespeare are forced reluctantly to admit that at least two minds and two

hands are evident in the structure of the work. And the question ever recurring is "why?" Why do you believe that you can distinguish the evidence of different minds and different hands in the structure of the work? You will see clearly in a moment's consideration.

When Shakespeare speaks of the unknowable world, when he would inculcate a great moral principle, when he speaks of the supernatural he rises to the dignity of the sublime.

He is indeed, then, the divine poet. But, as every student of Shakespeare will remember, in the details of his work, in finishing scenes, and closing acts, and frequently in his comedy, he falls below the standard of the mere mediocre. And why? Because Shakespeare cared little or nothing for laws or words or technique.

And it is this very masterly disregard for law and usage that has caused him to incorporate into the very body of his matchless composition these glaring grammatical English mistakes, which, since his time, have become master-pieces of English expression.

We study the words of Shakespeare, and yet the words of Shakespeare were but the tools of his craft, which he used as he saw fit. Words were but the material with which he would build up a great temple of literary thought, and where the word did not fit he cut it off or elongated its meaning that it might fill in the space for which he designed it. Words were but vehicles to carry his thoughts on down through the annals of time.

As he sat there and spun out the matchless music of his verse, verse was neither his end nor his object. As he sat there and spun out the matchless music of his verse he was merely weaving a garment with which he would

clothe the child of his soul and send her forth for the admiration of men.

The truth is Shakespeare, with that wondrous genius given him by Heaven, has read the great book of nature as it unfolded before him. Like thousands of other authors he has drunk in her wonders and her beauties and her mysteries. But, then, from that book of nature he has turned to the written book of God—the inspired Scripture—the Scripture which is so evident in the structure of his work. It forms the very bone-work—the skeleton of his master-concepts—and he finds therein the same wonders, the same mysteries, the same heart-aches, the same death-pangs, the same soul yearnings of the human race that he finds all around him in God's great book of nature. And taking from that written book a text he sat down, not to write *mere* plays to while away the hours, not *mere* poems to satisfy a vulgar rabble, but to give to the world some of the greatest sermons ever conceived by a human mind or executed by a merely human hand.

At first glance it may seem this is an odd view to take of Shakespeare. At first glance it may appear as a unique treatment of the mighty bard, but in order to appreciate the full motive and value of his work we must realize that it was written for people of the world—for men and women of mature minds and mature knowledge. Hence, the many delicate questions touched are not to be viewed as opening up forbidden grounds to immature minds, but rather assisting developed intellects to better understand the forces operating to make human life what it is. For unless you so study Shakespeare, unless you seek the ideal in his work, unless you judge him strictly

from the standpoint of art, many of his compositions which have for years been accepted as master-pieces, when judged strictly from the standpoint of technique, will sink below the level of the mere mediocre. On the other hand many of his works that have been thrown aside by the critics as second-rate productions, as mere bids to the vulgar rabble, studied in the light of art will be raised to the dignity of master-pieces.

If we would ever understand the true meaning, or properly appreciate the work of genius, we must be able to distinguish in literature, as indeed we do in all the other works of man, the difference between mere manufactory and real art. Let us just for a moment consider this point—manufactory. I care not in what department of man's work; I care not how beautifully it is done; I care not how wonderfully it is contrived; I care not how exquisitely executed, manufactory is always the work of the human hand. It caters to the present time, to the age and the place in which it is manufactured. It caters to the styles of the day and the fads of the hour, and it will be thrown aside or be forgotten as time rolls on and the styles change and the fads are forgotten. But art never dies; it is immortal. It belongs to no time, no place, or no people; it lives forever. And why? Because art is a child of the human soul; it is an outcome of the human intellect. It caters to no time, no place, or no people. It is universal. It lives forever because it embodies the grand ideals of the human soul. They will not die. They will live on forever—as long as the human intellect yearns after or seeks Divinity.

Would you then know the beauty of Shakespeare? Would you ever understand the inner meaning of his

matchless verse you must study him as art. You must seek the presence of the ideal in his work; you must find the soul, that underlying principle, that irresistible power that forced his genius to build up these literary structures, that he might send down into other hearts and other minds the grand ideals of his own soul.

However much knowledge, then, you may acquire by parsing or phrasing or tearing asunder; however much knowledge may come to you from your scientific analysis, if you would ever know the beauty of Shakespeare you must study him as art.

The great mistake of our English critics, and, for that matter, I might say the great mistake of our English readers in general, in the study of Shakespeare is this: You are so busy studying the *mere* technique, so enraptured with the material structure that you never delve down underneath and seek for the soul. The great trouble is that you are so lost in the music of his matchless verse, so enraptured with the *mere* material structure, that you have never grasped the soul, never identified the immortal principle that rolls on from play to play and from poem to poem, identifying each great work, not merely as a work of art, but, as it were, giving to each great concept the stamp of a family resemblance, identifying each master-work as a child of that Divine genius, with the mighty Master as the Father of them all.

It seems to me that the great mistake of our English critics, again let me say it, the great mistake of our English readers in general in the study of literature is this: You insist upon using the method of a scientist in the study of an art. Now science, as we all know, pulls down, tears asunder in order that it may find the grain

of truth or beauty that is buried within. But art differs from all this. Art builds up; art frames; art forms; art colors in order that truth and beauty may stand before us a living and lasting reality.

Without truth and beauty exemplified there is no real work of art. No hand of man has ever given birth to art. The hand is but the instrument that moulds into imperishable form the creations of the intelligent soul. To make this clear let us take, then, an example. Take for instance Julius Cæsar, the great tragedy of Roman life. Let us ask ourselves the question, "Is Julius Cæsar a work of art? Is it a master-piece?" Now, before we can answer this question intelligently we must call back to our minds what we understand when an intelligent man speaks of art. Art is that which elevates, which refines, is it not? Art is that which appeals to the better elements in a man; art is that which stimulates the intellect; art is the sensible expression of the ideal.

Now, from this standpoint is Julius Cæsar art? As it is studied in the schools today is Julius Cæsar a master-piece? Is there anything in Julius Cæsar that will elevate or refine? Is there anything in Julius Cæsar that appeals to the better elements in a man? Is there anything in Julius Cæsar that stimulates the intellect? Where is the ideal? It is all blood and greed and avarice and hate. There is not a single ray of light from the opening to the closing of the play. The truth is, if Julius Cæsar were written today, without the name of the immortal bard before it, the play would not be admitted a work of art. Today, analyzed and parsed, judged strictly from the standpoint of English composition, Julius Cæsar would be classed with such works as Hall

Caine's Deemster. We would call it the child of a diseased brain, the outcome of a morbid imagination.

But, perhaps you will say, Julius Cæsar is an historic drama, and we must expect the bloody atmosphere of that historic period. My dear people, this is the very thought in my own mind. But is Julius Cæsar historic? Is the play of Julius Cæsar an historic play? If I were to admit, with the average critic or reader of Shakespeare, that the play of Julius Cæsar is intended as an historic picture of Rome, then I would feel myself forced to call Shakespeare a bungler in his craft. He has distorted time and place and incident. He has destroyed the historic character of Cæsar. And for what? Would he teach us history by destroying and distorting what little we know of that historic period? The truth is the play of Julius Cæsar will not stand the test of an historic analysis. There must be, then, lying beyond that splendid technique, hidden within these master-lines, there must be a central thought, a single motive which has escaped our readers and our critics in their historic analysis of the work.

It seems to me the whole secret lies in this: The work of Shakespeare is today universally admitted as literature. Well, if you admit that the work of Shakespeare is literature, I shall ask: "Is not literature an art?" It is the great art of arts. Then, why do you not study it as an art? Is it not strange that our English students today insist upon using one method in the study of literature and an entirely different method in the study of the other arts? Why do you not study literature as you study architecture, as you study sculpture, as you study painting? The author, instead of using canvas or color

and brush, uses words—living, vivified words—in order that he may impress upon your very soul the picture of his own mind. Now, if this picture, instead of being merely impressed upon your mind in words, were painted on canvas, how would you study it now? Take, for example, a great artist who has just finished his master-piece, and he wishes to disclose it for your admiration or your condemnation. Will the great painter put the picture low down on the floor, so that each one may come up and study the technique, see every trick of his art, and the stroke of his brush, and the bunching of coloring, and the texture of the canvas? Oh, no! Any artist who would follow this method in disclosing his work to the world would never be recognized as a master, for having studied the picture in detail your mind would be blurred with the technique—you would never feel the spirit, the soul of the composition.

No, when a great artist has finished his master-piece and he wishes to disclose it for the intelligent judgment of the world, he hangs the picture high on the wall, he cunningly shades the light, so that it strikes the central figure, and then he asks you to stand far back—not where you may study the picture in detail, but where the whole composition bursts upon you as a unit, where the background throws out the central figure into bold relief, and there in the central figure you catch the ideal, the key to the whole mental picture. Now, as you stand there gazing upon the silent picture, out of the silent canvas you read the master-story. Just in like manner when you read a great play, a splendid poem, a mighty story you should be able to close your eyes and find impressed upon your soul a master-picture; and that picture within

your soul, that is the very picture that was in the mind of genius that forced him to build up his literary structure that he might send that picture down into other hearts and other minds.

And, therefore, I feel that the first steps in the study of literature must be the study of the mental picture, instead of the analysis of the empty shell which has carried the picture down to us. When we understand the picture, when the soul of the composition has touched our own, then the analysis of the mere material structure will become a labor of love.

Now you have read your Shakespeare, you have analyzed, you have parsed and phrased. I beg of you to throw aside your scientific analysis, and let us for once study Shakespeare from the standpoint of art, as a mighty word painter of mental pictures.

## JULIUS CAESAR

ET us take first the great tragedy, Julius Cæsar. The popular impression of this great acting play is that it was written and presented to the public as an historic drama. The truth or fallacy of this estimate of the play must be cleared up before we can thoroughly appreciate its beauty or its true meaning.

I believe all doubt as to the intention of the author may be cleared up in regard to this play, and, for that matter, in regard to any other well constructed drama, by adhering closely to the old classical laws of dramatic construction.

A play, like any other work of art, cannot be constructed at haphazard. The material form must preserve the unity, the conciseness or the clearness of the mental impression, otherwise the mental picture will be lost in a labyrinth of the material. Therefore, in the writing of a drama five acts are considered necessary to harmoniously work out the theme. Shakespeare has carefully adhered to this classical law, and in order that the five acts may be properly balanced each act has its function in unfolding the story of the play.

The function of the first act is the presentation of the theme, and the introduction of the heart-interest, as no drama can be called a work of art unless it has a defined theme and appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect. This accomplished, the first act should close.

The function of the second act is the introducing of the dramatic incident—that is, the presenting of a conflict between two principles, good and evil. This is what makes the composition a drama. This dramatic incident thoroughly established, the second act should close.

The function of the third act should be the development or working out of this dramatic conflict. And it is in the third act that the most liberty is given to the author.

The fourth act brings the climax or dramatic action—the poetic retribution.

And the fifth act is merely the denouement, or equalization, restoring the picture to the harmony of the first act.

With these laws it becomes clear to any mind that if Julius Cæsar were intended by the author to be an historic work we must find the historic theme in the first

act, for the function of the first act is the unfolding of the theme and the introduction of the heart-interest. But we seek in vain in the first act of Julius Cæsar for an historic incident. We find a picture of discontent. We find jealousy and hatred and distraction in unexpected places. We find the superstitions of paganism brought forth most vividly. We find the feast of the Lupercal as a reflection of pagan Rome. We find the heart-interest in the love of Cæsar's wife, and in spite of ourselves we become interested in Cæsar—this puny, infirm god of the Romans.

It is evident, then, that since no historic incident is enunciated in the first act, that Shakespeare did not intend an historic treatment of the play. Had the assassination of Cæsar been introduced in the first act, then, indeed, we could no longer question the intention of the author to produce an historic picture, for he would be obliged in the four following acts to develop the historic theme which he presented for our consideration in the first act.

I am sure, therefore, that we will be able to catch the true meaning of Shakespeare more quickly, and more clearly, if we study the play as a great word painting. In order to do this we must construct our picture. Take first the background. But where will we find the background? If you were painting this picture of Julius Cæsar where would you find the background? My dear friends, you will always find the background of a literary picture in the opening scenes of a play or in the opening chapters of a book. What I call the background of a picture is, after all, simply what you call the atmosphere of a literary composition. The author must create his

atmosphere before he can introduce the characters who are to live in that atmosphere. Hence, the background of the picture of Julius Cæsar rolls out before us like a great panorama in the opening scenes of the play. It is Rome, pagan Rome; Rome the mistress of the world, with all the arts, and all the sciences, and all the wealth, and all the culture of the world concentrated to and centered in Rome; and Rome is rolling in her luxury and power. Every nation is lying at her feet; every peoples pay her tribute. The imperial foot of Rome is on the neck of the civilized world. And imperial Rome in an hour of pride and of greed stoops down into the gutter, picks up a little man of clay—one of her own sons—raises him up, puts him on a pedestal, drapes him with the imperial purple, and Cæsar is a god; and Rome, that demands the homage of the world, bows down before this little god of clay. They put his statues in the public squares; the statues are draped with the national colors; the laurel wreath is placed upon his brow; women and children shower down flowers and perfume as the divine Cæsar passes by. They strew their garments in the dust that the imperial Cæsar may tread upon them. Cæsar is a god, and Rome, that demands the homage of the world, bows down before the little god that she herself has made. See! he stands in the very center of the picture; he dominates every line in the play. Out of his own mouth you get the key to the whole picture. He says:

"I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaken of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so."

No sooner have you heard this blasphemy from the mouth of this little shivering man of clay saying he is a god—he is like the northern star, immovable—than the very hand that has made him a god reaches up and catches the hem of his garment, and drags him down. There's your pagan god, a handful of bleeding clay, and around him stand the foremost men of Rome—the very men who yesterday swore by the divine name of imperial Cæsar—there they stand today with their bloody hands and their dripping daggers. And as they stand—see! the motive of the play unfolds! There enters the slave of Antony—Antony who hung upon the neck of this Roman god—Antony who was more to Cæsar than a son or a brother. But no sooner has this fickle pagan world dragged down her god than Antony sends his slave. Is it for revenge? No; to beg, to cringe, to plead that he may have a part in the new world, that he may come on the stage in the new drama of life, and with his cap and bells play the fool to the new god—to the new god this pagan

world may rear up; and it is only when he is assured of his own personal safety; it is only when he knows that his own miserable body is freed from the hand of the assassin, that Antony dares to come out from his own home. Yesterday he was master, today he must rush through the streets of Rome to save himself from bodily harm. And as he rushes along, at the very door of the senate house he is stopped by the bleeding body of Cæsar, the god. Oh! it is no set phrases, no analyzed sentences; but spontaneously bubbling forth from the bursting heart of Antony comes that splendid sermon on the vanity of a world without a God:

"O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
(And he leaves the dead to seek the living.)
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfill your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age."
(Then Brutus speaks.)
"O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,

As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done:
Our hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—
As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity,—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar." (Antony, easily appeased, answers.)
"..... I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna, and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer. (Seeing the upturned face of Cæsar his better nature overcomes him.)
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd brave hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer strucken by many princes
Does thou here lie!" .....

(But self conquers, and again the politician speaks.)

"Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty."

(Then Cassius speaks.)

"I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?"

(Antony speaks.)

"Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous."

(And then alone with Cæsar.)

"O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the part of Italy;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial."

This is your picture. It is not the literary structure; it is the dramatic picture of blood and greed and avarice and hate? Cæsar is a god, and they drag him down. Brutus makes his own moral law. Antony justifies his own ends. There is no law; there is no morality; there is no God. Each man strives and grasps for his own. It is the picture of a world without a God.

Now we see why Shakespeare has painted a puny, egotistical fatalist, tinged with all the superstitions of paganism, instead of the mighty Cæsar of history. Cæsar is presented to us, not as the mere historic personage, but as paganism personified, and he falls in ruin, leaving desolation on all sides.

This idea of Shakespeare seems to be carried out in the four great characters of the play. He presents to us in no instance the historic personages known by their respective names used in the play. We have four characters upon which the play moves — Cæsar, Cassius, Brutus and Antony; and Shakespeare has carefully drawn, in these four characters, four types of paganism

as clearly and as distinctly as it is possible to embody a type in an individual. He has given us the four great ages of Rome in his four great characters. Cassius is the Roman barbarian; honest, sincere, self-reliant, with the spirit of battle and war. He worships physical power and physical strength; he sneers at Cæsar because of his infirm body and his puny constitution; he glories in his own physical strength and superiority as a soldier. His is the spirit of the Roman barbarians who conquered the world. This is clearly exemplified in his one great speech:

"I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;

But 'ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas our great ancestor
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone" . . . .
"Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.'
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O, you and I have heard our fathers say
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

He is the one honest character in the play. He is jealous of Cæsar; he admits it in his own mind, but justifies his jealousy in his own fitness and Cæsar's physical inferiority. He says:

"Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: Therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,
Writings, all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure."

Cassius is the barbarian. He uses craft, but knows it, and is honest with himself. Brutus is the Greco-Roman, who has borrowed the philosophy and the literature of Greece; the Roman satiated with conquests, and with the Greek philosophy and eastern training, feels himself a superior sort of creature. Like the sophistry of his philosophy, he is false to the core, not even honest with himself. With his false philosophy he would drug his own soul into peaceful slumber.

Had Shakespeare devoted an entire play to the development of the character of Brutus alone he could not have more strongly accentuated the falseness of the man, the danger of a character nourished and upheld by false philosophy, than he has disclosed in the one soliloquy, where Brutus, speaking to his own soul, judges his dearest friend:

"It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there's the question:
(It is not the fact, but the speculative question that he would judge.)
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;

And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may; (So might any man; even the honorable Brutus.)
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no color for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell."

In all the literature of the English tongue, I doubt that such another hellish bit of reasoning can be found. Were you to try your own mother by this method of reasoning you must make her an unnamable thing.

Perhaps the most artistic touch which Shakespeare has given in this drama, is where he makes this Brutus, the man of literature, the scholar, open his sentence with the relative pronoun "it" without an antecedent. "It must be by his death." What is this "it"? Brutus dares not mention, even to his own soul, the antecedent of that "it."

"It must be by his death." Brutus, the noble Brutus, shrinks from putting into words the thought that is uppermost in his mind. We must supply the sentence which Brutus will not speak. "It must be." What is the advancement of Brutus—the ambition of Brutus—can be only by the death of Cæsar. This character of Brutus is carried out in his speech to the Romans:

"Be patient till the last.

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply."

(All.)

"None, Brutus, none."

"Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—— that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death."

Carefully framed and balanced, cold as a block of marble, chiseled with the care of a consummate master, he holds up to the Romans, not their wrongs, not Cæsar's faults, but the honor, the righteousness of Brutus. He is, in my mind, the villain of the play; the scoundrel who would justify all his actions on his assumed virtue. He is the same character which runs through every age of history, which has been so conspicuous in the Christian church; the character who has deluged the world with blood for the honor of a merciful, loving God.

It is worthy of marked attention that Shakespeare has, in Brutus and Cassius, shown us the danger of dreamers meddling in public affairs; the danger in men of practical experience allying themselves with, or allowing themselves to be governed by theorists. In every incident of the play where there is a question of conflict of opinion Cassius is right, Brutus is wrong, and, still, in every instance Cassius gives way to the theorizing of Brutus.

Perhaps the strongest argument for the fallacy of

Brutus is in the fact that the spirit of Cæsar haunts him. Twice he sees, or fancies he sees, the ghost of Cæsar. No one else sees the spirit; it is only a figment of the guilty mind of Brutus; it is his conscience crying out against his intellect. Again, the last words he utters are a confession of his guilt: "Cæsar now be still; I killed not thee with half so good a will." As if even then in the hour of his death, the spirit of Cæsar mocked him.

Cæsar is the triumphant Roman, the ruler of the world, the fatalist that feels himself deified; while Antony is the modern Roman, the diplomat, the Italian that turns all things to his own purpose. If he were living today he would be a great politician, a mighty political boss. His speech to the Romans is perhaps the best example of diplomatic oratory which we can find in the language. His hatred for Brutus, his grief for Cæsar, his fidelity to Octavius, never, for one instant, makes him forget the interests of Antony. I believe in no part of Shakespeare has the actor so sinned against the spirit of Shakespeare as in the reading of this speech of Antony:

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him. (A first bid for the favor of the rabble.)
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it. (Veiled accusation of Brutus.)
Here under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men.—(More play to the rabble.)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man. (Now he has gained the attention of his hearers, and before they realize it he presents the case of Cæsar.)
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: (But he must not yet offend the Brutus swayed mob. Hence)
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man. (Now for the clinching of Cæsar's case.)
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man. (No longer veiled, but open scorn.)
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. (He has the mob now, and will play upon them. Tears and pathos

are his instruments.)

Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.''....
.....(Low and pleading now, like a mother to her child.)
''But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
(Deep, hissing scorn.)
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than to wrong such honorable men. (Flung at the crowd as a reproach.)
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—(Isn't this cleverly timed; just to the impulse of the crowd? Of course he will read it. 'Tis for that he is here.)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.'' . . . (He must still further work them to curiosity.)
''Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs, (Apparently by accident, but most cleverly by design.)
For if you should, O, what would come of it!" . .
"Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it;
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it."
. . . . (Now the crowd goes mad, and Antony is the wild fanatical orator.)
"You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?"
. . . . "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
The day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus, so unkindly knocked, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him.

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors."

. . . . "Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: They are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loved my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Show your sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." . . . .
"Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of." . . . .
"Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas."
"Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?" . .
. . "Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt."

The average actor insists upon reading this speech with much the same elegance and polish with which Brutus delivered his oration, utterly forgetful of the fact that Antony was not an orator, that he was merely one of the young satellites revolving around the mighty Cæsar. They bring into it little of the craftiness, little of the trickery, with which he throws to the people thoughts which they would not permit him to utter if spoken out in a straightforward, manly fashion. Indeed, I believe that

Shakespeare, with his love of dramatic contrast, has purposely put these two speeches so closely together that one may be a perfect offset for the other. Brutus' speech well prepared, elegantly balanced, a perfect specimen of Roman oratory. Antony's an almost extempore talk, working upon the passions of the people as they are manifested before his very eyes. This seems evident from his words to the slave of Octavius Cæsar:

"Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie, hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place; there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand."

Had the crowd sided with Brutus, Antony would have followed Brutus as readily as he fought against him; but seeing his own interests furthered by the people, he used the body of Cæsar, the honor of Brutus, as a stepping-stone to the throne.

It is a wondrous picture of a mighty world without a God.

Shakespeare has given us four examples of men; each one mighty in his way, but no one of the four able to rise above himself. They were products of paganism; their gods were men. No man can rise higher than his ideal.

The ideal of pagan Rome was a man-made god. Each man made his own little god—an image of himself, and in his god judged himself.

So Cassius sneered at all that was not physically perfect, and material power; Antony, swayed by his own selfish desires; Brutus, a victim of his false philosophy and intellectual pride—it is a picture of a world without God.

## KING HENRY THE EIGHTH

MASTERLY as is his word picture of a world without a God, had Shakespeare stopped there I would not be ready to argue him the great genius of our language. Any other great author that I know of, if he had once caught the spirit of paganism, would have gone on multiplying picture after picture, and copy after copy, until his whole life's work would reek with the blood and the greed and the perfidy and the avarice of Rome. But herein does Shakespeare show his master-hand. He has grasped the spirit of paganism; he has painted his picture of pagan life, and with the yearning of a genius he turns the canvas, and begins to paint anew—a new picture, a new world—and yet—no! as you look closer, it is the same old world, but oh! how different. Years, centuries seem to have trembled o'er that world of vice. The golden sunlight of Christianity has mounted up into the bosom of the heavens, throwing out her jeweled arms in benediction o'er the world, and in spite of the greed and the avarice and the grossness and the perfidy of men, the whole picture scintillates with the spirit of Christ.

I find this companion picture of Julius Cæsar in Henry VIII. To my mind neither one nor the other can be accepted as historic. They were intended as two ideal pictures. Julius Cæsar is the world—dark, vain, bloody, empty—a picture of the world without a God.

Henry VIII, the same world, the same greed, the same avarice, but God is in the picture. Just for a moment study them together. Take first the background of the picture of Henry VIII. It is the same background you found in Julius Cæsar—a world of hate, a world of greed, a world of war and contention, a world just peeping out of the barbarism that has swept down over Europe. And this vain and fickle world in an hour of pride, and of greed, stoops down into the gutter, picks up a little shivering man of clay—one of her own sons—raises him up, puts him on a pedestal, drapes him with the imperial purple, and Wolsey is a god, more powerful than the king, rich beyond computation, the king-maker of his day. He rules his little world a god. But see! in an hour of pride and of lust the very hand that made him a god, reaches up, and catches the hem of his garment, and drags him down, and there is your little god lying in the dust.

It is the same picture as Julius Cæsar; the same picture, but oh! how different. Not an outcry for revenge, not a thirsting for blood, not a sentence of hatred. Grander now in the hour of his degradation than in all his princely elegance is Wolsey, when his conscience finds his God:

"So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he puts forth

The tender leaves of hopes; tomorrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-riping, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me, and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell!" . . . .
. . . . "What, amazed
At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
A great man should decline? Nay, and you weep,
I am fall'n indeed." . . . .
. . . . "Why, well;
Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
I know myself now; and I feel within me
A peace above all earthly dignities,
A still and quiet conscience. The king has cured me,
I humbly thank his grace; and from these shoulders,
These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honor.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!"
. . . . "I hope I have: I am able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
To endure more miseries and greater far
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad?" . . . .
. . . . "God bless him!"
. . . . "That's somewhat sudden:
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience; that his bones,
When he has run his course and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on 'em!
What more?" . . . .
. . . . "That's news indeed." . . . .
. . . . "There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O, Cromwell,
The king has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost forever:
No sun shall ever usher forth mine honors,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the king;
That sun, I pray, may never set! I have told him
What and how true thou art: he will advance thee;
Some little memory of me will stir him—
I know his noble nature—not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide

For thine own future safety."

. . . . "Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say I taught thee;
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honor,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim's at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's; then if thou fall'st, O, Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr! Serve the king;
And, prithee, lead me in:
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny; 'tis the king's: my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O, Cromwell, Cromwell!
Had I but served my God with half the zeal
I served my king, He would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies."

There is your picture; the same picture as Julius Cæsar, but what a different spirit. In spite of the greed, and the avarice, and the lust of men, the whole picture scintillates with the spirit of Christ. Grander now, in the hour of his helplessness, is Wolsey when his soul turns back to his God.

Friends, this is the genius of Shakespeare; this is the immortal spirit that cannot die. It is not his splendid lines that make him the master; it is not his matchless verse that makes him live; it is the soul's ambitions, the heart's yearnings, the highest ideals painted by his master-hand. Right here you may, if you wish, catch the genius of Shakespeare—in Wolsey, in Katherine, in Henry, in Cæsar, and the Romans. Other authors really create; they build up marvelous characters; men and women of clay. Shakespeare creates nothing. He takes your breast, or my heart, and tearing them open shows a soul—a living soul—trembling under the eyes of God.

## SHAKESPEARE'S WOMAN

TO ME the great world of Shakespeare is like a mighty garden—a wonderful garden of the human soul—where numberless flowers of thought bloom in profusion. In the little time that you and I may walk together we could not pause for an instant o'er each of the many flowers of thought blooming in this garden of the mind. At most we can, as it were, but rush through the pathways and the byways of that garden of thought, and inhale en masse the fragrance of the flowers. But there is one flower growing in

that garden of thought that I would not have you pass unnoticed by—a tall and stately lily, trembling on the stem—Shakespeare's woman. Woman! I often wonder do we half realize the real meaning of the word. Is there anything in the world that has made man better, that has pushed on progress, that has made us men what we are, that we do not owe to woman?

I care not how great man may become through power; I care not how low he may sink in his weakness; I care not what honors the world may have showered upon him, there is one word in our language that makes us all akin —that word is mother. Mother! In all the glory of honors and riches, in all the plaudits that the world gives to fame, if each and every man that has known greatness were to open his heart, and speak the truth, he would tell you that when the burdens of life seemed hard to bear, and the shadows passed for a moment o'er the sun, there were moments when he would give all the honors of the world, all the plaudits of men, for just five minutes to clasp again an old withered form, to hear an old familiar voice, and look into the time-dimmed eyes of mother. Well has the poet said, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the power that rules the world."

And where in God's world will we find the golden sphere of woman so clearly defined as in the works of Shakespeare? It seems to me as if he had ever before his mind's eye that beautiful picture in the golden dawn of creation, when Adam, sleeping amidst the flowers, was awakened by the voice of God, and, starting to his feet, saw before him a beautiful creature, half human, half divine, and as he stood in open-mouthed wonder looking upon her, God took her hand and placed it in his, and

said: "Adam, she is a woman, and she will be your helpmate," and from that hour man and woman have gone on through the world, hand in hand, so different, and still so necessary to one another.

Man is strong and bluff, and sometimes rough. Woman is gentle, timid, kind; one an offset for the other. Man is the pioneer; he goes through the world tearing down the mountains of opposition, filling in the plains of difficulty, and with his sturdy stroke brings down the mighty oaks, and builds up the temples of civilization. Woman comes after with her songs of love, and scatters the beautiful flowers, and smiling angels whisper home, sweet home. Man is made up of conceit, selfishness, conscious power. Woman, forgiving, loving, helpful; each for the part he or she is to play in the drama of life.

The story of woman as told in Shakespeare is a story of love. God or man, a woman's life is a woman's love. Shakespeare makes the song of woman a melody of love, rippling with tones of affection. She is never the center of his picture. No; man is always the center of the picture, and woman is like a satellite that revolves forever around her little world, which is man. I do not mean to say that Shakespeare makes woman the inferior of man. O, no. We find her there as we find her in the world of life—infinitely grander, infinitely superior to man, but not in herself. Woman becomes grand in that God-like elevating influence which she exercises on the God-creature, man.

It does not seem to me that there are many women in Shakespeare. It seems to me it is always the same woman, but in a different position, under different circumstances, fighting against different forces, always a

creature of her love. God or man, a woman's love is a woman's life.

Is it a pure innocent maiden standing on that mystic line trembling between maidenhood and womanhood? She loves, and still she scarcely knows the meaning of that word love. She has never dreamed of the mysteries of a mother or a wife. She meets in life her ideal, her prince; she loves him, not realizing the burden of love; and still she will throw away home and friends and gold and the world, and cling, God only knows how she clings, to the man she loves. Is not that Juliet? Sweet and tender Juliet; only an innocent, trembling child who has never learned the mystery of life, yet she lives or dies with the fortunes of her love?

Is it a woman older grown? She has crossed that mystic line between maidenhood and womanhood; she has met her affinity in life; she has married and settled down to the humdrum life of rearing a family; and all her life, all her world is encompassed in the four walls of the home of the man she loves. And all of a sudden there comes a change, she becomes a woman of the world; she throws open the doors of her home; entertains lavishly; becomes deeply interested in every public affair. There is a chair vacant in the affairs of men, and there is only one man in God's world that can fill that chair—her man—the man she loves. Is not that Lady Macbeth?

Think what you will of woman in the day of sunshine or the hour of glee, but in the hour of pain, and the day of distress, in the moment of pressing needs, grander, stronger than all the men in the world is the heart and soul of one true, loving woman. This is the philosophy of Shakespeare: One bad woman can grasp the soul of

a man and drag him down until he stands knocking at the gates of hell. But e'en at the gates of hell, a woman purer than she can grasp the soul of a man and drag him back again until she binds his soul forever to the great white throne of God.

And nowhere in the literature of the world will we find this golden sphere of woman so clearly marked out as in Shakespeare. We find it in every play that he has written. Indeed, so strongly was this power of woman impressed upon the mind of Shakespeare that it has become the distinguishing mark of his work. Indeed, so clearly defined is the power of Shakespeare's woman that she makes his plays what they are, either comedies or tragedies. If the woman be a bad woman, the play is always a tragedy. If the woman of the play be a good woman, it is always a comedy. Hence the philosophy of life: "It is woman that saves or damns the world." This is clearly brought out in A Winter's Tale, where for four acts we are led to expect a tragedy, but the woman is a good woman—Hermione—and Shakespeare can only make the drama of life end in a burst of sunshine.

Romeo and Juliet has all the marks of a comedy. There is no reason in God's world why these two young, honest, loving people should find life a tragedy. But Juliet forgets the sacred dignity of her womanhood; she disregards the laws of conventionality; she forgets the sacredness of parental authority; she is not, in the strict sense of the word, a good woman; and with all her sweet qualities she reaps the reward of a woman who falls—tragedy and death.

Measure for Measure cries out for tragedy in every line as the plot progresses, but Isabella, with her pure,

angelic soul, draws good from all around her, and the play is a comedy.

Desdemona, sweet as an angel, pure as even woman should be; but she forgets the sphere of woman—she seeks man. She steps down to one beneath her; she defiles her father's house with deceit, and because she deceived her father Othello lets the devil of jealousy in: "She deceived her father, she may deceive me," and tragedy is the result.

## HAMLET

BUT, perhaps, nowhere do we find this power of woman so strongly brought forth as in the tragedy of Hamlet. Hamlet is unmanned; he has seen the ghost of his father; it is disclosed to him that his father is murdered; that his uncle is a traitor; that his mother is a dishonored woman. His brain is reeling, his heart is bursting; his soul yearns for a friend, a counsellor; he must have advice; he must confide in some one. In this crisis where does he go? Does he rush back to the university to the learned professors that talk philosophy and theology, as if they knew the mind of Deity? No! he does not even think of them. Where then does he seek advice and consolation; in his soldier friends? He leaves them and flees alone through the night. Flying from men, where does Hamlet go? He does what every man does in the crisis of his life, in the hour of need; he seeks the one woman that he loves, whether it be the faithful wife, the loved mother, or the trusted sweetheart.

Ophelia is alone in her chamber; she hears a commotion without; in through the casement Hamlet bursts. His doublet is open; his kerchief torn loose; his hair flying wildly in the wind. Silently he stands, and gazes upon her as one gone mad. Then rushing across the room he grasps her by the hands; he looks down into her great blue eyes as if he would read her very soul. Not a word is spoken; but it needs no words. In that silent picture every student of human life will hear the soul of Hamlet cry out, "My mother is a dishonored woman; Ophelia, will you be true, will you be true?" And Ophelia, poor Ophelia, a mere child, hemmed away from the world, guarded by a suspicious old father, without a mother to rear her into womanhood; she is unformed. She looks up into the eyes of the man whom she loves like a child. She loves him. What does she know of love? She has never dreamed of the mysteries of motherhood, or womanhood. She looks up into the eyes of the distracted Hamlet with a smile of love; but it is the love of a child, of a girl; and Hamlet, seeking the woman, finds only a child as he looks into her great blue eyes. And casting her from him, backward, his eyes still on her, he passes out into the night: "Get thee to a nunnery, get thee to a nunnery, get thee to a nunnery." He realizes that she is not ready to bear the burdens of womanhood, or motherhood, or a wife. He must bear his burdens alone. And broken-hearted Hamlet goes out into the night. In the crisis of his life, in the hour of his need, the helpmate that God gave him is not ready. Is not this the tragedy of human life? God help the man, when the world turns against him, in the hour of need, rushing home with a breaking heart to find that he has

married a wife, but she is not a woman—she is not God's noble helpmate.

Had Ophelia been three years older the tragedy of Hamlet would never have been written. Had Ophelia been three years older she would have been a woman—a woman with all that mysterious strength that comes to a woman in the hour that she loves. Had Ophelia been three years older when Hamlet rushed in upon her, in the hour of his need, he would have found a woman ready to share his burden. She would have looked up into his eyes with a glance as firm, as fearless as his own, for her heart was pure. She would have grasped his hand with a grasp as firm as his; she would have answered with a fearless heart of a woman: "Yes, Hamlet, I will be true. The sorrows of your life for love's sake I will bear; the burdens of your life for love's sake I will share. Yes, Hamlet, I will be true." With the tender instinct of a woman she would have brushed back the hair from his fevered brow; she would have whispered calm words of solace into his distracted brain; and, with the better instinct of a woman, she would have pointed heavenward and cried, "God is the avenger," and Hamlet would have been saved.

Indeed, to me this is the whole story of Hamlet. Not so much the story of the man as the story of woman. I cannot feel that the play was ever intended as the mere narrative of the woes of the individual Hamlet, but rather as a great allegory on human life—man a puppet, between woman, good and bad. He is what she makes him, a great success or an awful failure. So with Hamlet in the play; he is the product of two women; a good

woman, and a bad woman, and the stronger succeeds—the evil queen dominates his life. But had Ophelia been fully matured, had she been a woman in the strict sense of the word, her love would have made her stronger than all the evil queens in God's creation, and the play would be what it should be—a beautiful comedy with love dominating.

I have never been able to sympathize with the question of Hamlet's madness. It seems to me absurd to bring up the question at all. If the play is viewed as an allegory on life all men are mad. "'The number of fools is infinite. *'Omnis homo mendeax est.'* " If viewed as merely the narrative of Hamlet the individual, and his trials, it would be absurd to suppose that the greatest author in our language asks intelligent people to sit in front of the footlights, and listen to the vagaries, or gaze at the antics of a madman. What could there be to the intelligent mind in the ravings of a madman, more than in the antics of a monkey, unless he be a specialist on brain diseases or a student of psychology? The truth is that Hamlet, as presented by Shakespeare, is predisposed to hysterical action. He is by nature moody and melancholy; of a deep poetic, and, at times, philosophical turn of mind. He is inclined to take himself and the world much too seriously; and Shakespeare has carefully prepared us for this view of Hamlet. Hence he brings him home in the first act clad in mourning, wearing a solemn visage, though the court is full of merriment. His answers to his mother are more like the private utterances beside the bier of his father than the public conversation of a court:

"Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not 'seems.'
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe."

After his first entrance we can scarcely be surprised at any show of extreme sentiment. However, the keynote of Hamlet, and his nature, is best discovered by studying the folk-lore on ghosts and ghost-men.

In England, Scotland and Ireland, where Shakespeare found the traditions on ghosts, we find that once a man sees or speaks to a ghost he is a marked man—he becomes the creature of the message that the ghost conveys. He is never again like his fellowmen; at least not until the behest of the ghost is fulfilled. This popular idea is carefully carried out by Shakespeare in the person of Hamlet. Hamlet acts exactly as the popular belief of England, Ireland, and Scotland would have demanded of him after having received a behest from a departed spirit. He must do the unexpected; he must at times be entirely controlled by the supernatural visitant. He is no longer merely Hamlet, the Dane; he is Hamlet, bearing a burden from the dead; dominated by a spirit; living in a dream. And this must continue until he has fulfilled the behest of the spirit, or found peace in the grave.

Had Shakespeare allowed Hamlet to act otherwise than he does he would have outraged every idea of a ghost and its effects on human beings as then held, and is still extant in the folk-lore of Ireland and Scotland. However, the great beauty of the piece is not in the psychological study of the individual, but rather in viewing the composition as a whole—a philosophical treatise on human life. It seems to me to express thoroughly Shakespeare's philosophy of life—the question of men and women, and their respective places in determining human happiness.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

OWEVER we may view the respective merits of the various plays of Shakespeare, perhaps none furnishes a more interesting study to the real student of literature than does The Merchant of Venice, or Shylock. Whether we look upon it as a play with some deep hidden meaning, or as a bid for the applause of the vulgar rabble; whether we judge it as a meaningless comedy or a bitter arraignment of the Jew, the play furnishes perplexing questions, which makes its study fascinating and mystifying.

The Merchant of Venice is presented to the student in English literature as the work of a genius. But no sooner does he begin to study it according to rule, to analyze it according to the principles of dramatic composition, than he finds that Shakespeare has violated in this composition almost every known law of dramatic composition. And the inquiring student is forced to join with many more learned and deep critics in the opinion

that our mighty genius, Shakespeare, has, in The Merchant of Venice, stooped from the heights of his genius, thrown aside the models of his art, to tickle the ears of the groundlings with fantastic comedy, or cater to the lowest prejudices of his time and people, sacrificing even the unity of his composition to this ignoble purpose, utterly unmindful of the fact that a dramatic genius can no more throw aside the requirements of dramatic art, to gain the applause of his auditors, than could a grammarian write gutter English because his epistles were directed to one of the lower strata.

Who argues that Shakespeare prostituted his art for public applause or public sentiment forgets the law that he himself laid down for the artist: "Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of the which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others."

It seems to me that if we could for a few moments forget the critics of the past, and without bias or prejudice take up the study of The Merchant of Venice strictly as a work of art, most, if not all, of the difficulties would disappear.

Our critics tell us that The Merchant of Venice, or Shylock, is a comedy. Some go still farther and say that

it is a fantastic comedy. It is a point worthy of serious consideration to any student to remember that not a single one of our great English actors, whatever his private opinion may have been, has ever produced The Merchant of Venice with any other idea than that of a fantastic comedy, until in our own day Sir Henry Irving, after many years of careful study, decided that no intelligent actor might produce The Merchant of Venice as a comedy, for the simple reason (and I beg you to notice that he has studied this play just as I want you to study English literature) that Shylock, who is the center of the dramatic picture, does not speak a single comedy line from the opening to the closing of the play. It is evident, then, that Irving would judge the motive of the entire composition from the central figure of the dramatic picture. And, indeed, if we read the play carefully, and without bias, we will find that Irving speaks the truth.

Shylock is not a comedy character, nor is there any comedy in his lines, nor in his make-up. It is true we laugh at him—at his mannerisms, at the intonations of his speeches, but never at his lines. His lines are tragic; they reek of blood, they smell of the fumes of the infernal. Indeed, the more closely we study the play the more we are convinced that the whole composition is built upon the plan of a tragedy instead of the outlines of comedy. Heinrich Heine dwells particularly upon this point. He says: "The Merchant of Venice is undoubtedly built upon the plan of a tragedy; nevertheless, Shakespeare intended it as a comedy."

Now could you think of a more thorough impeachment of the genius of Shakespeare than this estimate of The Merchant of Venice? To say that Shakespeare, our great

genius, tried to write a comedy, but really left us a tragedy, at least in form? Indeed, it is said that when Heinrich Heine first saw the play in England, he could not remain in his chair, but passed back and forth within the precincts of his box. In the fourth act, when Shylock, shuffling off the stage, cries out: "I pray thee, let me go from hence. I am not well," a young English woman, sitting down in one of the stalls, began to weep, and, speaking aloud to her companion, said: "The ould man is grieved, the ould man is grieved." And, completely forgetting himself, Heine cried out to the audience: "This is not a comedy, this is a tragedy." And this statement, forced from Heine in an unguarded moment, has been voiced by many an intelligent reader of Shakespeare, in spite of the fact that he finds himself at variance with most of the accepted critics and commentators.

The whole trouble is that our English critics have been making blunders generation after generation in the estimate of authors and their works, because they have never studied literature as an art. Our English critic has never had before his mind's eye a criterion of art, by which he would judge each literary composition as a single mental impression. He has analyzed it, he has parsed it, he has torn asunder, and in the process of dissection the soul of literature has escaped.

No wonder, then, studying The Merchant of Venice in lines and sentences and speeches, the English critic tells us that it is a patchwork—several stories patched together merely to amuse the rabble. Had our critics studied The Merchant of Venice as a work of art, as it should be studied, had they put Shylock in the center of the picture, and studied each character in its relation to

Shylock, they might have discovered in the unity of art, that instead of a patchwork, The Merchant of Venice is a magnificent literary mosaic, made up, it is true, of several different parts, each story like a beautifully colored stone, so splendidly dove-tailed and hair-lined to its fellow, in order to bring out the central thought that runs like a golden thread through the fabric of the several different stories of the play.

The truth is, studied as a work of art, The Merchant of Venice is neither a comedy nor a tragedy. It is a grand satire on professed Christianity without the spirit of Christ. To me the play is a mighty protest against the Christian bigots that professed the faith of Christ and then tore out the hearts of their brothers in the name of the Christ that died for all men. To me The Merchant of Venice is a magnificent satire, a stinging protest on the Christian bigots who, instead of raising men to the dignity of sons of God, have debased them below the level of brute-life. It is an outcry against the Christian society that instead of producing saints has produced that devil, that immoral wretch, that pervert, that monstrosity that stands there in the center of the picture and dominates every line of the play.

At first glance this seems like a startling declaration, and the only way to determine the value of this opinion is to systematically study the work from the standpoint of art. It would be useless to express my opinion, or try to form any estimate of this work, The Merchant of Venice, or, for that matter, of any work of art, without first determining what was the motif of the author in the building up and the perfecting of the work, for on this rests the whole question of his success or his failure.

What was he trying to do? What did he wish to accomplish? If he has accomplished his motif in a creditable manner, then his work is a successful work; it has conveyed the idea of the author. Inasmuch as he may have failed to accomplish the object on which he started out, in that much is his work a failure.

Our first step, then, must be to determine what was the object of Shakespeare in the writing of the play, The Merchant of Venice. How will we determine this? As there have been so many conflicting systems and haphazard methods of studying literature, perhaps the quickest way to arrive at a true opinion would be to forget that we are studying merely a work of literature, and keep in mind, strictly, that we are studying a work of art.

There is a unity in art that makes all arts one. The musician is enraptured with the harmony of color in the work of a painter; the painter is enthralled with the unity of a work in literature; the poet finds his soul expressed in the rhythmic beat of a musical composition. Hence if you find difficulty in one of the arts, the surest method for its solution is to call in the other arts to aid in clarifying the obscurity. This is exactly what I would ask you to do in studying The Merchant of Venice. We wish to determine what was the object of Shakespeare in the writing of the play. Now, if this were a musical composition instead of a work in literature, what is the first step that a student would take? Any musician will tell you that he first determines what is the motif of the composition, and then, according to the development, to the variation; according to the differentiation of the motif or theme does he determine whether or no the composition is a work of art or a meaningless jumble of sounds.

Let us follow this method with The Merchant of Venice. What is the theme or the motif of this composition;—that is, what is the thread that runs continuously from beginning to end, throughout the composition? Some readers of Shakespeare claim that the theme of The Merchant of Venice is the story of Antonio, the merchant. This, indeed, the name suggests, for Antonio is unquestionably the merchant of Venice. But if Shakespeare intended Antonio to be the theme of the composition, the play must end in the fourth act, for the story of Antonio ends there, and his appearance in the last act has no bearing whatever on the action of the piece. Indeed, his presence in the last act seems uncalled for, as Portia and Bassanio dominate the scene. It seems scarcely possible that a great genius would take as his central theme a story ending in vital interest in the fourth act and prop up the last act with a secondary story in order to hold us to the curtain. This is exactly why so many critics call the play a second-rate production, and argue that Shakespeare was catering to the crowd instead of the critics, or the learned few.

Other students, finding this difficulty, have avoided it by claiming that while Antonio is an important factor in the play, the real story or theme of the composition is the love story of Portia and Bassanio. But if the love story of Portia and Bassanio is the theme of the play, then The Merchant of Venice is a misnomer. We can scarcely believe that the great genius would start to tell the love story of Portia and Bassanio and then deliberately give it a name that would carry the mind of the reader off the main story. Not only this difficulty, but a greater one presents itself. If the love story of Portia and Bassanio

is really the object of the play, why, then, would Shakespeare, or any other author of experience, introduce a second love story—that of Jessica and Lorenzo—which for whole scenes o'ershadows the story of Portia and Bassanio? This would seem like working to cross purposes, and striving to ruin the interest in his own drama. I cannot believe that any man who knew the first law of dramatic construction would make such a blunder as to divert the attention of his audience from the main theme.

With these difficulties before their eyes many students —particularly the students of our age—have determined that the play, the real central figure, is Shylock. But if the story of Shylock is the object or the theme of the composition, then, again, The Merchant of Venice is a misnomer, and, again, a greater obstacle—the play must unquestionably end in the fourth act, for Shylock does not even appear in the last act. This would seem to leave us practically without a theme, and indeed as long as we stick to the idea of individuals we will find no theme in The Merchant of Venice.

I said in my introduction to this work that in the study of art we must keep in mind that art presents not the individual, but the type, and it is from the light of this principle that we will find the theme of The Merchant of Venice—not an individual, but a type. Neither Shylock, nor Antonio, nor Bassanio, nor Portia as individuals, but each and all of them as types form the theme of The Merchant of Venice. You will see clearly what I mean if you will form in your mind's eye a picture of the play.

Shylock and Antonio dominate the stage, and their spirit permeates every line. Around them are grouped the various characters—different groups in the same pic-

ture; each group animated and moved by the spirt of the two central figures—Shylock and Antonio. Neither Shylock nor Antonio as individuals form the theme of the play. The real theme developed and differentiated in the movement of the composition is that spirit of bigotry that binds Antonio and Shylock together, and still, forever keeps them apart.

The theme of the play, then, is bigotry—hatred from religion or so-called religion. You will notice that this spirit of bigotry is what makes the unity of the composition. Bigotry it is that makes the relation between Shylock and Antonio; bigotry it is that dominates the love story of Jessica and Lorenzo; bigotry it is that enters into the love story of Portia and Bassanio, and makes Bassanio a raving, rabid Jew-hunter. While Portia, freed from the taint, pleads like a sister of the Christ for the down-trodden and despised Jew.

That the play is intended as a satire on professed Christianity without the spirit of Christ becomes more evident the longer and more closely we study it as a great word picture. Shylock and Antonio form the center of the mental picture. They dominate the stage from the beginning of the play to the end of the fourth act, and the fifth act is simply added as a seal to the sneer at the followers of Christ who, all unmindful of the sufferings of the old Jew, receive his daughter joyously into their company.

Neither the story of Shylock nor the story of Antonio as individuals dominated the mind of Shakespeare as he built up the play, but rather the two men as distinct types of the bigot. Antonio is the bud of bigotry, young and unformed in his prejudice. He hates Shylock for no

dealings that he has had with him, on account of no injustice suffered at his hand, but, as it were, from an inborn prejudice, simply and solely because he is a Jew. Shylock is the fruit of bigotry, planted in the fertile ground of Christian intolerance, grown strong on persecution, nourished by injustice, ripened by oppression and scorn—a hollow, empty fruit full of bitterness and ashes.

Around these two central figures are grouped the personæ of the play. Each and every person is a Christian with the exception of Shylock's daughter. And still as we examine the characters we find that each and every one of the professed Christians lacks the one spirit which should distinguish a Christian—brotherly love, and charity. All save Portia; she alone pleads for the despised Jew, even as she pleads for the friend of her beloved: "What mercy can you show him, Antonio?"

Let us take up the characters one by one and see how they present themselves when stripped of mere lines and judged solely by their action in the play. Take, for instance, Antonio. As we first read over the lines of the play our impression of Antonio is rather pleasant. He is presented as an amiable, good-natured young man; he is a professed Christian, a good citizen of a Christian state; a generous friend. Indeed, he takes particular pains in almost every scene to profess his Christianity. Each and every person in the play who mentions him comments upon his virtue, until scene by scene our admiration grows, until finally in the fourth act, when for a moment it seems that the trial is going against him, and the young doctor turns to him asking, "Have you anything to say?" we are scarcely surprised at his angelic

demonstration as, lifting his eyes to Heaven, he clasps his hands and says with the air of a martyr:

"But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of such misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
And if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it presently with all my heart."

Then the ladies in the audience break into tears and cry out: "Isn't he lovely?" Nor can we blame them for this gushing expression of admiration. They have heard so much during four long acts of the virtues of Antonio, the Christian, that now when they find him in imminent danger of death, they expect to see the wings sprout. But remember this impression is created by the lines, by the beautiful speeches of Antonio, and Antonio's friends. Throw aside the mere lines and judge Antonio solely by the part that he plays in the great dramatic picture of the

play, and his character suddenly assumes a guise that we little dreamed of from the mere lines. This young man who says he is a Christian, well prepared and ready to meet his God, is what?

A young man in the prime of life who spat in the face of an old man sixty years and more, who kicked him and called him a dog, and pulled him by the beard, and all for what? For no reason than that he was a Jew. Take Shylock's own words to Antonio's face:

"Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say
'Shylock, we would have moneys:' you say so;
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say
'Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?' or
Shall I bend low and in a bondsman's key,
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
Say this,—
'Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn'd me such a day; another time

You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys'?"

It is not, then, the Jewish blood of Shylock that has hardened his heart; it is not his Hebrew religion that makes him the devil that he is; but it is the Christian people around him who lack the spirit of Christ—the spirit of brotherly love. Lest there should be any doubt about the cause of Shylock's hate, Shakespeare makes it still more obvious in the scene with the jailer when he says:

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Moreover, it is significant that while Shylock admits a deep hatred for the Christians as Christians, his hate

never reaches the point of frenzy until he finds that his daughter has fled with Lorenzo:

"The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now, two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!"

Take up the next important character in the play, Bassanio. What do we find here? Another professed Christian. A man presumably a little older than Antonio. From his lines one can scarcely help loving him. The genial, big-hearted, loud-spoken fellow. But the more closely we study his position in the picture, his action in the movement of the play, the less respect we have for him. It is Bassanio who brings Antonio and Shylock together, though he knows they hate and despise one another. His object in bringing them together is selfish; he wants to borrow money. There is only one word that would express the character of Bassanio—today we would call him a roue. He has run the gamut of his vices, he has squandered his patrimony, and now if he can find a good, virtuous, Christian woman, who has money enough to support two, he is ready to settle down and become a pillar of the church.

He would borrow money that he might go and sue for the hand of Portia, the heiress; and while it is true he protests, nevertheless he permits his dear friend, Antonio, to pledge his very life that the money may be secured. This is the man that raves at the Jew, that calls him beast because the Jew demands his bond; but when, by a mere technicality, he gets the better of the Jew he

would crush the very life out of him; rejoices that he is deprived of all means of living; of his very faith that he values really more than life. This is another specimen of the Christian that made Shylock what he was.

Take another example, Lorenzo. He, too, is a Christian, much professed. He will not marry Jessica unless she throws aside her Jewish faith, but it is very significant that his Christian scruples do not extend to the Jew's money. He accepts that without any qualms of conscience or violence to his professed Christianity.

Another splendid example is Launcelot Gobbo, who is so dreadfully shocked at the possibility of a Christian marrying a Jew. Professed Christianity is made evident in his every speech, still he is the young man who meets his blind father on the roadway and jokes with him, the butt of the jest being the purity of his own mother.

But perhaps the most striking example of satire woven by Shakespeare into this picture of professed Christianity without the spirit of Christ is in the daughter of Shylock. In the opening of the play Jessica is a Jew; during the action of the play she becomes a Christian—she steps from the synagogue into the Christian church. What has caused this change of heart? What remarkable illumination has been going on in the mind of this young girl to lead her from the synagogue into the church of Christ? I have read the play over many times looking for some preparation on the part of Jessica to change her from a Jew to a Christian, and about the only preparation I can find is that she robbed her father,—stole even his marriage ring, a thing sacred in the eyes of every Jew, and peddled it away for a monkey. She runs away with her lover in the darkness of the night,

she dressed in boy's clothing, and there is no mention made of when he married her. According to the laws of Venice, then in force, she could not have been married in Venice, and Shakespeare is discreetly silent as to when the ceremony took place. And still the Christians receive her in open arms, welcome her into their homes and their families. Not one word is said of the obligation, according to the law of God and the law of the church, of which she is now a member, that she restore the ill-gotten goods, and pay back what she has stolen from her father—it is all right; she has robbed a Jew.

This is to me the whole significance of the last act—the picture of Shylock's daughter received with open arms by the Christians who have ruined and degraded her father. The old man is cast out, the daughter that robbed her father and desecrated her father's house is received in and exalted, and smiles, and is joyous though her father is an outcast.

If we need any further marks of the true meaning of the play we need only turn to the casket scene. This scene has always been the mystery of the play. It does not belong to the play when viewed as a comedy. It mars the dramatic action; it destroys the literary unity of the composition. It is, as it were, a little play within a play, and has always been looked upon as one of the blunders of Shakespeare. But the very moment we realize that satire is the theme of the play—satire on the Christian society that disregarded the spirit of Christ—at once the casket scene has a connecting link with the rest of the play, and holds a meaning, and significance, and a value in the development of the theme which would justify Shakespeare in retaining it in the composition:

"I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?" . . .

"Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead,—whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you,—will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?"

In the casket scene we have a dutiful daughter bound by the superstitious mandate of a dead father. The great crucial question of her life must be decided, not by her own judgment, or the common sense of her superiors, but by the binding chance of a choice of caskets. And she, poor child, bound in an almost superstitious awe of the dead father's wish, is ready to submit to the ordeal. This gives Shakespeare an opportunity to present before his audience a representative of each civilized nation, and when the representative has presented himself, and sued for the hand of Portia, what is her estimate of these Christian gentlemen:

"Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady, his mother, played false with a smith." . . . . "He doth nothing but frown; as who should say, 'if you will not have me, choose:' he hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unman-

nerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!" . . . "God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker: but he!—why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine: he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering: he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him." . . . "You know I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: He hath neither Latin, French nor Italian; and you will come into court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but, alas, who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behavior everywhere." . . . .

"That he hath a neighborly charity in him; for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again when he was able. I think the Frenchman became his surety, and sealed under for another." . . . .

"Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: and the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him." . . . .

"Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a

deep glass of English wine on the contrary casket; for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge."

"If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable; for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence; and I pray God grant them a fair departure."

This is surely a strong picture which Shakespeare presents before us. Shylock and Antonio stand in the center and around them grouped the personæ of the play, all Christians. The atmosphere from the first to the closing line is distinctly Christian, and still we find not a single person in the play possessed of the spirit of Christianity—charity—with the exception of Portia. She, indeed, is not a perfect Christian, but in her simple way exemplifies the spirit of charity.

Shakespeare was too great a genius to leave the entire picture lacking that spirit of Christ. Such an arrangement of characters would be inexplicable viewed in any other light than as a sneer at professed instead of practical Christianity. Moreover, the very lines of the composition seem to favor my view of the piece rather than the accepted idea of comedy.

If Shakespeare intended the play for a comedy, then Shylock would naturally be presented as a type of Jew to be laughed at, and sneered upon, whilst as a fact he has presented a character in Shylock which, despite its moral *monstrousness,* compels our admiration and, at times, wonder. Take, for instance, the Rialto scene. Read care-

fully the lines and you will see that the Shylock presented is not a weak fool to be laughed at, but a most shrewd and far-seeing business man, in touch with every movement in the world of commerce:

"Ten thousand ducats for three months—three months from twelve—and then the rate." Carefully he calculates the risk of the loan, and the possible loss from short time placing. He knows each venture of Antonio in the business world, he estimates the chances of venture by sea, he calculates the significance of each vessel and port of destination. In every way keen, intelligent, and quick-witted. In the age of slow communication—no telegraphs, no shipping reports, no mail system—it is simply marvelous the grasp he has of affairs. He sneers at the ventures of Antonio, and his judgment in later events is verified. Doubtful of Antonio's safety, he throws away business, and craftily seeks to entangle the Christian in an obligation to the Jew. To induce his enemy to accept favor at his hands, he angers Antonio, and when his judgment is weakest from passion presents his plea of friendship. The old Jew plays with the educated, intelligent Christian merchant. If there be a laugh in this scene it is on the Christian entrapped by the superior craftiness of the Hebrew.

But the most convincing argument against the accepted theory of comedy is in the fact that close study of Shylock convinces us that no author, who pretended any knowledge of the Hebrew race, would build up such a character as Shylock as a typical Jew. It is true he is born of a Jewish mother, Hebrew blood flows in his veins, he swears by the faith of Abraham, but he utterly lacks the national characteristics of his race. As a miser Shy-

lock might indeed stand for an individual Jew, but as the individual he would be false to his blood. "Art presents for our consideration, not the individual, but the type, the species, the genus."

When a true artist wishes to create a character he studies not a single person. He would reproduce not a mimic, a counterpart of one man, for such a character would be intelligible only to such as would know, or had met, the individual. The true artist studies the whole class, or nation, or species from which he would take his character. He notes not the peculiarities of individuals, but the common traits, the national characteristics, the universal tendencies, and incorporates as much, or many of these general traits into one person; he builds up the character that must live and be intelligible to all times because it is typical.

So with Shakespeare. If he intended Shylock to stand for the Jewish people we must find in the character as presented the accepted traits, the national characteristics of the Hebrew people. Now, do we find these in Shylock?

Let us take up just three of the most noted and commonly accepted characteristics of the Jew:

1st. He is essentially a commercial man. Barter is to him a pleasure, not a burden. He will buy and he will sell. If there be one chance in a hundred in a business deal the Jew will take that chance, and strangest of all he will come out benefited. He will buy anything you have to sell, and he will sell it back to you at a profit. They have dominated the commerce of the world. Most of the so-called religious persecutions of the Jew were, and are, really the Christian plodder's frantic effort to

wreck the chariot of Jewish commercial craft to save himself from being crushed under its rushing wheels.

We see none of these in Shylock. He will not buy, he will not sell. He laughs at the chances of trade; he is a miser. He holds the dollars in his hands, and he will make one dollar breed another.

2nd. The hospitality of the Hebrew is proverbial. A Jew will share his last dollar with a brother Jew. His home life is, perhaps, the most perfect of any nation. A Jew will never turn away a fellow Jew in need. If he has but one meal he will take his fellow Jew in. If you doubt this take experience as the proof. Have you ever seen a Jew beggar, unless in the days of actual persecution? I can safely say no, never. You may open your door any morning and find a Christian, Catholic, Methodist, Baptist beggar for a meal, but never a Jew. And why? Because the Jew is hospitable; the Jew home is an open house to his kind. Hospitality is the tradition of the race. Abraham entertained angels unawares; they were strangers in the city, and he took them in and found them the messengers of God. This tradition is handed down from father to son, and so no Jew needs seek help from the "unclean" gentile.

3rd. The crowning glory of the Jew is his pride of blood: "We are the people of God; we are the elect of nations. In our veins flows the blood of Abraham, of David, of Solomon, and of Christ." A Jew without the pride of blood, without the arrogance of his nation, would be but the caricature of a man, lacking the very love of living.

Do you see any of these characteristics in Shylock? With all his hatred of the Christians, with all his frenzy

at the flight of his daughter, his ducats and his jewels are the subject of his lamentations. He values his gold and his gems more than the desecrated blood of a Jewish virgin. "I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear; would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! . . . I know not what's spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! The thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief." He would have the jewels even in the dead girl's ears. He would grasp the ducats even from her coffin. Why, this would be blasphemy to the mind of a Jew. "Unclean is the gold, and cursed is the jewels in a dead woman's hands." Why, this man is no Jew; he lacks every national characteristic of the Hebrew people, and any true Jew would shrink from him with horror. He is not the product of Hebrew blood, not a child of Jewish faith. He is the product of the tainted atmosphere he breathes of the false Christian world that lacks the spirit of Christ.

If this talk could do you no more good I would beg of you to read over once more The Merchant of Venice, not as a comedy, but as a great satire. Put Shylock in the center of the picture, study each character in relation to the center, and the characters will take on a covering never dreamed of before, the lines will flow with a new meaning; instead of a second-rate play, instead of a mere bid to the vulgar rabble you will find in The Merchant of Venice the masterpiece of Shakespeare—the one work in the English language where the author has carefully differentiated between the spoken lines and the action of the individual in the play. To me it is the

greatest satire in the language or literature of the world.

. . . . . .

Any student who will take up this method of studying the works of literature as word pictures, as a single mental impression, worked out in dialogue, and seek the central, dominating thought, not only The Merchant of Venice, but most of the plays of Shakespeare, will take on a new charm and a deeper significance.

## KING LEAR

FOR example, King Lear is persistently presented and spoken of as the tragedy of ingratitude, and still viewed as a picture the ingratitude of Lear's daughters is only a detail in the great composition. Lear himself dominates the play completely to the exclusion of everybody and everything else. Place him in the center of the picture, grouping his daughters and the other characters of the play around him, and we find that Lear has made the tragedy just what it is. Lear himself first shows ingratitude when he banishes Kent, thus giving the example of ingratitude to his daughters. It is Lear who first shows cruelty and vindictiveness in his treatment of Cordelia. It is Lear who from the very opening lines of the play, and afterwards in his conduct of himself and his men, shows the self-willed tyrant, who has never learned the lesson of considering others. From this central figure of the picture we find these various vices reflected in his children, and the tragedy is really the tragedy of "The sins of the father visited unto the third and fourth genera-

tion." From out of his loins his vices have gone forth, and live again in his offspring. Even the savage love of Lear is reproduced in Cordelia. Stubbornly she refuses to boast of a love that is really the consuming passion of her life. She would not bend even in her love to curb the anger of a father king. She is truly and pre-eminently the daughter of Lear, as indeed are Goneril and Regan, but in a lesser degree; Goneril, the older daughter, by her headstrong determination to rule in her own house, and Regan by her cold and heartless cruelty to her father. It is to enunciate this that Shakespeare drags in the story of The Earl of Gloucester, who finds, like Lear, that the sins of his youth find him in his old age, and the offspring of his vices begotten in joy is like the sin that begot it, perfidious and selfish.

## MACBETH

AGAIN, in Macbeth, we are constantly studying the tragedy of ambition, while as a fact Julius Cæsar is the tragedy of ambition. It is not ambition that starts moving or makes possible the tragedy of Macbeth. Macbeth, like every other man in his position, has always had hopes and longings and ambitions, but it is only when superstition enters into his life, when the witches send forth their prophecy, that Macbeth and his lady, fired with superstition, feel themselves strong enough to cope with the genius of the king:

"Two truths are told,
As happy prologues to the swelling act

Of the imperial theme.—I thank you gentlemen.
This supernatural soliciting
Cannot be ill; cannot be good; if ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success,
Commencing in a truth? I am thane of Cawdor:
If good, why do I yield to that suggestion
Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair
And make my seated heart knock at my ribs,
Against the use of nature? Present fears
Are less than horrible imaginings:
My thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single state of man that function
Is smother'd in surmise, and nothing is
But what is not."

Had Macbeth turned a deaf ear and a smile of scorn upon the witches and their prophecy, the awful tragedy would never have transpired. Macbeth, then, is really the tragedy of superstition. That as Banquo says:

"That trusted home
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown,
Besides the thane of Cawdor. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
Win us with honest trifles, to betray us.

. . . . . .

It is true I love Shakespeare, perhaps more than any other great author, but not alone for his splendid lines, not because of his matchless verse—I love him because, to me, he is the one author who understands the human soul. He is the one author who carries out the true

philosophy of human life in the drawing of his characters.

I can remember myself as a young man in the world, and I thought I knew men, and in my inexperience believed they were bad just because they wanted to be bad. I can remember the day when, in my simplicity, I believed that thousands of women were grabbed by the arms of hell, and dragged down into that maelstrom of vice in our land, out of very viciousness of spirit. But I have grown older since then; I know the world far better today. I have been a priest and a doctor of souls long enough to be able to say to you tonight that in all this wicked world I do not believe there is any man or any woman who is all bad. I care not how deep he has sunken into crime; I care not how far she may have wandered away from the law. God knows that at some hour in each sinner's life he stands down there in the valley of sin and looks up at the mountain of God's righteousness, and yearns, God only knows how that sinner is yearning, to get back to the life that seems lost forever.

O! how truly Shakespeare brings this out in his plays. No man in our language has painted more deep-dyed villains than has Shakespeare. He has spared nothing to make his sinners devils in human guise, and still, perhaps with the single exception of Iago, there is not a villain in Shakespeare that at some hour in his life his bosom is not thrown open, and you see a soul quivering under the eyes of God.

Take, for example, Macbeth. He has murdered the king; he has grasped the crown, and still in the midst of lights and flowers and music, and women in festive attire, he sees the ghost—the shadow of his conscience. See Lady Macbeth. She seeks her couch after the turmoil of

the day, and all night long acts over the scene of the murder.

Look at the king in Hamlet. He has murdered his brother; he has married his brother's wife; he has grasped the crown; even now he is plotting the murder of the young Hamlet; and still at midnight hour, when the world has left him and his courtiers are gone—and he enters his own room, casts aside his kingly garments —he is a man, alone with the Eternal God. How he trembles like a coward, and like a child down on his knees, he wants to pray; the murderer wants to pray:

"But O, what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? 'Forgive me my foul murder?'
That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
Of those effects for which I did the murder.
. . . What then? What rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limed soul, that struggling to be free
Art more engaged! Help, angels! Make assay!
Bow, stubborn knees, and, heart with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well."

A sea of blood rolls between his guilty soul and the merciful eyes of God.

See Richard III, that devil in human form. He has sailed his craft of state on a sea of blood up to the English throne. Men, women and children have been thoughtlessly cast aside that he might sit upon the English

throne, and still on the last night of his life, when alone in his tent, he throws himself on his couch and tries to sleep. See how Shakespeare makes him moan and groan and cry out in his sleep the names of the murdered dead: "Mercy, Clarence, mercy," until, springing from his couch in a very fever of fear, he cries out:

"Shadows tonight
Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond."

What is all this? Can't you see it is the conscience? It is the soul of man made to the image and likeness of the Eternal God. You may cover it over with the dirt of sin; it may be covered with the cobweb of damnation; you may sear it and mark it, but underneath it all lives the image of God. It is like the coal smoldering down there under the ashes when you think the fire is all burnt out—it only needs a Christian hand to brush away the ashes of sin—one breath of God's Divine love and it flares up again into a living fire, the image of the great Creator.

This is the genius of Shakespeare. This is the immortal spirit that will not die. It is not his splendid lines; it is not his matchless verse, for Shakespeare has been translated into every language on the continent, and he lives immortal in each and all, because language was not his power, words were not his genius.

Indeed, I think our English reader seldom makes a greater mistake than when he calls Shakespeare *the* great poet. He is not *the* great poet. It is true Shake-

speare is a great poet, but he is not *the* poet par excellence. Poetry is essentially creative. Poetry lives in the realms of the imagination. Poetry *does* depend upon words, and music, and measure, and rhyme. Poetry *may* instead of *does*. As a poet Shakespeare would not compare with either Schiller or Goethe. He has left us no purely poetic work that would compare with Faust, and no man who understands the genius of poetry will mention the name of Shakespeare in the same sentence with that of the immortal Dante. The best poetic work of Shakespeare is really in his comedies, and perhaps for this reason has been least appreciated by the English public.

But though I am not willing to grant him the title of the poet par excellence, to me he is perhaps more. He is the interpreter of God's great book of nature. He is the portrait painter of the human soul—every heart's desire, every soul's ambition, every mighty ideal from the cradle to the grave.

. . . . . .

I would not have you believe that I do not advocate or admire the close study and analysis of a work of literature. Indeed, I question if any man more highly prizes the value of analysis or the intellectual pleasure to be derived therefrom, but I firmly hold that such study belongs to the advanced student, and not to the beginner; to the matured thinker, and not to the student groping in the dark. Let the student first see the beauty of the work as a whole. Let him become familiar with the style, and when he knows its beauties, when he understands something of the material, he will instinctively yearn to study deeper, and learn every detail of the thing which he loves.

Were a child to gain its knowledge of flowers merely from the analysis of the class in botany we would have few lovers of nature and her beauties. So in the garden of literature. Let the young minds first see the flowers blooming gloriously in the sunshine; let them drink in the fragrance, let them view the coloring, let them thrill with the delicate shades, and forms, and then, with love and reverence, pluck the flower from its stem, and sitting down with microscope and lens seek the mysteries of its being. And nowhere will they find more pleasure in this analysis than in the beautiful flowers of Shakespeare.

. . . . . .

Kipling says that the works of great men are windows through which we may look down into their souls. If this be true, and I know it is, think of the possibilities for you and me to take up once more our volumes of Shakespeare—great Gothic windows through which we may look down into the soul of the *greatest author* that ever lived—and you will find him there today, as in the years gone by, writing not mere plays to while away the hours, not mere poems to satisfy a vulgar rabble, but to give to the world some of the greatest sermons ever conceived by a human mind or executed by a merely human hand. You will find what I have found, and thousands of other beauties in these hidden sermons in Shakespeare.

## A WORD ON TOLSTOY

IF my estimate of Shakespeare and his works and motives needs support, I could scarcely find a stronger confirmation than has been afforded in the widely discussed, and much marveled at, essay on Shakespeare by Count Leo Tolstoy.

He has set himself up as the iconoclast of the theories of commentators on Shakespeare. He tears into shreds the traditions of generations; he scoffs at what he calls quasi-hypnotism of the admirers of the Bard of Avon. He declares Shakespeare gross, unnatural, false, insincere, and lacking in ideals (ideals as Tolstoy understands ideals.) And why? Because Tolstoy has sought for realism in Shakespeare, and does not find it. He seeks a photograph of life and finds an ideal picture, which Tolstoy can never understand.

Shakespeare is not a photographer of the mere material forms of life as they passed before him. Shakespeare paints souls. He moves the lips that hearts may speak. Tolstoy says Shakespeare exaggerates, and this is because he (Tolstoy) does not understand that it is the soul that Shakespeare presents, and not the mere materialized person, who, in life, masks his soul with his face of clay.

Tolstoy wants realism. He would give us the face of clay at any cost, even though it hides the living, pulsing heart beneath. Shakespeare, yearning for truth, would distort the face in order that we may see the cringing soul beneath.

Tolstoy would convict our Master of falseness, and

unchristian faith, because he deifies action as opposed to inaction, (which in spite of Tolstoy's objection, is very good philosophy), because he finds himself compelled to distinguish between the abstract Christian love and love as existing in the hearts of so-called Christian people.

Tolstoy is, and has ever been, an extremist. He is never satisfied with striving for ideals. He wants every principle and every ideal realized in the concrete. When Tolstoy is not a dreamer, he is a materialist. He can never conceive an ideal as ideal or abstract. He wants it materialized. He can never fully understand that the ideal, whilst indeed merely possible of realization, would cease to be an ideal when grasped and moulded into material form. The Christian ideal is supernatural, and therefore unobtainable by natural effort. Shakespeare knew this, and made his people strive after, but seldom reach, their ideals.

Tolstoy cannot appreciate this viewpoint. He cannot grasp the value or beauty of an abstract, or love merely the ideal.

No wonder, then, that he is disappointed in Shakespeare, who does exaggerate, who does distort the natural picture in order to bring more clearly before us the minds, the souls, the hearts of the people, that through the material picture we may see the intellectual vision,—the true picture of life.

Tolstoy's declaration enunciates exactly what I have been claiming throughout my lectures on Shakespeare: that if we judge the great master solely from the standpoint of technique he will fall below the measure of the mediocre. Tolstoy's objections and criticisms deal entirely with the material form—the word, the expres-

sion, because, like thousands of other readers, he has been so busy with the material structure that he has failed to catch the soul.

Tolstoy, from his viewpoint, is right in his estimate of Shakespeare, but his viewpoint is wrong. If art is a child of the animal-man; if art is merely a material copy, then indeed has Tolstoy struck the chord of truth in his criticism. But if art is a child of the God-man; if art is purely, or even quasi-intellectual, then is Shakespeare the master, and the work is true.

It is simply a matter of viewpoint, Tolstoy standing at one extreme, and "Sermons from Shakespeare" at the other.

# ST. MONGRETT'S BELL

## ST. MONGRETT'S BELL

PRIOR GREGORY when grey with care and age,
Bethought him of his priestly heritage,
Saint Mongrett's Abbey, with its triple towers,
Which stood apart, though dumb, through prayerful hours,
Nor woke with brazen tongue the listening dell,
And he resolved to hang in it a bell.
Not a mere tinkler formed of metal base,
But one to ring wide o'er mead and chase
And in a worthy way a tuneful prayer,
Telling God's praise to every passing air.
Then summoned to the Abbey, Simon came;
A founder he of great renown and fame,
Who knew each trick and every part,
A workman cunning in his toilsome art.
His boy came too; a child of winsome face,
Full of sweet innocence, and childlike grace
That was scarcely fit for earth.

And so together they built and tended far into the night
In the old court, the mould and furnace bright,
Which flickered and flared o'er the waning walls
As through the dead-flied craft in those lone halls.
Unwearied nor ceasing tools the founder wrought
For through long years to come, so Simon thought,
The bell of Saint Mongrett's towers will be

A famed memorial of my art and me.
And so he worked and worked nor thought of rest
Till weary eyed with waking care oppressed
He sought surcease of labor, and the bell
Intrusted to his son, young Gabriel.
And so at mid-night, when the red light glared
Through the huge mould and the foundry seemed
Like some old workshop of mechanic art,
Gabriel stood watching with an anxious heart;
For should all things go well that night
Saint Mongrett's bell would see the morrow's light.

Without, the moonlight streamed aslant the wall,
Shone through the gaping chinks into the hall,
And lay in pallid patches on the floor.
And where the frame upbore the panting furnace light
was shed,
Strange shapes lurked in the gloom o'erhead,
And white knotted arches showing in the glare
Appeared like goblin fancies brooding there;
When hark! the line of red! the gap! the fiery stream!
Is it dread reality, or only a dream!
That hissing noise! that deafening burst of sound?
The burning ore has rent its iron bounds!
It hisses! It crackles through the channel clay,
Rides like a serpent on its narrow way!
And wider, thicker still the fiery flood
Came surging like a cataract of blood.
Dumb as if to lifeless marble turned
Stood Gabriel, while around him the fire burned;
An awful fascination o'er him passed,
A terror like a glamor held him fast,

And all is lost—all feeling, all desire
Seems swallowed in that seething stream of fire.

But hark! a voice of dread, a voice of fierce desire
Rang to the rafters, to the sulphur air;
And staring wildly like a fiend of night
Simon gazed mad-eyed through the blinding light.
"All lost! All lost!" a voice of anguish cried,
And sent the father to his dead boy's side:
"My boy! my Gabriel! speak one word again;
But one, my Gabriel boy, thou art not slain,
And by thy father! Child of all my love
Is death upon thee? hear me, powers above!
Restore him! Give him back! He is not dead!

"Gabriel! Gabriel! No word! No sign! O God, my
hands are red!
And who will cleanse them? Who will purge the stain?
Who will give me back my boy again?
My blighting, burning curse upon the pride
That brought this woe; 'twas for it Gabriel died!
This bell, which to secure a babbled fame
Has left me childless, childless, without a name!
God let it peal the blackness of my crime,
Let the a'cursed metal peal it to all times,
And let it tell unto the frightened air
The depth, O God! the depth of my despair."

Then sense and reason failed, and when again
Awakening to a mind half-crazed, half-sane,
He drew the boy away into the night
And hid him in the yielding mould from sight.

But with the morning deeper anguish came,
A perfect moulding freed the boy from blame,
And there before the founder was the bell
Speaking dumb reproach for Gabriel.
And after matins came the aged prior
As was his daily custom to inquire
About the bell, its tone, its chime.
And the founder selfish in his crime
Told how Gabriel, foolish boy had fled,
And left him lonely; but the aged prior said:
"Methought the boy was innocent and fair;"
Then turning left the stricken father there.

Time passed away, and to Saint Mongrett's fame
Came priests and friars and knights in gilded train
To hear far sounded o'er hill and dell
The chiming of the Abbey's bell.
High in the tower the mighty metal swung,
Beneath the pageant passed, while ceaseless rang
The Church's canticles.
And higher on a platform, raised o'er nave and choir
Stood the aged prior with his palsied arms upraised to ring;
And all is silent now from roof to ground.
He tugged but the bell gave forth no sound.
"Come here, bell-founder, come and try thy art."
And Simon, pale and thin, and sad of heart
Came forward with yearning in his soul;
He grasped the cord, and the bell began to tone,
Not in brazen tongue, but in words of man
These clear notes rang:
"Mis-e-re-re, mis-e-re-re, woe to thee

Whom did slay him and did'st lay him
'Neath the sod for me—mis-e-re-re—Domine."

And Simon listened, hollow-cheeked and wan,
Then clutched around him like a drowned man,
Reeled, staggered, fell:
"My crime! my crime! has found me, Gabriel!"
With a voice as faint as death he feebly cried,
Then looking up to heaven there he died.
Long years have passed, but still at midnight hour
A bell 'tis said tolls from Saint Mongrett's tower;
Wide o'er the hills and dells the chiming streams
Waken the startled peasants from their dreams,
And chimes o'er fields lying white beneath the moon,
Soft as the echo of distant running brook;
And wordy gossips love to tell that this is the refrain of
Saint Mongrett's bell.

# THE CONFESSIONAL

# THE CONFESSIONAL

MY dear friends: Whatever our Lord possessed as man, He could give and He did give to His fellowmen whom He chose to carry on the work which He came on earth to do. Whatever He possessed as man He could give and communicate to His fellowmen; whatever He possessed as God, He could not give, not even to his own humanity. As God, He was omnipotent. He could not give that to any man; His omnipotence He could not even give to His own humanity. As God He was eternal. That attribute could not be communicated to any human being. As God He was omniscient, all-knowing. He could not give that to any man, not even to His own finite, created humanity. As God, He was omnipresent, everywhere. He could not communicate that divine attribute to any man; not even to His own humanity. But whatever He possessed as man, that He could give, and He did give to the men whom He chose to carry on His work which He came on earth to do. He was sent by God the Father on a divine mission. Now, only a creature can be sent. He was sent as man; He could not be sent as God. Now He identified and He associated man with Himself, in His own divine mission; He communicated the divine mission which He received from His Father; He communicated that because He received it as man; He communicated it to His own fellowmen. Where do we find that in scripture? He breathed upon His apostles, and He said to

them, "As the Father hath sent me, so I also send you." He gave to his fellowmen the same divine mission that He received from His eternal Father. "As the Father hath sent me, so I also send you." His words are clear, precise, unmistakable.

Now, my dear friends, He identified and associated with Himself then, man in His own divine mission, and He also identified and He associated with Himself men, not only in His divine mission, but also as He was a divine teacher, sent to teach divine truths with divine authority.

Listen! "As the Father hath sent me, so I also send you. Go, ye, therefore and teach all nations, whatsoever I have commanded you." He gave them the same divine authority to teach that He himself received from His Eternal Father, and to show that their teaching would be the same as His, He added: "He that hears you hears me; he that despises you, despises me." He here made their teachings precisely the same as His own.

Now, again, my dear friends, He identified and He associated with Himself men, not only as He was sent by His Eternal Father on a divine mission and as a divine teacher to teach divinely revealed truths, with divine authority, but He also communicated to men His royal authority. "As the Father hath disposed unto Me a kingdom, so I dispose unto you a kingdom. My kingdom is not of this world." He disposed unto them a kingdom—the care of His Church. "As the Father hath disposed unto me a kingdom, so I dispose unto you a kingdom." He gave unto these men power to legislate, power to make rules, and to bind the wills of men; He constituted them judges in His own divine kingdom.

So, my dear friends, whatever our Lord possessed as man, He could communicate and He did communicate to His fellowmen, to carry on the work which He came on earth to do.

Now, the forgiveness of human sins—it belongs to a judge; it is a judicial power. Now, was Christ as man a judge? Whatever He possessed as man, He could give to His fellowmen; and the forgiveness of sins is a judicial power; it belongs to the office of a judge, to forgive or not to forgive. Was Christ as man a judge, and as He was judge, did He as man, did He communicate that power to man also? When He told the Jews that God was His father they found fault with Him, and He said, "The Father hath committed unto me all judgment, and He hath given to me power to execute judgment, because I am the son of man." So He had power to execute judgment, and it was given to Him by God the Father, because He was the son of man. He was not only God, but man. And again, St. Paul told the Ephesians, "God hath appointed a day wherein He will judge the world in equity by a man whom He hath appointed, and His kingdom we see; from thence He will come to judge the living and the dead."

So Christ as man is judge, and He was constituted by His Father a judge to execute authority, because He was the son of man. Now it belongs to the office of judge to forgive human sins. Did Christ as man forgive human sins?

St. Mark, chapter two, beginning with the first verse: "And again He entered into Capernaum after some days, and it was heard that He was in the house. And many came together, so that there was no room, not even at the

door, and He spoke to them the word. And they came to Him bringing one sick of the palsy, who was carried by four, and when they could not offer him unto Him, for the multitude, they uncovered the roof where He was, and opening it up, let down the bed wherein the man sick of the palsy lay. And when Jesus had seen their faith, He said to the sick of the palsy: 'Son, thy sins are forgiven thee.' And there were some of the scribes sitting there, and thinking in their hearts, 'Why doth this man speak thus? He blasphemeth: who can forgive sins but God only?' And Jesus presently, knowing in His spirit that they thought within themselves, said to them: 'Why do you think these evils in your hearts? Which is easier to say to the sick of the palsy, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise, take up thy bed and walk?' But that you may know the Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins, I say to thee, arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And immediately he arose and taking up his bed went his way, in the center of all, so that all wondered, and glorified God, saying: 'We never saw the like.' "

Now, my dear friends, in St. Mark, verse ten, our Lord gives the motive of this miracle: "They said in their hearts, 'This man blasphemeth. Who can forgive sins but God only?' " and our Lord said that their thought was an evil one. "Why do you think evil in your hearts?" It was an evil thought to imagine that God Almighty could not communicate that power to man—"Why do you think evil in your hearts? Which is easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee, or to say, Arise and walk?' " That you may know—not that you may think,

or imagine, or surmise—that you may know that the Son of Man—he was God and man—that the Son of Man, as man—that the Son of Man has power on earth to forgive sins, He said to the man sick of the palsy: "Arise, take up thy bed and walk." And the man who never stood on his feet for thirty-eight years arose and forced his way through the crowd that would not let his bed be brought in.

Now, my dear friends, I have shown you that Christ worked a miracle to prove that as man He had power on earth to forgive sins; and I have shown you that every power that He possessed as man He communicated to those men whom He chose in order to continue the work that He came on earth to do. He communicated every power to them; He communicated His mission; He communicated His authority to teach divine truths with divine authority; He communicated power in His kingdom; He disposed to them a kingdom, to rule and to legislate and to make laws in that kingdom. I show you that as man He is a judge of the living and the dead, and as man He worked—He forgave sins. Now did He communicate that power of forgiving human sins? Because He had it as man, did He communicate that power also?

St. John, chapter 20, beginning with verse 21: "He therefore said to them, 'Peace be to you. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you.' When he said to them this, He breathed on them, and He said to them, 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost. Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them, and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained.' " Now words can not be clearer, more precise. The apostles were not angels, they were men. And our Lord possessed as man the power of forgiving

human sins. Did He communicate that power to men? The apostles were men. We have the authority of the Bible for it, and any man who believes in the veracity of the Bible, and the truthfulness of the Bible, any man who believes in the divinity of Jesus Christ, can not deny the fact—"Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained."

I have, then, proved two things to you: That as man God forgave human sins, and that He communicated that power to His fellowmen, apostles, who were to take His place. Now, the question is—it is perfectly clear; no man in his senses can deny this—now the question is: Does that power continue in the church? Is that power in the church now? Was it always in the church—was this power always in the church?

Now, my dear friends, this power has always been claimed by the church, and exercised by the church. It has always been sought after by the fathers of the church, and it has been exercised by the church in every age.

My dear friends, look at the present day. There are at least three hundred million Catholics—three hundred millions; of every clime, of every nation on the earth; there isn't a city of any size in this whole earth of ours that hasn't a Catholic church or two; there isn't an island, there isn't a country from one pole to the other. And in every Catholic church in all these climes, among all these nations, the power of forgiving human sins is claimed by the church, is exercised by the church, and is sought after by these millions of Catholics.

Now, was it always so? It is an actual fact, men and women will go to the confessional tonight; they go to the confessional in every Catholic church in the world, at

the present time. That can not be denied. Was it always so?

My dear friends, I have culled — taken out of the writings of the fathers of the church paragraphs relative to the forgiveness of human sins. Now they would be endless, because there are books written in every age on that subject; it would be endless to quote them, but the best way is to give very briefly the councils of the different nations. You know every Catholic church in every nation has its national council. We have the council of Baltimore. We have had three such national councils, and these national councils legislate for the nation in which they are. The council of Baltimore legislates for America, the council of Armagh for Ireland, the council of Westminster for England, and so on.

Now in the sixteenth century, at the Council of Trent, held in the city of Trent, there were gathered together from every nation under the heavens the most intellectual men that then existed. From every nation the bishops came. And here is what they said, in the sixteenth century; that is, these intellectual men from every nation under the heavens: "If any man shall deny that sacramental confession was divinely instituted, or if any man shall say that the manner of confessing secret sins to the priest, which manner of confessing has always been observed in the Catholic church, was not instituted by Jesus Christ, let that man be under the curse of God Almighty." This was written in the sixteenth century, by the most intellectual body of men men possessed of all knowledge, human and divine, that ever were gathered together. I prefer to take the national councils than to quote merely from writings.

Now, in Italy, the bishops of Italy were gathered together in the year 850 to legislate for the Italian church, as the bishops of America gather at Baltimore to legislate for the American church. You will read the third council of Baltimore, plenary council of Baltimore —we have a book on that subject, so we have a book that was composed on this occasion. From it I take this passage. It was written in the year 850: "Such as have confessed, such as have sinned in secret, should confess to those whom the bishops have designated for that purpose." Among other things they legislated in regard to confessions. Such as have sinned in secret should confess to those whom the bishops have appointed for that purpose; namely, the priests, who are appointed by the bishops.

Now, from Italy into Germany. On the 21st day of April, in the year 742, all the German bishops were gathered together in council, and here are some of the things that they said regarding confession: "Let the princes have one or two bishops, besides their priest and chaplain, and let the general have one priest to hear confessions and impose penance." In the German army now, and in the Austrian army—in the Austrian army especially—there is what is called an army chaplain. Not only the army chaplain, but one bishop who is separate from all other bishops; he has charge of the army, and under him are a number of priests, for hearing confession. Now this was done before that year, but they legislated for that purpose in the year 742. An army chaplain—"Let the princes have one or two bishops, besides their priests and chaplain, and let the general have one

priest to hear confessions and impose penance''—in the year 742.

Now let us go into France, in the year 656. The bishops of France were gathered together in national council. Here is what they said relative to confession: ''An invalid confessing should only be absolved under condition that, when convalescent, he shall do penance.'' Just as we do today. We are called in to hear confessions of the sick. If the man is too sick to do a penance and he has committed grievous sins, we can not impose the proper penance upon him, only give a light one, but we can not absolve him, unless he is resolved if he becomes convalescent, if he gets better, to do a proper penance. And so they legislated in France the very same way, in the year 656: ''An invalid confessing should only be absolved under condition that, when convalescent, he shall do the penance imposed upon him.'' So confession was practiced in France; confession was practiced in Germany; confession was practiced in Italy, in the years around 656.

Now, just briefly, going a little further down, until now Gregory the Great, St. Gregory the Great, one of the greatest pontiffs that ever ruled in Rome, writing on this subject, says: ''And hence, as Jesus said to Lazarus, Come forth—just as one would talk to another—everyone who has done those things—who has not—they hid their guilt within the folds of their conscience, come forth by confession—this which lies hidden within thyself because of denial, let the dead one come forth—that is to say, let the sinner confess his fault, and as he comes forth let the disciples absolve his sins. It is no more than just that they should remove his guilt from him who

is not ashamed to confess his sin." This was legislated by the Pope of Rome in the year 540. He is speaking of the same thing that is known all over the whole world.

Now, again, my dear friends, going into the Greek church, then united with the Catholic church. St. Chrysostom wrote a book on priesthood, a most excellent book. He wrote the book as somewhat of a penance for himself, because he refused for a while to become a priest because of the dignity. The book was written in the year 370, and we have it with us still. Now here is a passage from it: "For you who have inherited the earth have received the power which God gave neither to angels nor to arch-angels; for not to them was it said, 'Whatsoever ye shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever ye shall loose on earth it shall be loosened in heaven.'" The princes of earth have the power to bind indeed, but only the bodies of men; but that even extends to the very soul itself and transcends the heavens and the ministrations of the priest upon earth. God confirms in the mansions of glory, and the Lord immediately performs the sentence passed by his servants. Now what else has he conferred upon them, if not the heavenly powers: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them; and whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained?" What power was ever granted greater than this? The Father hath given all judgment to the Son, and behold, He, in turn, hands it down to the disciples: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them." This was written by St. Chrysostom in the year 370.

But St. Lippener wrote a book. He was bishop in the African church. He wrote his book in the year 250. We have those books still in our library. Here is what

he says, briefly: "Let each one confess his sins, while each who has sinned is yet in this life, while his confession may be admitted, while satisfaction and remission made the priest is agreeable to God." Let him confess his sins. This was written in the year 250.

Now, another whose works we have, wrote one of his books in the year 185: "The ungodly die in their sins; the godly do penance for their iniquities. They are conscious of their sins; they are aware of their fault; they inquire of the priest; they ask to be relieved; they seek to be cleansed through the ministrations of the pontiff."

Now, the last quotation, from St. Clement. St. Clement is the saint whose name, St. Paul tells us, is written in the Book of Life. He was the fourth pontiff after St. Peter in the Roman See. St. Clement says: "Now any who have been instigators of the sedition, submit to the judgment of the priest and accept the testimony and do penance. It is better that a man confess his sins than that he should burden his heart, as the heart of those will harden who reviled against Christ, the servant of God." It is better that he should confess his sins.

Now, my dear friends, if confession was invented, it was invented by St. Clement, in the year 92—St. Clement who was acquainted with the aspostles, and especially St. John. There was never an age in which confession was not taught by the church; there was never an age in which Catholics did not go to confession. You may examine the writings of any saint that ever lived, and I defy you to point out a passage against confession. You may examine the writings of every saint that ever lived,

and I will point out to you that every saint that ever lived went to confession.

Now, my dear friends, who are those who deny—deny to man the power of forgiving human sins? They are not those who have for their ancestors Paul and John and James, to whom our Lord said: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven you." Who are those who deny to man—through the power of God, of course—the power of forgiving human sins? Who are those who say aloud: "This man blasphemes; who can forgive sins but God only?" You see that objection is very old. Who said: "Who can forgive sins but God only?" The Jews said it. It is in the Bible. It is a very old objection—"Who can forgive sins but God only?" Our Lord turned to them and said: "It is an evil thought. Why do you think evil in your hearts; which is it easier to say, 'Thy sins are forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise and walk'? But that ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins." He worked his miracle to prove it. Now who can forgive sins but God only? Who are those who say the very same thing as these Pharisees? They have not for their ancestors James and John and Paul, as I told you. They can go back in religion for 300 years and they don't agree among themselves as to the essentials of religion. A short time ago I was reading an essay belonging to a theological student. It was his closing examination in theology. I give you simply one statement—he asserted a great many things. He said: "Confession was instituted by the Roman church in the year 1215," whereas, of course, the evidence proves the very opposite. It was never instituted by man. He asserted confession was instituted by the Roman church

in the year 1215. Now let's see where he gets his information. In the year 1215 there was a council, called the fourth council of Lateran, and it declared that hereafter Catholics must go to confession at least once a year. That was in the year 1215. Before that time there were thousands and thousands in every country who were going every week to confession; but there were thousands and thousands who were not, and the Church says: "If you want to belong to me, and be a disciple, you have to go to confession at least once a year." Therefore, this great theological student concluded that confession was instituted then for the first time. I had many thoughts when I read his essay, and especially those points. On one occasion I was shown around a beautiful mansion, in another city, and there in one room I saw some regulations for the children of the home; there was a series of regulations printed there, and one of them was this: "Hereafter my children must take a bath at least once a week in summer time and once a month in winter." That was actually written on a card hung in the room—"Hereafter, my children must take a bath at least once a week in summer and once a month in winter." Therefore, if I was just as daft as this theological student, I would say: "These children never took a bath before." "Hereafter my children must go to confession at least once a year," therefore, they never went before.

My dear friends, there never was an age in which confession was not practiced in the church—never.

God gave to man the power of baptism, didn't He? He said to man: "Go teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost." Why don't they deny that? I have never heard that

denied—not, at least, by the generality of Christians, that his apostles had power, and their successors had power to baptize. Original sin is forgiven through the ministry of man—original sin, which keeps us out of heaven. Without baptism you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven, and the apostles and their successors do baptize, and they forgive original sin which keeps us out of the kingdom of heaven. Now if the apostles and their successors now have the power of baptizing and forgiving original sin, it is not much to conclude that if God gave them that power, He also gave them the power to forgive personal sins which would also keep us out of the kingdom of heaven. I look in a sensible manner at this matter, and I see that our Lord came to save all mankind. Now, if, after baptism, I fall into a mortal sin which will exclude me from the kingdom of heaven, my baptism has been useless and I am barred from heaven—unless there is another sacrament by which, through the ministry of man, I can be relieved and forgiven that mortal sin which keeps me out of heaven. If God instituted one sacrament to forgive my original sin, I conclude that He must have instituted another sacrament to forgive me my personal sin, and, as the first is by the ministry of man, so also is the second.

Now, my dear friends, understand just this one point, and I think you won't have much difficulty. God alone, it is true, can forgive sins. God alone is offended by sin, and God alone can forgive sins, but through the ministry of man. God can give that power to man to exercise. There is what is called a power of authority which belongs to God alone, and there is a power of ministry, and they forgive as ministers of God, in His name and

by His authority. It is God that forgives, as it is God that baptizes, but through the ministry of man. We claim the power of ministry, not the power of authority.

My dear friends, God wishes his church to continue on earth as He has established it, to the end of time. Now He has established it with the power of forgiving human sins. "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven." Therefore, He wishes His church to exist to the end of time as He has established it; but He established it with the power of forgiving human sins; therefore, to the end of time it will have the power of forgiving human sins. He wished all men to be saved, all men that lived when He was on earth, and He wishes the same means that were instituted then to extend to us. The power of forgiving sins was not given to the apostles as men, but as ministers of God in His church, just as the power of the presidency is not individual. When Garfield was shot, the power of the presidency did not disappear; the office with its power remains, and just the person administering the power will disappear, but the power and the office remains, continues.

Now, my dear friends, St. James says: "If any man seek God, let him send for the priest of the church to anoint him with oil and pray over him, and the prayer of faith shall raise him; and if he be in sins they shall be forgiven him." By whom? By the priest who is called in. So confession was of the days of our Lord himself. St. John says: "If we confess our sins"—which is first emphasized—"if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us."

My dear friends, the power given to the apostles and to their successors is a two-fold power. Whose sins ye

shall forgive, they are forgiven them; whose sins ye shall retain, they are retained. They have a two-fold power—the power of forgiving, and the power of not forgiving. Now, in order that they may know, they are constituted judges. In order that they may know when to forgive and when not to forgive the case has to be stated, and this statement of the case is confession. When the case is stated he judges that he is to forgive or not to forgive. You get the man right before the priest; he holds his tongue; you don't know whether he has a sin to confess or not. Take me before the judge in his court; he has to hear the case before he pronounces a sentence. Some he acquits and others he condemns; and so the case has to be stated. He gave that two-fold power, the power of forgiving and not forgiving, and that implies the necessity of the statement of the case; he constitutes them judges, and this statement of the case is confession. Our Lord wouldn't give a useless power. Our Lord never did anything useless. But He said to the apostles: "Whose sins ye shall forgive, they are forgiven them." Now, if we are to be forgiven by God, alone, our Lord has given a useless power. That never could be. He wouldn't do a useless act.

Now, my dear friends, we believe in the forgiveness of human sins through the ministry of the priest; not because of these arguments—they cannot be refuted—but we do not believe in the power of forgiving human sins because of these things that I put briefly before you. I have studied this subject for ten hours a day for one year, and I tried to condense it in twenty minutes. I can not put everything before you. But the reason why we ultimately believe in the forgiveness of human sins

through the ministry of the priesthood is not because of these arguments, but because it is taught us by the Catholic church. That is the reason. We, of course, seek the reason for the faith that is in us, to satisfy our judgments, but ultimately, the real reason why we believe is because it is taught with divine authority by that church which Jesus Christ founded and said He would be with to the end of time; that the gates of hell could not prevail against it. "He that hears you, hears me; he that despiseth you, despiseth me."

Now, my dear friends, what is confession? It is a part, only, of the sacrament of penance. What is the sacrament of penance? It is the sacrament in which sins committed after baptism are forgiven—the sacrament in which sins committed after baptism are forgiven. And that sacrament of penance has three parts—essential parts: The telling of your sins to the ordained and duly appointed priest, for the purpose of having them forgiven; the sorrow for those sins, and the promise, with God's grace, to do them nevermore; and then follows the priest's absolution. These are the three parts of the sacrament of penance, and let me tell you that confession is the least of them. What are the parts of the sacrament of penance? Confession, sorrow and purpose of amendment, the priest's absolution, and the least of all is the confession. And we give a false idea to anybody who is seeking the truth if we were to dwell merely on confession. It can not be taken away from its setting. It is a part of the whole. But the principal part of the sacrament of penance is not confession; but it is the sorrow for those sins and the promise, with God's grace, of never doing them any more.

Now I will give you an idea briefly of what Catholic confession is. It is an undoubted fact that God will never forgive a human sin unless there is sorrow for that sin. God never forgave and never will forgive the sin by any means whatsoever unless there be sorrow for that sin. Sin is turning your back upon God. Sin is therefore some vile lust, some vile game, some passion, some pleasure —forbidden pleasure; it is the turning away from the Creator to the creature; it is preferring the creature to the Creator; it is turning your back upon God. And the prophet complains of it: "Why hath my people turned their backs upon me, and not their faces?" Now it is an undoubted fact that no person who has sinned and turned his back upon God will ever be forgiven unless he turns his face to God and asks His pardon. The only way men had of being forgiven before the coming of our Lord was by the perfect act of contrition, through the merits of our Lord upon the cross.

Now, my dear friends, to show you how essential this sorrow is, let me put it by way of a figure of climax, as they call it in rhetoric. Suppose the Catholic examined his conscience, and he knows the name and number of his sins and the aggravating circumstances; and he goes to the trouble of writing them down, which is not recommended, but he has never made the act of contrition for them, because they have offended God, and he has no purpose of not doing them any more; that examination is merely the examination of memory and intellect, and will not forgive him in any manner whatsoever. Suppose after he knows his list of sins by heart, he goes into the confessional, and he tells them all to the priest, name and number; he makes an entire confession, he doesn't

leave out the secret sin; he makes a confession, tells them all, but he has never been sorry for them when confessed; he isn't sorry for them now when he tells them to the priest; he comes out of the confessional as he went in, for he retains all his sins. Suppose when he had told them, the priest said over him: "I absolve you from your sins, in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost;" suppose all the priests of the Catholic church said to him the same words, and the Pope with them; suppose they pronounced those words over him until their arms would wither,—he has had no sorrow for his sins, he has had no sorrow for them,—now, though he was told to make an act of contrition, and did, he has no sorrow for his sins and, though all the priests of the Church pronounce absolution over him, he comes out of the confessional a criminal, the same as he went in. You, my dear friends, would get a false idea of confession if I were merely to stick to that. The mere telling of your sins to the priest is not all relating to the idea of confession. Suppose, my dear Christians, a man in the confessional had the purpose of never doing them any more, but he isn't sorry for what he has done, he is not forgiven; suppose he thinks he is sorry, his thinking doesn't forgive him, even with the priest's absolution.

We are all taught, and Christians are taught, that baptism forgives not only original sin but all the personal sins we may have committed, if we are baptized when we are adults. Now suppose I prepare a person for baptism. I go to that person and I tell him: "Be sure and make an act of contrition for your sins;" there is no confession before baptism, because baptism is the first sacrament, and baptism forgives original and personal sins.

So I tell him to make an act of contrition for his personal sins, and he doesn't pay attention to me, and I pour the water of baptism over him, and he arises, and he wants to be received into the church, and has proper instruction, and I say the words: "I baptize you in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost,"—he has never made an act of contrition for his personal sins, he walks down from the baptismal font with all his personal sins upon his soul. There is no sacrament under the heavens by which men or women can be forgiven unless they bow down their souls and intellects before God, and make an act of contrition for their sins, and resolve, with God's grace, not to commit them any more. That is the Catholic teaching.

Now, my dear friends, this sorrow for sin must be interior. "Rend your hearts, and not your garments, ye hypocrites." "This people honor me with their lips, but their heart is far from me." Give up your heart—sin must be there, because all sin comes from the heart. And the sorrow must be there; the sorrow must not only be in the heart, but it must be supernatural—not from natural motives, because you have lost your health or lost your position, but because you have offended God. It must be supernatural—because you dreaded hell; some supernatural motive—because of the love of God, because of the passion of our Lord, because of the mercies of His grace—not because of the loss of health. That sorrow must be supernatural; and then it should be universal, it must extend to all our mortal sins. Suppose a Catholic was to confess ten mortal sins; he was sorry for nine, but there is the tenth; he tells it to the priest; he makes an act of contrition, and he really resolves to give up those

nine sins and he is sorry for them; he tells him ten, but one is in his nature—it is a kind of pet sin that he has got accustomed to; he is not sorry for it; he knows he will go on and do it again the first opportunity; he goes from the confessional. Is he forgiven? His sorrow is not universal, and instead of coming out forgiven, and instead of coming out with ten mortal sins, or as he went in, he comes out with eleven. He has desecrated a holy institution; he has committed a sacrilege; he is sorry for the nine, but there is the tenth that he is not sorry for. That tenth excludes him from heaven; that tenth would condemn him to hell; that tenth keeps away the friendship and grace of God. What is the use of being sorry for nine, when the tenth would damn him? The sorrow, then, must extend to all our mortal sins. To illustrate, by an example I read in a biography a short time ago; it is a trial of human faith; I believe it as I believe any historical fact, but it isn't true faith: Two men who were altar boys, and who received a university education; two Frenchmen, thoroughly educated and occupying high positions in the government, fell away from their faith at the age of twenty; read infidel books and led a fast life, and at the age of twenty-eight one of them was dying. They both were practical Catholics, even altar boys, up to the age of about twenty; now, because of the life that both of them led, one was dying, and because, as a rule, no Frenchman wishes to die without a priest, a priest was sent for. The friend of the dying man tells the story: "I withdrew in order that the priest might hear his confession; he heard his confession and I could hear the priest pronouncing the Latin words granting absolution—'I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost.'

"When his confession was finished I was asked to be present during the rest of the services. I saw the priest anoint the sick man with oil, as St. James commands; he gave him the crucifix to kiss and put a candle in his hand. Then, on his knees, the priest prayed and my dying friend joined in the prayer. That night I got on my knees myself, for the first time in eight years, and while I was on my knees a knock came to my door and I was summoned to my friend's room. I entered. 'My God,' I said, 'what has happened to you?' 'Woe is me; I am damned,' he said. 'You damned? Did you conceal your sins in confession?' 'No, I told them all.' 'I heard the priest give you absolution.' 'Yes, he gave me absolution.' 'I saw him anoint you.' 'He anointed me.' 'I saw him give you holy communion.' 'He gave me holy communion.' 'I saw him give you the crucifix to kiss and you kissed it, I thought, with sorrow.' 'He gave me the crucifix to kiss.' 'He put the blessed candle in your hand.' 'He did so.' 'Then why are you damned?' 'O, woe is me; I am damned.' 'But why are you damned?' 'You know the sins we were committing—sins of impurity; though I did not conceal a single sin, I felt in my heart and I knew that if I got well I would, at my age, commit those sins again; I felt and I knew that I would commit them again, that I wouldn't give them up; I wasn't sorry for them.'" And that man was damned. He got the priest's absolution; he got the last sacraments; he got the crucifix to kiss and he was damned. And the doctrine—that doctrine is a Catholic doctrine, and true. Whether this case is true or not, the teaching is true. There must be sorrow for the sin, and that sorrow must extend to all of our mortal sins, else we are not forgiven.

Now, you have possibly an idea of what Catholic confession is. It isn't the mere telling of your sins to the priest; there must be that sorrow and that purpose to never do them any more, with God's grace, or you are never forgiven. And that is the soul of the sacrament; without that it would be the same as having baptism without water—the soul is dead.

My dear friends, our confession, then, must be humble—from our very hearts; it must be with great sincerity, made with great sincerity; and it must be entire—it must extend to all our mortal sins; we must not leave out any; if we leave out a single mortal sin purposely, we tell a lie to the Holy Ghost, and we commit a sacrilege. Now, if you forget sins, if you forget them not through your own fault, your confession will be a good one, provided your intention is to tell all that is on your mind here and now; then your confession will be a good one even though you forget them; your intention was to tell the sin if you thought of it, and you will tell it the next time you go to the confessional—if you forget not through your own fault, and you say: "Oh, my God, I am sorry for all my sins, not only those that I told, but those that I forgot, and I firmly purpose, by Thy grace, nevermore to commit them," and that is in your heart. On one occasion I was called by the porter to the door in a certain house; he said there was a man down there who wanted alms. Now, being a stranger there I knew I wasn't the right person to call on for alms, but I understood what the brother meant, and I went down stairs. There was a man beyond middle-age, head somewhat stooped, his hair gray; he said he wanted alms, and I invited him into the parlor to sit down; he said he wasn't in a condition to go

into any parlor; he merely came for alms. "Oh," I said, "come in," I urged him to come in, and he looked with suspicion at me. When he got inside the room I closed the door behind me and that aroused his suspicion more thoroughly. I asked him: "When were you to confession?" He acted just like some husbands do when their wives ask them some question; he pretended to be very angry with me; he pretended to be exceedingly angry to be spoken to on that subject; he didn't come for confession, and if I wouldn't give him alms let him go. Well, I sized him up, as the saying is, as soon as I saw he was an Irishman. I said: "Outside of that door you'll not go until you tell me when you were to confession." And then, very reluctantly, he says: "Father, it is forty-two years since I was to confession. Father, I was on a British man-of-war; I was a sailor; and, Father, after running away from aboard that vessel I was a ship-hand or deckhand on a boat between St. Louis and New Orleans, until the war broke out; and when the war broke out I went through the four years' war, and I have been tramping it ever since; and, Father, it is forty-two years ago since I made my last confession, in Ireland." I spoke to him for a while about his father, and his mother, and so on; about how they expected to meet him in heaven. After I talked to him a while I told him to get down on his knees and make a good confession and that that would help him. "Oh," he says, "Father, it would take me two months; the idea of getting down on my knees to go to confession." Let us suppose before God that he had committed one thousand mortal sins—and that would be probable from such a life—and he told me, let me suppose, five hundred; now after talking to him for a

little while, calling to his mind his good father and mother who were dead, who expected to meet him in heaven, who wouldn't meet him if he died in that condition, he began to speak and to tell of the past, and finally he did make an act of contrition: "Oh, my God, I am sorry for all sins, those that I told and those that I forgot." Was the man forgiven not only the five hundred mortal sins that he told me, but those that he forgot? He must tell those that he forgot the next time. I took him out through a secret passage-way to the church and gave him the holy communion; after that alms.

Now, my dear friends, I have endeavored briefly to give you an idea of what Catholic confession is. It is not merely telling sins to the priest. You get a false idea of confession in that way.

Why is it that some young men between the ages of sixteen or eighteen and twenty-eight or thirty tell their sisters and tell their mothers they don't believe in confession any more? Why is it that these young men talk that way to their sisters and talk that way to their mothers—I mean young men who don't go to confession between the ages of eighteen and twenty-eight? Now there are exceptions to every rule, and I say so deliberately; but I will tell you mothers, I will tell you sisters, why these young men don't believe in confession, and why they try to throw dust in your eyes by saying so. Do you want to know? Because they are going to houses of ill-fame once or twice a week, and they know if they go to confession they will have to tell the name and number of their sins; and they will have to promise God Almighty, on their knees, that they will not go to those places any more; and they will have to give up their lives of sin; they

will have to be sorry for it, because they have offended God. And because they are moral cowards and because they will not reform and because they will not give up their lives of sin, they stay away from confession, because confession would reform them. Why is it that some young men do not believe in confession any more? They tell their sisters and they tell their mothers so. There are exceptions to every rule, and you, young man, may be the exception, but I tell you they are very few. We know what we are talking about. Why doesn't he believe in confession any more? Because, married man, he is going to your parlor and there once a week behind closed doors he is sitting with your daughter, and he will not let her lead a pure life. And he knows if he goes to confession he can not get absolution if he meets such a person behind closed doors; he must meet such a person openly and honestly; he must let your daughter lead a pure life, and because he will not do so, he naturally stays away from confession. That is why he doesn't believe in confession. Why doesn't that young man who tells his mother and father—not his father so much as his mother and his sister—tell why he doesn't believe in confession? There are exceptions, I told you, to every rule, but they are few. Why? Because he is stealing from his employer; because he is going to the saloon and getting drunk, and he knows that when he comes to confession he will have to put his hand in his pocket and give back the money that he stole; because he knows if he goes to confession he will not get absolution if he goes to the saloon; and because he will not give up the life of sin he is leading, he tells his mother and his sister that he doesn't believe in confession any more. Now why does the married man

after he is married about twelve or fourteen years stop going to confession? Why doesn't that married man go to confession; why can't his little daughter and his little son, who are taking their first communion, get him to go to confession? He gets angry when they speak to him about confession; he tells his wife he doesn't believe in confession; he gets angry and he goes out of the house. Why doesn't he believe in confession, this married man, who has been married ten or twelve or fourteen years? There are exceptions to every rule, and this married man you have in mind may be an exception, but I tell you they are very few. Do you know why? He is doing that very same thing that he did before he was married,—but not quite so often; that is why. Why doesn't the married man who doesn't go to confession,—why doesn't he believe in confession? Why? Because he is pouring a tale of woe into the ears of his stenographer or clerk; he is telling her how uncongenial his wife is, how hard to get along with, and he wishes she were dead so he could marry his victim—your daughter; because he will have to give up his life of sin that he is leading. He stays away from confession, because if he went to confession he would have to lead a good life. Why doesn't this married man who stays away from confession—why doesn't he believe in confession any more? Why? Because he is committing the sin of adultery; because he has bound his will and his intellect to human institution, and he is so earthly, so intelligent, that he will not bind his will to a divine institution—what Christ has established on earth, his Church; he will bind his will and his intellect to human institution, and he will have yielded to the devil. Why does this married man disbelieve in confession? Because, proba-

bly, he is stealing; because he is a drunkard—for one or two of these reasons. He stays away from confession, because if he went to confession he would have to live a good life; he would have to give up these sins; he would have to be a good husband; he would have to be a good father. Let me tell you, by way of parenthesis, if I were a business man I would never trust a Catholic who doesn't go to confession; I wouldn't trust him. He is unfaithful to his conscience; he is unfaithful to the Church; he is unfaithful to God; and he would be unfaithful to me. The Catholic who goes to confession must keep the divine commandments, and the confessional would reform the world. If you will go to confession, as confession is taught by the church, you will have peaceable republics; you will have peaceable cities—no need of police; you will have good husbands, good sons, good daughters.

Now, then, briefly, I have tried to give you an idea of what confession is. The only thing that concerns the priest in the confessional is: Is that person sorry; has that person purpose to amend, and will he be sorry as numerous as blades of grass in the field in the spring time? Provided you have that sorrow and that purpose of amendment in your heart, you will give joy to the angels, because there is joy in heaven upon one sinner doing penance. Then, when you have that sorrow and that purpose of amendment, through the ministry of the priest, God forgives—the priest forgives in His name, in the name of God and by his authority; he is merely the power and ministry; it is God that actually forgives,—but through the ministry of the priest,—because he doesn't forgive in his own name, but in the name of God: "I absolve you from your sins in the name of the Father

and the Son and the Holy Ghost." And were your sins as numerous as grains of sand on the sea shore, they are all forgiven, because you have that sorrow and that purpose of amendment. In the name of the Father, the Son and Holy Ghost. Amen!

# MY CHRISTMAS STORY

## MY CHRISTMAS STORY

YOU ask me to tell you a story, and, friends, I would gladly tell
A tale that would echo in your hearts like the chime of the Christmas Bell;
But I'm sad when I hear the Church bells ring, for their echoes bring to me
The face of the sweetest woman 'twas ever my lot to see.
Now don't conjure up some bright-eyed girl or maiden wondrous fair,
For the woman I mean is my mother, with her shimmering silver hair.
I see her upon this Christmas night as I saw her long ago,
With the smile of sweetest happiness, but a face like the driven snow.

I had just finished college and was rather new in our set,
The girls all thought me handsome—they didn't know me yet.
The boys all lionized me; they thought me most a girl,
For my teeth were always pearly white and my hair inclined to curl.
They thought me droll, because I couldn't understand
Their double meaning phrases and their jibes that were underhand.
So they set to work to instruct me in the ways of the world, they said,

And, I must confess with bitterness, they all but turned
my head.

I'll never forget the first cursed night, when the rum got
to my head,
And I staggered home in the early dawn and stood where
the light was shed
From out of my mother's window—she was waiting still
for me—
And I felt, with a nervous tremor, for the ring of the
side door key.
But as I opened the creaking door, she was there in the
fire-light,
A queenly, stately woman—I was proud of my mother
quite;
And as she turned and saw me—I still hear the words
she said:
"Robert, you are my only child, your father, dear, is
dead;
And although I wept when he left me, I would gladly see
you lain
In the grave of your noble father, ere you bring his name
to shame."

But what use to tell of the first wild year, when I thought
all life a joy;
What use to tell of the stepping-stones that led me from
a boy
Into the world of flippant youth, to laugh at my mother's
fears,
Unmindful of the saddening face and many undried
tears.

But, oh! let me tell of that Christmas night, when light
from heaven was brought,
When the price of my soul's salvation to my blinded
heart was taught.

'Twas Christmas eve, and we boys had planned to meet
for a social glass,
But my mother made me promise I'd be home for the
midnight Mass.
I'd promised to come early that night and prepare for
that greatest feast,
But after I'd met my flippant friends, it troubled me not
the least;
In fact, it never occurred to me that my mother was
waiting for me,
For the hours sped on in a merry whirl, in Bacchanalian
glee.

At length we sought a new resort, whose nature I could
not tell,
But now I know, by my riper years, 'twas a famous
gambling hell.
Fair-haired women were gathered there in a dazzling
blaze of light,
And the gleam of jewels vied the while with the flash of
their eyes so bright.
And pale-faced men went to and fro, with a wild-eyed,
eager glare,
While undefined passions held them captive there.

The boys all joined in the merry sport, tempting the
hand of fate,

But I would not join in the reckless sport I was always
taught to hate.
And, though the boys repeatedly sought to draw me in,
I dared not ope, on that Holy night, another path of sin.
At length they pressed me sorely, while I answered, "It
can not be."

Then a woman sitting near me, turning, said: "Play
for me;
I've been losing all the evening, but I know by your
boyish face,
You'll tempt the gods of fortune to lend me a little
grace."
I stood abashed. What could I do?—a boy at the very
best—
And so with my tempter at my side I soon sat with the
rest.
Sat before the dealer, feeling an unknown thrill,
That, after the first few winnings, completely bound my
will.

I seemed in a sort of frenzy, as deal after deal I won,
And I'd never have left the table till the rise of the
Christmas sun,
But once, as we drank between the deals, as I touched my
tempter's glass,
I shrank, for loud in the crispy air came the chime of the
midnight Mass.
I sprang to my feet like a guilty thing, saying: "I—I
must go,"
And hurriedly grasping hat and coat, I was out in the
falling snow.

A spell seemed on me—I know not why—though the bells
no longer rang,
I could hear quite clear in my heart's quick beat their
ever echoing clang.
I hurried on—I know not why—for my promise was too
late,
But I stopped with a sickening presage as I came to the
garden gate.
The house was all ablaze with light, forms flitted to and
fro,
And at the curb a doctor's cab that long I had learned to
know.

I hurried into the lighted hall, and looking beyond could
see
The face of the sweetest woman 'twas ever my lot to see.
Yes, that's what I saw, my mother's face, white as the
counter-pane,
White as death I saw her, still on the couch there lain;
A priest knelt close beside her, I heard the prayers he
said,
And my heart stood still as I listened—My God, was my
mother dead?
A sob half-choked escaped me, she turned and saw me
there;
A light came into her dying eyes, as she murmured a
gasping prayer.
I entered and knelt beside her, as she strove to lift her
head;
And, friends, if you care to listen, I'll tell you what she
said:

"My boy, I am truly dying, but my heart is full of joy,
For I know by the Saviour's promise I've secured your soul, my boy;
Last night when you left me all alone, I sat in the great arm chair,
And murmured, in broken phrases, bits of a Christmas prayer.
The room was full of shadows, the lights were turned so low,
And over the hearth's rug flickered the red of the fire's glow.

I thought, my boy, I was waking; but perhaps I was dreaming, when
Out of the glowing hearthstone, a voice said: 'Peace to men.'
I looked, and lo! an angel's form lighted the chimney place,
A swaying, willowy figure, blest with a wondrous face.
'Come,' said the wondrous figure, 'I am his guardian dear,
But a mother's prayer, though all else fail, will move the Lord to hear.'

She waited not, but hurried me off on the mission she was sent,
And to my aged members an angel's swiftness lent.
Out through the gathering darkness, on through the hurrying throng,
And the angel seemed like a Nemesis, sent to avenge a wrong.

'See,' said the guardian angel, 'your boy in the crowd ahead;
I looked and saw you, Robert, my boy, by a demon led.

Just then your comrades joined you, and Oh! what a sight I saw—
A band of livid demons, outragers of God's law;
They circled around and between you, and as you passed along
I heard the jibes of devils and bits of a fiendish song.
All night I fled close after you, the angel by my side,
Till you came to that den of gambling—I thought I should have died.
Now I looked again, and Oh! my boy, I saw beside your place
The form of a lovely woman, but it had a devil's face.

Then all seemed changed; I know not how the vision came to pass,
But I found myself at the Christmas crib with the folks at the midnight Mass.
And Oh! my boy, I was praying still, praying, my boy, for you,
And what I tell you now, my boy, forever hold it true.
Kneeling there by the Christmas crib I prayed to the Infant King:
'Save, Oh! save my boy from harm, though you take from me everything;
Mary, Oh! hear a mother's prayer, and by the love that is thine,
Ask of the King, the Babe Divine, the soul of that boy of mine.'
And lo! from out of that little crib, rose up a baby fair,

And the light of his eyes and the tones of his voice
startled the trembling air.

'I give you the soul of that boy of thine,' the Jesus said
and smiled,
'But only thy death can break the bonds that hold thy
erring child.'
A moment I struggled against it, for life is so hard to
give,
But I offered it up for you, my boy, that your precious
soul might live.
And, see! the angels are coming now, in a wondrous
golden glow,
All robed in purest vesture, like the glittering of snow;
And see! the Christ is with them!"—I stooped and
raised her head,
And, lo! in my arms my mother lay, but her soul from
this world had fled.

Do you wonder, now, that I'm often sad when I hear the
Church bells chime,
Though sweetest thoughts of heavenly things come with
the Christmas time?
For when I hear the Church bells ring I know that my
mother true,
Up in the "Land of the Things that Are," is praying
for me and you.

# CALVARY

# CALVARY

DEDICATED TO ST. LAWRENCE COLLEGE, MT. CALVARY, WISCONSIN.

N a fertile land 'neath a balmy sky, where the West but just begins,
Where herds croon low and the wild flowers grow and the robin redbreast sings;
Where the morning sun is often tinged in a halo of crimson light,
And murmuring shades in silent glades emparadise the night;
Where nature thrice has kissed the earth and blessed the laboring sod,
Where the verdure overbloomed bespeaks the sunny smile of God;
Where love and quiet peace still reign in solitude supreme,
And rustic "Ditchers" here repeat in life their childhood's dream.

Within this spot, surpassing fair, enriched by twelve hills,
Clothed in a mantle of velvet green, nursed by the rippling rills,
A single mound—'tis Calvary, looms up majestic, tall,
As if twixt earth and heaven some saint had raised a mystic wall;

A wall by which a soul might climb like a clinging vine
to heaven,
For surely here in recluse sweet that mystic power is
given;
The power of touching joys of heaven, while lingering
still on earth;
The gift to know life's object clear, the blessing of God's
birth.

There on that hill most fertile, still thrice raised from
the level plain;
There in the budding West has raised La Rabida again.
Raised by Franciscan mendicants, who put the world to
shame,
A temple of learning and of love, St. Lawrence by
name.
Here each year they gather still, as at Wittenberg of old,
Lovers of learning and of God, who seek for truth, not
gold.
The young, the old, the sad, the gay, all seeking to make
sure
The science now budding in their souls to be called by the
Capuchins poor.
Yes; poor in the goods of earthly dross, but rich in the
works of God,
Deprived of the bounteous banquet hall, but filled with
wisdom's food.

Most tender plants are cultured here into most hardy
flowers,
Culled by the faithful gardener's hand, set in the Mas-
ter's bowers.

Here the wild and curbless steeds, who chafe the bridle rein,
Soon learn to know the Master's hand and homeward turn again;
Here the eagle, who sought to fly in defiance to the sun,
Puts on the sandals and the cowl and feels his work well done.
Oh, if you seek of knowledge pure, where the fountain bubbles up,
Come to Calvary's sunny mound and drink of the mystic cup;
That cup which is chained by St. Francis close by the mound of God.

Oh, surely this is a flowering spot in the nursery of the Lord,
Where flowers bent and wilted are raised to a true reward.
Two stately oaks stand at the head to protect from first to last,
And lend their strength to sustain the vines assailed by a cruel blast;
A willow tree bends low to shade the tender violets blue,
And seeks in all humility its trying task to do.
Oh, who may ever know this spot, and not remember well,
And of the loved and noble face of Lawrentian's to tell;
To speak of that shepherd, no hireling he, who bleeds for his heavy charge.

Who, if he has a single fault, 'tis his heart is all too large,
And who, in after memories must not look back in pain,
And wish the kind and gentle words of Alphonsus again;

Who will not oft recall that form like a lion posed for
fright,
Ready to strike to the last faint breath for his young
charge, and right?
Who will not often his lessons hear, or failing which, he
could
Press that hand or hear that voice calling him back to
good.

And sure, you will not well forget that willow bending
low,
For in all humility and peace Boniventure, you will
know—
A man so wrapped in heavenly things as scarce to touch
the earth,
But in whose meek humility what noble thoughts took
birth.

And other trees and other shrubs are planted in this
bower,
To rear the struggling vines and shade the frail plants
from the shower;
And all exhale that fragrance of the trees that bear to
bloom,
All waiting in fullest foliage the coming of the great
Bridegroom.

Yes, if there be a spot on earth where knowledge flows
with love,
Where classic verses mingle with thoughts of heaven
above,

Where the tender flowerlets of the Lord are bound in
golden sheave,
Where homes forsook and good-bye looks no saddening
traces leave,
Where every timid mariner receives his reckoning right,
Where the deafened ears are opened and the blind receive
new sight,
That spot is surely Calvary, the Lawrentians' beacon-
light.

# MOHAMMED I

# MOHAMMED I

WHEN Jesus Christ, the Son Divine, descended from his Heavenly throne, and took on the trials and tribulations, the disease and pestilence to which human nature is heir, when all Heaven rejoiced and the angelic choir sang its sweetest hymns, then was there terror and anger in the eternal confines of the damned. Jesus Christ went forth in the world of sin, curing the sick and purifying the unclean. At His command the devils fled and the angels entered in to take their place.

How different with free intelligent man, when the voice of divinity first whispers to his slumbering soul; he listens, but as the voice is wafted away into silence, the echo becomes fainter and fainter, until at last it passes on and is forgotten. With some, however, this voice remains, and its echoes continue to thrill their souls until it reaches its full accomplishment. But in general the war between light and darkness, between truth and error, is as long and lasting as the world itself. Man is ever changing, swayed from side to side like a great tree in the hurricane's blast, and thus the triumph of Christ is long delayed. But nowhere is this fact so boldly emphasized, nowhere so closely woven into a people's history and embodied so deeply in a nation's character as we find it in the lives and legends of the people of the far East. The sun of Jewish greatness had set not in a halo of crimson glory, but stifled, choked out of existence in

the inky folds of a bursting thunder cloud, which raised mountain high the waves of destruction, painted the heavens in flashes of hell, until even the faithful felt the end of all was come. But high over the clouds that nipped in gloom and darkness the death of that great religion and greatest nation, there stole faintly at first the pale rays of the new born light, that rising higher and higher, broadening and expanding, soon penetrated to the uttermost bounds of the world. At first that Christian light blended the crimson hues of blood with the golden beams of celestial light, but as it rose to mid-day, it dropped that crimson of early strife and hid the gold of supernal glory, beaming down upon the world in the calm, warming, invigorating glow of strength and maturity.

So we find the world and Christianity in the closing years of the sixth century. But Satan, stunned by the miracle of the incarnation and death which he could not comprehend and seeing he could not avoid it, now at last beholds himself almost an outcast—his realm is wrested from him, his kingdom despoiled, his standard beaten down. For four thousand years had he ruled with supreme sway the hearts and minds of men, and now he sees it all slip from him. The whole race has been washed in the regenerating waters of baptism, garnished and ornamented in graces and virtues, and Satan says: "I will take seven devils more wicked than myself, and returning shall dwell therein." That he did this is now evident, but as the world had been wrested from him by visible teachers of truth, so he proposed to steal it back by the same method, a visible teacher of error. He sought Nestorius, Pelagius, Eutyches, but they having been touched by grace, he could not ply them

at will, so off in the still dark tribes of Arabia he sought for his minister of error, and found him in the person of Mohammed.

Mohammed. Perhaps nowhere in the lives of a people or history of nations may be found a character so irresistibly fascinating as Mohammed. True, it is the fascination born of mystery, of malice and of massive design. 'Tis the fascination that empowers the murderer's arm to drive the dagger home, that lures the youth to deeds of daring and violence, the maid from holy ties to curious seekings in unholy pursuits. 'Tis the fascination of Milton's devil that charms with his wondrous personality, terrifies in his fiendish designs, awes in his preternatural daring, holding us in admiration even whilst we hate him. The dread commander; he above the rest in shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower, but in his face deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care set on the faded cheek, but under brows of dauntless courage; cruel his eyes, cast in remorse and passion.

Such was Mohammed, tall and stately as the palm tree of the desert, his broad and massive shoulders held a head striking and fascinating. Dark curling locks fell in profusion o'er a forehead broken only by arched brows of inky blackness, shading his eyes like living coals, changeful and restless. His nose, large and slightly bent, bespoke power and determination, and his mouth, full but firm, told a tale of passion and of pride. Knowing the eastern worship of appearance or beauty, we see at once, from his description, the first great power in Mohammed's success. And yet, few men have been treated less fairly than Mohammed by historians and writers generally. Neothen declares him ignorant, a

gross and consummate impostor. Brucke hesitates not to brand him a liar and international impostor, whose sole object was power and conquest. Fredet echoes the same views, and even hints that others aided in the work of the Koran. Some go so far as to call in question his birth and call his mother a prostitute or profligate woman. Such writers, I fear, are influenced by prejudice or a false zeal to hide genius in all heretics. At worst, the mother of Mohammed could be but a concubine, and it must be held in mind that the concubines of the tribes are in no sense profligate creatures as we know them. But even this the mother of Mohammed could not be, for it is known beyond doubt that his mother was Amina of the family of Zuhra, a true wife of Abdallah. That he was not an impostor, or, at least, not an international impostor, is evident in every act and phase of his life. We will see that from childhood Mohammed was in preparation for his work, each act of which marks him the blind fanatic, a fiend made reckless by conscious supernatural aid.

Mohammed was born at Mecca, about 570 A. D., a child of the powerful tribe of the Koreish. His father having died before the birth of the child, this fact has led to the legend among the more ignorant classes that Mohammed was not a natural son or child, but begotten by the power of Allah, and this tale is transformed by some of our writers into a charge of illicit birth; but as two months elapsed between the death of Abdallah and the birth of Mohammed, little force may be given to this story. What Christian writers are pleased to call epileptic fits were frequent in the child, even from his earliest days, but that they were not epileptic fits as generally

known, is evident from the fact that the Bedouin woman to whom the child was sent to be nursed refused to keep him because he was possessed of a devil, a belief which was often repeated through his life. If the fits were epileptic, a thing most common in the East, his nurse and others would scarcely have come to so severe a conclusion. Besides this, throughout his life, Mohammed sought and courted these epileptic states, and seemed, even as a child, to delight in them. In fact, he himself declared them the source of an exquisite delight, and retired often to secluded spots to seek by contemplation to cast himself into this state. From the descriptions left, his so-called fits were in reality the clairvoyant state, now common in all spiritual mediums. He did not always fall to the ground, but remained erect; sometimes kneeling, often standing, while his eyes remained fixed in space and assumed a red glare, and in excited moments foam flecked his lips. Often he spoke, and the most sublime passages of the Koran were taken from words uttered whilst in this trance state. Dr. Brownson says: "Mohammed in his life was subject to what we call, in these days, the mesmeric trance, as was Socrates." Mr. Miles has introduced this idea in his tragedy of Mohammed.

Mohammed is in the care of Hais, and being visited by her, Mohammed is seen prostrate upon the slope of a rock, resembling a rude pedestal, his face concealed by his turban. He is visited by Khadija, his affectionate and beloved wife. To her he seems asleep. She calls him; she approaches him, and tries to awaken him. All in vain. Finding her efforts fruitless, she exclaims:

"Alas, this is not sleep; some evil spirit o'ershadows thee."

When finally the vision departs and Mohammed awakes, he breaks out:

"Gone! gone! celestial messenger,
Angel of light!"

.....

Yes, 'twas there. 'Twas there,
The angel stood, in more than mortal splendor,
Before my dazzled vision. I have heard thee;
Have heard and will obey."

To the question of Khadija: "What mystery is this?" he answers:

"Ah! the tremendous recollection bursts
So vividly upon me, that my tongue
Grows cold and speechless. I was here alone
Expecting thee, when, suddenly, I heard
My name pronounced, with voice more musical
Than Peri warbling in my ear.
Ravished I turned, and saw upon that rock
Resplendent hovering there, an angel of form;
I knew 'twas Gabriel, Allah's messenger.
Celestial glories compassed him around;
Arched o'er his splendid head, his glistening wings
Shed light, and musk, and melody. No more
I saw—no more my mortal eye could bear.
Prone on my face I fell, and, from the dust,
Besought him quench his superhuman radiance.
'Look up,' he said. I stole a trembling glance;
And then, a beauteous youth, he stood and smiled.
Then, as his ruby lips unclosed, I heard—
'Go teach what mortals know not yet—there is

No God but one—Mohammed is his Prophet.'
E'en as he spoke, his mantling glories burst
With such transporting brightness, that, o'erawed,
I sunk in dizzy trance, which still might thrall
My inmost soul, had not those impious names,
Breathing of hell, dispelled it."

Here are represented, very clearly, the phenomena which precede or accompany the demonic approach and invasion.

I cannot hope to place the argument in more clear or forcible words than Dr. Brownson has already done, and as I agree perfectly in his view of the case I will quote him in full. "The old theory which made Mohammed an out and out impostor, who said deliberately, with malice aforethought, 'Go to, world,' no man, accustomed to philosophize, can for a moment entertain. No man ever yet went to work deliberately to devise and impose a false religion, or if any one ever did, he never succeeded. He who founds a new religion is never an impostor in his own eyes. He works in a sad sincerity and imposes upon himself before imposing on others. Mohammed evidently believed in himself, in the sanctity of his own mission, and worked from an earnest conviction, not from simple craft or calculation."

I am pleased to find the author of that admirable poem, Mohammed, a tragedy in five acts, a work of rare sagacity and true poetic genius, rejecting the old theory of downright imposture. The estimable author maintains that he was sincere in his assertions of the unity of God, and in his hostility to idolatry, but insincere in the assertion of his prophetic mission. I am not, however,

satisfied with this. I do not deny that men may be half sincere, and half knavish, or that they may be sincere and earnest as to the end, and wholly unscrupulous as to the means. But in nothing was Mohammed more sincere than in his belief in his own mission, and in the supernatural origin of the Koran. Never, without that conviction, could he have inspired his followers with it, or have himself persevered for so many years, amid the ill-success and discouragements that he experienced. His gratitude, evidently unfeigned, to Khadija, his first consort, and to Medina, who received him on his flight from Mecca, cherished to the last moment of his life, proves that he believed in his own mission. The same thing is proved by his open vice and profligacy after his success. A man conscious that he is playing a part, that he has a character to sustain, that he is acting the prophet, would have been more circumspect, more wary in the indulgence of his lusts and affected a life of more rigid asceticism. He would have been on his guard against scandalizing his followers, and would never have dared insert in his Koran those scandalous provisions which specially exempted him from obedience to the laws which he professed, by Divine authority, to impose upon his followers. Imposture can never afford to abandon itself openly to the empire of the passions. Heretics are usually more careful than the orthodox in regard to appearances. They usually affect great purity of life, a decorous exterior, and a grave and sanctimonious face and tone. Hypocrisy is austere, maintains in its look and tone an awful gravity, and never relaxes in public. It is only innocence that dares be light and frolicsome and yield to its varying impulses. Nobody is so shocked

with the imaginary impurities of convents and nunneries as your debauched old sinners, steeped in corruption, and the miserable slaves of their own morbid passions and prurient imagination.

This is exactly the view taken by Washington Irving in his excellent treatment of the subject, and he leaves us to conclude that while "Mohammed was not versed in reading or writing, he can by no means be called an ignorant man, being fairly well versed in the opinions of others, and a deep and expanded thinker." He was a thoughtful child, quick to observe, prone to meditate on all he did, and possessing an imagination fertile, daring and expansive.

The yearly influx of pilgrims to Mecca made it a receptacle of all floating knowledge, which Mohammed imbibed with eagerness, and retained in his tenacious memory. Born in that fair and balmy eastern clime, where nature early lends that wondrous reasoning power, he plucked the flower of mystic thought before the bud of youth had fairly opened. Advantages like ours were unknown to him. The son of a father who toiled each day that he might live, he early learned the lessons of life. Born in poverty, nursed in want, he soon found that life is a struggle, that success and advancement mean years of trial and disappointment. His early life is so wrapped in a labyrinth of legends, with facts and fables woven in such a mass, that it is difficult to distinguish fact from fiction. I find it best to pass all unheeded, as little is really known up to about the year 607, when he joined his lot with one Khadija, a wealthy widow, which marriage at once placed him in a position of influence and power.

Though it is claimed that supernatural visitations were common to him throughout all this time, and after his marriage, whilst he was known as a merchant of considerable influence, still it is not until about the age of forty that Mohammed declares to others his message from a spiritual power. At first he spoke only to Khadija and some few intimates, but soon he was known throughout Mecca as a prophet or soothsayer, who foretold events. To follow him in every step would take a much longer time than you would care to listen to me, and so I must sketch his career in a brief general way.

Several times it is claimed he was visited by the spirit commanding him to preach before he could persuade himself to do so, fearing that he was deceived and also fearing the anger of his people. It was finally, through the firm faith of Khadija, his wife, and his cousin Waraka, that, convinced of his mission, he braved the anger of all and spoke his mind. He was received as a lunatic, and laughed at and insulted, but when the people found him determined, they stoned him and even sought his life. Four years he labored, and but forty converts were made. His own people, with few exceptions, were most bitter against him, believing him the cause of unheard of disgrace to the family and tribe. So intense did this opposition become, that he was obliged to seek safety in flight in the year 622, fleeing from Mecca under the cover of darkness and disguise. At Medina he found protection, and friends and believers in his mission, and thus his flight and disgrace proved the very opening of a great and revolutionizing success —a triumph which has desolated the most fertile lands of God's country, a power that has formed the destinies

of a world, a heresy that has combined in one creed the errors and evils of all others.

The records of his flight and immediately subsequent life is full of horrors, privations and hair-breadth escapes from the avenging hands of his enemies. At last his entire tribe, Koreish, were put under a ban, and all the other tribes refused to trade or marry with them until Mohammed was given up to the vengeance of the people. But through it all he persevered, and, more wonderful still, continued to make converts in vast numbers. Shortly after his reception by the people of Medina he opened his real missionary labors, and in a surprisingly short time had enlisted the greater part of all the Arabian tribes. Six years after his flight from Mecca he found himself more powerful than the people of that city, who concluded a treaty of peace with him, and two years later he took the city of Mecca at the head of 15,000 soldiers. And it is said he then ruled 100,000 souls from the taking of Mecca. His power made rapid and bold strides. His ambition was to join the world in one creed. Before him lay the fertile fields and groves made sacred by the memories of its first generation of men, its vast territory watered by the Euphrates; the hills and mountains of that eastern paradise clothed in mantles of velvet green, the valleys soft in grassy richness, dotted here and there by the pretty wild flowers along the tiny streamlet, lost in the thick foliage of the forest, that dashed on in soft music, leaping o'er the white pebbles in merry ripples as it dashed onward to the sea or found its bed in some calm lake lying placid and still, appearing like pools of liquid silver as it reflected the kisses of a tropical moon. Softly has died

away the waning breath of summer, gently, like a pleasant slumber, the dreamy beauties of autumn stole upon the land, as if to raise the mind from the contemplation of the things of this world to contemplate the beauties of another. Slowly the verdure turns yellow, turns red, one by one the members sever, one by one gaily tinted leaves drop from the parent stem. Sweetly the song birds still warble in the palm trees, while luscious fruit and fragrant flowers burden the air in sweet perfume.

Deep in the heart of Mohammed is whispered his fiendish plan and out from the gates of Mecca the order goes: "To arms; the world must bow to Allah's power, or barren be forever." As the devastating storm sweeps down upon the fertile plains, as the Satanic host swept from the lake of perdition to the land of woe, so upon a thousand cities of Christians, of Jews, of idolaters, bearing with the desolation of the heaven-cursed Jerusalem the horrors of hell-impaled Sodom, swept the army of Allah, as Spaulding says: "With the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other." Bravely, fiercely, boldly the assailed nation struggled, but it seemed that God had fled from out the East. Loudly they called to Heaven for vengeance, but the spirits of war were against them. Then did the idolaters call upon their gods—call upon their gods in vain, upon gods that heard not, upon gods who dyed the virgin hills with human gore. Only a day it seems, yet where are the men of a thousand cities? Wrapped in the arms of death, their fathers sleep on the hillside; and low in the devastated valleys the brothers and sons are hushed in the slumber that knows no wakening, while wives, mothers, sisters, well beloved, are dragged off into slav-

ery, sold to masters more cruel than death. Where yesterday fertile fields groaned with the burden of fruitful harvest, today the wild birds flee from its barren waste. Where opulent palaces raised gold-decked pinnacles above a prosperous city, now in their ruined walls the owl and bat hold council, while vultures' shadows flit to and fro along the land of desolation.

This band of Allah, starting in poverty and numbering but ten thousand, now swelled to a vast and disciplined army, swept on almost without a halt or check of any kind. For years the glory and success continued; thousands of caravans were kept constantly journeying to Mecca and Medina, laden with the fabulous wealth of the conquest. And so it continued until the eleventh year of the flight, when Mohammed, weakened by age and disease, paid the common debt of man and was buried at Medina, in the year 622.

I must say I cannot find any explanation of this wonderful success, but in a preternatural power working in Mohammed and through him in the people. The reputable historian, Fredet, backed by many others, says the sensual license of Mohammed's creed won the hearts of men. In this he may be correct, but I cannot find confirmation of his opinion in the creed as set forth by either Springer or Birckhardt. And as presented by Washington Irving, it far excels many of the doctrines of the protestant sects, and this doctrine was first pressed upon an idolatrous people.

"The fast of Ramadan," says Springer, "is during a whole month of thirty days during which time the faithful are commanded to refrain from eating, drinking, smoking or any indulgence from sunrise to sunset. The

same author tells us that drinking of wine and all intoxicating liquors is most positively forbidden, as no wine drinker shall enter heaven. Gambling is also prohibited, while the taking of usury is a crime against Allah."

"Fornication," says Springer, "is condemned to public punishment, while adultery is subject to death. The fasts are nine in number and vary from five to nine days. This fast consists of entire abstinence from meat or drink from sunrise to sunset. Considering the climate of the East, this is most intolerable. Four wives are permitted, but the Koran expressly recommends one." I could make like quotations to fill a volume, but the fact is this: That Mohammedanism might be preached in almost any of our protestant churches and would be accepted as most excellent Christian doctrine.

Evidently, then, the real great cause of success cannot be in his doctrine. His acts and words, cited by Birckhardt at the battle of the Pass, speak much of the mystery of his success. He says: "Hearken ye men of Medina. Were ye not in discord among yourselves, and have I not brought you harmony? Were you not in error and vice and I have given you truth? Look ye! I came among you stigmatized as a liar, yet you believed me; persecuted, yet ye protected me; a fugitive, yet ye sheltered me; helpless, yet ye aided me. By him in whose hands is the soul of Mohammed though the whole world should go one way and ye another I would remain with you." His words addressed to Adi, the Bedouin chieftain, while he was yet little known, is given by Weil in his Mohammed: "You take," said he, "one-fourth of the booty from your people. Is this Christian doctrine?

You do not incline to Islamism because we are poor. The time is at hand when the believers will have greater wealth than they can use. Perhaps you are deterred by our small number. By Allah! within a year a moslem woman may travel alone and fearless from Kadesia to God's temple at Mecca. You think the power is with the enemy, but the time is at hand when we will plant our standard on the white castles of Babylon." In fact, in all I have found this same fanatical certainty of success was his controlling power, and so imbued was he with it that he easily transmitted it to all who spoke to him. His was the work of an enthusiast; no impostor could do what he accomplished. Unlike Luther, he had no powerful backing and only the Satanic host itself could have guided and upheld that tiny cloud which, rising out of the deserts of Arabia, spread until it overshadowed the ancient powers of the world, and all their faded glories. A handful of outcasts driven from city to city, lurking in dens and caves of the earth, increasing until in pitched battle they conquered the Roman cohorts, the Greek phalanx, and the gorgeous hosts of the Persians; holding victory from the gates of Caucasus to the western descents of Mt. Atlas, from the banks of the Ganges to that of the Sus, until, as I may say, they planted their standards on the pillars of Hercules, and threatened the whole of Europe. Then, and only then, was the power of God hurled against them and the crescent bowed to the power of the cross, thus showing that God forbade in the West a scourge which he permitted in the East as a punishment for her innumerable heresies and schisms. As St. Paul says: "He gave them up to a reprobate sense, and, secondly, He permitted it for

the salvation of the elect," for had no change come to the East, the heresies were multiplied so rapidly and so intricate were the questions, that long before our age it would be impossible, unless by a miracle of Divine light, to distinguish the truth in that country. And so the evil spirits joined in one the fallacies of all, and so defined truth and error.

This is a brief sketch of Mohammed, who, like the innovators of the sixteenth century, when viewed in the true light, was more of a blessing to truth than a scourge to the faithful. For by their oppression, I doubt not, they had perfected many to eternal life while alluring the already corrupted to perdition.

# THE LAND OF POSSIBILITIES

# THE LAND OF POSSIBILITIES

BACK, far back in the days of the misty past, in the years when nations yet were young, there lived upon the banks of a then famed inland sea a nation loved by God, a people unique in much, but most of all in this: Their praise and honor of the great Creator.

From a distant land God had gathered them there that they might rear up a temple in the name of the one true living God. He blessed them with land, and with plenty, with gold and prosperity, and when their armies went forth in battle array, not for conquest but in defense, the eye of Jehovah dwelt lovingly upon them; the arms of Jehovah encompassed them around, and when these armies gloriously returned, ever did the heads of that great nation stand up before God and people and send back to Heaven a prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

And so they grew and prospered before the world, and as the rain from Heaven falls down upon the parched earth, bringing forth the fruitful harvest, so from Heaven above God showered down blessings upon them. And so they grew in prestige before the world, until that day when the greed of gold stole in, and turned their hearts away from God; and then, as from Heaven the angels fell, so sank the Jewish nation into hell.

Two thousand long years have passed since then. Today, in all the glory of the twentieth century, there lives upon the banks of a western sea a nation loved by God,

a people unique in much, but most of all in this: They stand before the world the one nation with a day devoted to thanksgiving to the Eternal God. From distant lands God has gathered us here that we might rear up a temple of liberty in the name of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. He has blessed us with land and with plenty, with gold and prosperity, and when armies went forth in battle array, not for conquest, but defense, the eye of Jehovah has ever dwelt lovingly upon us, the arms of Jehovah encompassed us around. And when these armies gloriously returned, ever did the heads of this great nation stand up before God and people and send back to Heaven a prayer of praise and thanksgiving.

And so we have grown in strength and prestige before the world, and as the rain from Heaven falls down upon the parched earth, and pushes forth the fruitful harvest, so from Heaven above has God showered down blessings upon us. And so it will continue until that day when the greed of gold creeps in and turns our hearts away from God; and then, as from Heaven the angels fell, so shall this great nation crumble into nothingness.

Yes, friends, we are a predestined people. Like the Jews of old, we are destined by God to lead the world on to a nobler and a higher civilization.

Take the pages of history, turn them over one by one, read the great names that shine like stars in the firmament of their nation's history, and amidst them all Columbus stands alone, stamped with a manifest destiny. Writers have called him a great navigator; historians have hailed him a man born before his time; admirers have crowned him with the laurel of genius; but almost to a man they seem to have lost his one distinguishing

characteristic: Columbus was a providential man. Like Moses of old, he was called by God to lead humanity on to a new land of promise, where God would enrich them with a higher civilization, and a nobler, Godlier manhood.

God, in His all-seeing wisdom, foresaw the decline of Europe; in His all-knowing eye He beheld the desolation of Italy, that land thrice blessed by the tread of saints, fertilized with the blood of martyrs. He saw France, the fairest daughter of the Church, torn in every member; He saw Germany, the land of scholars, turned into a home of free-thinkers, and false philosophers. He saw England rent asunder, and He said: "I will turn my back upon these peoples; I will build myself a new civilization in the virgin West, and thou, Columbus, shall be my messenger."

That Columbus felt this divine call is beyond question, if you once grasp the inner spirit of his life. This consciousness of a Divine call alone held him up through the almost insurmountable difficulties. When sneered at by his countrymen; laughed at and ridiculed by his people; cursed as a dreamer by his own relation; when like a mendicant he went from throne to throne in Europe, only to be jeered at and repulsed; when, at length, a beggar, he returned to his own country to meet again the scoffs of his own people. Through it all his soul never wavered, for in all his trials, and all his difficulties, and all the rebuffs of the world he seemed to see a white-robed vision beckoning him on over the water of the billowy ocean into the gates of the pearly West.

And when, at last, by almost a miracle, he gained the ear of the Spanish crown, when his little fleet of vessels was fitted out, and he started off in quest of the new

world, no sooner had he lost sight of land than the demons of the deep, enraged at the idea of a new retreat for humanity, warred with the elements, throwing mountain high the Herculean waves; parting the heavens with flashes of hell; tearing the skies with shrieks of thunder, until the sailors thought themselves accursed of God and lost forever, and, falling on their knees, first they prayed, and then they threatened; but amidst it all Columbus stood unmoved. Over the heads of the mountain he seemed to see again that white-robed angel beckoning him on over the stormy ocean, o'er the bosom of the angry deep into the gates of the pearly West, into the glorious land of possibilities.

And so he stood unmoved. His command was always the same: "On, on, and always on until land is reached." And so he persevered, and so he conquered. He sailed into the gates of that pearly West—into the land of possibilities.

Mark you the picture. His first act in landing on the new-found world is an act of homage to the Eternal God —the planting of the cross that speaks of sacrifice; his first words a prayer of thanksgiving. And mark you still, no sooner had these men who started out with the name of God upon their lips—these men who avowed their voyage a mission of Christ; these men who prayed so glibly in the name of the Christ—no sooner had they set foot upon the virgin land; no sooner had they looked around them, and seen the wondrous beauty of the country—the inexhaustible wealth, the measureless riches buried away in the bosom of the earth, stored away by a mighty Providence for the children of His love—no sooner had they seen the wondrous possibilities of the new-found

land than the greed of gold crept in and turned their hearts away from God.

And so, instead of a land of hope, instead of a retreat for humanity, they turned God's beautiful virgin world into a land of sighs and tears, and groans, and ruined homes, and wrecked lives, and broken hearts, and men and women bound in shackles.

But oh, how vain for conscienceless men to work against the grand design of God. The very perfidy of these early voyagers, the very viciousness of man, was working out the grand design of God. The persecutions of the various nations; the warrings of the southern climes; the tide of the ocean; the winds of the world were driving men northward; and now as we read we see the design of God. Not in the balmy southern clime, where nations spring spontaneously into bloom, not in the lazy, indolent tropics, where men seek pleasure and repose, not in the sun-kissed voluptuousness of fruitful tropic was God to rear up the temple of humanity. Not here, but in the northern climes, where men must battle with the powers of nature, where the cold winds drive down from the ice-bound North to make men sturdy and strong and vigorous—here in the North, warring with the savage tribes and the sturdy climate was God to school men in sturdy manhood, to be ready to fight the battles of humanity when the call came.

Look back through the vista of ages and see the story of our land. See the country as your forefathers found it—a land as beautiful as now; where hills and mountains are clothed in mantles of velvety green, valleys soft in grassy richness, the earth dotted by the pretty wild flowers, the tiny streamlets lost in the thick foliage of

the forests, dashing on in soft music, bubbling on o'er the white pebbles as they rush on to their beds in the lakes, where they lie placid and still, like pools of liquid silver reflecting the kisses of the rising moon.

Yes, that is what your forefathers found—a land made beautiful by God, for the children of His love. But, alas! accursed by the greed and the perfidy of men, upon that beautiful picture a thousand wigwamed cities vomited forth their hundreds of infuriated men, thirsting for blood, maddened with revenge, to pillage, plunder and murder these men so greedy for gold. And where were the men of these thousand cities? Wrapped in the arms of death, the fathers sleeping high upon the hillside, or deep in the forest, while down in the fertile valleys the sons and brothers were wrapped in the arms of that sleep that knows no wakening, while mothers and sisters and wives and loved ones were carried off to slavery, sold into the serfdom of hell. The angels looked down and saw infants offered to satanic shrines, maidens bound into slavery of hell, the poor oppressed, and the very rich trembling with dread. A handful of God's chosen people scattered along on a narrow strip of land, along the Atlantic ocean, hemmed in on one side by the impenetrable forest, behind the trees of which lurked the revengeful savage with his cruel knife and still more cruel heart. Hemmed in on the other side by the mountainous billows of the trackless ocean, to cross back over which meant ruin and destruction.

But all the time God's eye was resting upon them, the arms of Jehovah encompassed them around; God was schooling them in the sturdy school of relentless nature,

preparing them for the mighty battle of humanity, which they and their children were to wage.

This was the great school of the new manhood. There under the great blue-vaulted dome of Heaven our forefathers bared their breasts to the winds of the North in sturdy resistance. There, on sentinel duty in the still hours of the night, they learned what it meant to commune with Deity, and cry out: "Our Father who art in Heaven."

And in the great school of nature they learned the first lesson of freedom from the sighing, moaning trees that leaped heavenward; in the love songs of the birds they learned their lesson of independence—God was schooling them in a wondrous school.

And so one morning Europe awoke to find that the child she had cast adrift on an unknown shore had grown into sturdy manhood; then would the unnatural mother stretch forth and bind again in slavery the child that was learning to be free.

But oh! little did she realize the school in which that child was reared. Face to face in that great temple of nature he had communed with his God; and in the great school of nature he had learned the meaning of law, and of order. In the mighty woods and roaming plains nature had taught him to be free, and now when the unnatural mother would stretch forth her hands, would bind him again her slave, he stood before her a giant in his strength, crying out: "Stand back! Give me liberty, or give me death!"

And so they grappled—the mother and the child; and so they warred; and so they stained God's beautiful virgin sod red with the life-blood of God's chosen people.

What need of me to tell you the story? Does not every boy know the tale by heart; cannot every girl go over the tale by rote—how God raised up providential man—the very stone of the earth—to lead our fathers on to victory until that memorable day in 1776 when our forefathers gathered around that little table in that hall in Philadelphia—men of every nation; men of every creed; men of every denomination under God's heavens, and with clasped hands, in the name of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, gave to the world the greatest document ever conceived by a human mind or executed by a merely human hand—the glorious Declaration of Independence?

Dumb with anxiety, this mighty nation hushed its very breath waiting for some sign to tell them that the mighty document was signed; mad with eagerness an old man stood high up in the belfry tower with his palsied hand upon the bell rope, ready to ring forth the glad tidings to the world; and lest a single moment should be lost, at the door of the state house he placed his little grandson, telling him to wave his hand when the document was signed; and while, as yet, the ink was wet upon the parchment; while the last signer stood, his hand still grasping the pen, the little fellow ran forth, his eyes ablaze, his golden curls flying in the wind as he ran, crying: "Ring, grandpa, ring! Thank God we are free, we are free!"

And then the old man rang and rang and rang until the old bell burst its heart with throbs of joy; and then the crowd took it up, and they cried, and they shouted, and they sang throughout the land: "We're free! Thank God, we're free!" And that cry echoed and re-echoed over the hills and the valleys and the mountain tops of the

new world, and vibrating over the ocean, it found an echo in every corner of God's world.

And well did the nations heed that cry, until from every land and every country and every corner of God's world the tidal wave of human life swelled over the ocean, in through the gates of the pearly West, into the land of possibilities.

For well had God prepared the soil for the seed of liberty sent forth by our forefathers from that little hall in Philadelphia. Never before had the peasantry of the world been so well prepared for the message of freedom and independence.

While our forefathers were gathered around the table in Philadelphia, thrones were tottering, dynasties were being rent asunder; never before had the peasantry been so oppressed by unjust taxation or trodden down by tyrannical laws.

And as that cry swept over the ocean, and reverberated through the world, the slaving peasants of Europe raised their heads from their weary toil, and looked out over the ocean from whence came the cry of liberty; and they seemed to see again that vision of Columbus—the white-robed angel beckoning them on out of the land of bondage; to throw their burden on the bosom of the turbulent and restless sea; to sail out over God's great, blue ocean, into the land of possibilities.

And surely no man who reads the early history of our nation's life can say aught else, than that they found here, indeed, the land of promise.

Thousands and thousands of men and women flying from the hand of tyranny and oppression; flying from the house of bondage of their birth, found here the land of

promise and opportunities. How many here in peace found a home, and saw their children learning to read and write, mounting step by step up the ladder of success, to become honored and respected citizens. How many thousands of men and women came into this glorious land with their shoulders bent under the burden of oppression they had borne for years;—why, with the very marks of the shackles upon their wrists. And they, the oppressed peasants, lived to see their sons and daughters respected and honored, the equal of other citizens; sitting perhaps in the halls of congress, making laws for the greatest nation under God's heavens, and mapping out a new and a glorious civilization.

Civilization! What shall I say of American civilization? As I contemplate the tremendous possibilities of this grand organism, my mind is bewildered and amazed. An American civilization—it is the acme of national existence. It is God's perfect work in the progress of the race. Oh, sculptor with the magic hand, canst thou cause the cold marble to pulsate with the perfect proportion of her beauteous form? Oh, painter of heaven's inspirations, canst thou trace upon the dull canvas the glory of her matchless countenance? Oh, spirit of the art divine, bring forth thy tones and blend them into a wave of matchless harmony to kiss the feet of civilization's great fountain. The glorious giver of liberty—the pride of the world—the glory of the twentieth century—is the American civilization.

Judging from the past, the possibilities of the future are something stupendous. Asia and Africa have long since gravitated into barbarism. Europe has reached the highest point of her advancement; her future will be but a

struggle for existence. The hope of the world, the yearning of nations, and the highest aspirations of humanity are centered in America. The spirit of the age finds here its only answer.

The little seed of freedom cast upon the winds by our forefathers has found root in every corner of God's world, until to-day from every nation comes the cry of liberty; until to-day from the darkness of Russian semi-barbarism the cry of humanity is for freedom—independence unto God.

And where will this yearning of the twentieth century be realized? In Europe, where the government is opposed to the people, and the people opposed to the government? If the government succeed, then individual rights are disregarded, and the masses trodden under foot. If the people triumph, then all law and order is swept aside, and anarchy rules supreme. No! it is here, here in the glorious United States of America, where the government is of the people and for the people and by the people, that a true equilibrium can be maintained and liberty made a glorious living possibility.

What is it that distinguishes this, our civilization, from all that has transpired before it? What is it that differs American civilization from the civilization of the past? Does not the answer come to you from the great blue-vaulted dome of Heaven? From the songs of the birds, and the rippling of the brook? In that one God-given word—LIBERTY?

America is liberty, and liberty is America. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the Spaniard may hate America, but all must bow down in intelligence to America's great country—the glorious land of liberty.

Thoroughly imbued with this grand idea of giving a new standard to the world, from her very cradle days America has led in the vanguard of civilization.

What was the highest civilization Europe had offered to humanity? Had European civilization advanced beyond the civilization of the Greeks and Romans? The highest civilization that Europe ever offered to the world was the right to defend one's own against the hand of the aggressor; the right to defend your property against the encroachments of alien oppression. Even the pagans admitted this. It remained for America, the glorious land of possibilities, to go one step farther and lead man to a higher civilization; to teach the world not only the right to defend one's own from the hand of the aggressor, but the Godly right to defend the weak against the strong; the right to defend every man's liberty under God. And this is the story of her growth and her popularity and her strength.

Even in her cradle days, when, as yet, a mere child tottering on her onward march; when the unnatural mothers of Europe failed in their designs upon the North American colonies and turned their greedy eyes southward and did enslave the southern colonies struggling to be free; when they cried out for justice to the civilized world, who heard and who understood? It was the baby nation, the land of possibilities, that stepped forth into the arena and cried out to all Europe, to Europe with her standing armies and her mighty navies: "Stand back—thus far shalt thou go and no farther." And Europe heeded the bidding of the tottering child. Was it because she feared the infant insolently flaunting its new-found freedom? Oh, no; but behind the voice of the infant

Europe heard the spirit of the Eternal God, and she obeyed the prattling of the child.

Years sped on and we grew into a sturdy nation and took our place amidst the nations of the world. Then one day the nation awoke to a startling fact—that while she was teaching liberty to the world, while she was promulgating the equality of man to all human kind, within her own bosom millions of men and women were bound in chains of slavery.

Did she hesitate to take the medicine for her own body politic which she was prescribing for other people? No! Where in all the history of God's world will you find another nation who so victoriously carried out the principles which she advocated for others? No sooner did this great nation realize that the fiend of slavery was gnawing at her heart and threatening to sap away the life and vitality of the nation than she gathered together the flower of her manhood, the best blood of the nation, and sent them forth to battle and to die, that every man and woman in this glorious land might be free and independent.

Then did the wise minds of Europe predict our doom; then did the diplomats of Europe smile and say: "America has dealt to her body politic a wound that will never be healed. The North and the South will never be united save by the power of law and force." But oh, how little they knew of the workings of God with a predestined people.

You and I have lived to see the American nation throw back the lie in the face of the European prophets who predicted her ruin. You and I have lived to see the North and South shake hands over a mighty question of

humanity, and with joined hands write the golden page in the history of civilization.

When our little sister nation, crouching at our very door, felt the hand of the tyrant grasping her throat; when like a vulture, perched upon her breast, the tyrant was choking out her very heart's blood; when that little sister nation cried out to the civilized world for mercy, and for justice, who understood her cry? Who answered her plea? European nations answered back: "There is no help; we cannot interfere; it is against the international law." It was the little baby nation, leading in the vanguard of civilization, who dared to heed the voice of weakness, and answered back: "If it be against the international law, then changed be the international law; first give us the law of God." And again she gathered together the flower of her manhood, the life-blood of her nation, and sent them forth to battle and to die, not for conquest, not for return, but for men and women whose language they could not understand, for a people strangers in blood and tongue, but brothers in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

How well I remember the day when the news came back that our boys were coming back from that war of the tropics; how the news came like a ray of God's golden sunlight piercing through the clouds; how it trembled along the telegraph wires; snatched with eager hands from the telegraph instrument, and passed from mouth to mouth—our boys and our fathers and our loved ones were coming back, back from disease and pestilence and death, back from the danger of war, and the horrors of tropical clime. How the news was passed from mouth to mouth; how men, old and young, gathered like children

to see what honors might be devised for the boys that were coming home; how the men of the town held a special meeting and passed resolutions. The streets were draped with the national colors; the flags were thrown to the breeze, and the bands played the gayest airs. And then on that morning when the boys came home, how the whole town turned out into the street early in the morning; old men threw up their lameness, and ran on with the crowd; and women, forgetting their sex, pushed and crowded for space to stand; and boys climbed up on the telegraph poles, and women and children hung out of the windows to welcome the boys that were coming home. And oh! that scene when the train rushed down the track and into the railway station, and the crowd pushed forward, and the band played, and the people went mad, and screamed with joy, and the boys in blue and gray wept upon the bosoms of their mothers, their sweethearts and their wives. Oh, that was a scene, once witnessed by any man, must ever remain engraved upon his heart. But was it all joy? Was it all glory? Friends, as I stood there that morning and heard the shouts of joy and the playing of the band it was not all joy; there was a sorrow, a glorious sorrow in my heart.

I stood far back, and looked at it all, for I was thinking of the boys that would never come home, thinking of the boys that were sent forth a few months before with the blessing of God and the message of freedom, and now they would never again see the sunny hills of their native land.

Don't you know, friends, somewhere in this beautiful land of ours, that morning when the band was playing and the crowd cheering wildly; somewhere in this beau-

tiful land an old woman sat by the window and looked out into the gray dawn clasping a bit of an old, torn flag to her bosom as she rocked back and forth, and tears rolled down her wrinkled face as she moaned and sobbed: "They're all coming back, but my boy; my boy will never come back."

Don't you know, friends, somewhere in this beautiful land of ours there limped to the door an old man, his sleeve swinging empty in the wind. He had sent forth his only son to carry the message of freedom on to other people, and now he said: "They're all coming back, and I'll go to the door and I'll stand like a soldier, and I'll not murmur and I'll not weep." And so he did. With the one arm that liberty had left him he leaned against the door-post like a soldier at attention, and as the crowd passed by he never wavered and he never sighed, but when that train came rushing down the track, and he heard it stop at the station, and he heard the wild cry of the crowd and the bursting of the band in a song of joy—after all, he was only a man, and the trembling arm dropped from the door-post, and his old dimmed eyes rose up toward Heaven as he just whispered: "My God, what have you done with my boy? What have you done with my boy?"

Friends, there is a line of graves down through the South, a line of graves unmarked by any human hand, but they are marked by God, and angels flit to and fro over the unknown graves of our uncrowned heroes.

What does it matter the intention of politics? What does it matter the workings of a great government? If these boys went forth to battle and to die for the great cause of humanity, when they stood before the throne

of God it was not with the blood-stained hands of conquest, not with the sword of oppression in their hands, not captives in chains; with the palms of martyrs they stood before the throne of God, living testimonies that America was faithful to her God, faithful to the right to defend the weak against the strong.

No wonder that, as the American looks back, even briefly and superficially, over the memories of the past, he recalls these pictures of our advancement; no wonder his heart swells with pride; no wonder that sometimes we become enthusiastic and even childish in our love of country. I often wonder if it be possible for an American to be too proud of the record of the nation. I wonder if we ever fully realize what it means to be able to say: "I am an American; I am a co-patriot of Washington."

American people, you are standing tonight on the mountain of culture and education of the twentieth century; the eyes of the world are upon you; the destiny of nations is trembling under your hand; the institutions of your fathers are confided to your care, and the hope of humanity rests in your fidelity.

Your forefathers built up a mighty nation with bloodshed and sacrifice, but they lived in another world, in another age; they lived in the age of physical force and mature development. We have mounted into a new world, and into a new realm of achievement. We stand today on the mountain of civilization of the twentieth century, the valleys of barbarism and ignorance lie down and beyond, the great, immeasurable mountains of the future lie before us. The great battle of the years to come will not be like the past; they will be fought in a

world of universal education; the great achievements of the future will be achievements of diplomacy and mental power.

I ask you, American people, how are you to prepare to lead the nations of the world onward and forward, and into the great possibilities of the future? You have taken your place in the vanguard of civilization; you have enunciated to the world a new civilization and a new standard of manhood; the eyes of the world and the hope of humanity are resting upon you. How are you prepared, and how are you preparing your children to be faithful? Look back through the vista of the past—say a hundred years—and see the world as your forefathers found it, and then look around you to-day and see what God has given you—a land with riches beyond computation; with more territory than the Roman empire, even in her most palmy day; a country that contains more mercenary wealth than any nation under the heavens; a territory that holds within its own confines everything that is necessary to make us independent of the world; a nation whose name is a passport through the world, whose lowest son is on a par with royalty itself, whose national life is the pride of the world, the glory of the twentieth century.

And with all this boasted wealth, with all this national greatness, look around you and see! Your poorhouses crowded to the doors; your penitentiaries overflowing with miserable humanity; your asylums crowded to their very capacity. Scarcely a week has passed for the past ten years in which we have not had a labor upheaval in some of our congested districts. The day is coming in this glorious land of possibilities when the

laboring man will be knocking at our doors and demanding to know what the laws are for, the masses or the classes. The day is coming in this glorious land of possibilities when men, crying out for liberty, will demand their freedom or license to do as they see fit, and they care little or nothing for the liberty of others. The day has come in this glorious land of possibilities when the greed for gold has made it possible for the liquor interests to control the politics of every large city in the country. The time has come in this glorious land of possibilities when men go to church on Sunday, and Monday morning lash the backs of our fathers' sons and daughters, and squeeze out their hearts' blood to coin into the damnable American dollar. The day has come in this glorious land of possibilities when our history reads a paradox. A few years ago your fathers and your sons and your brothers went forth to battle and to die and stain a beautiful virgin sod with their life-blood that they might break the shackles on the black slaves of the South. Look around you to-day and see for yourselves. There is twice the number of industrial slaves in the North to-day as all the blacks that your fathers freed in the sixties. Greed, I fear, the greed of gold, is creeping in and turning your hearts away from God.

Look around you, oh, ye American citizens, and use the Godlike brain that the Creator gave to you, and from the experience of the past absorb wisdom for the future. Your politicians come to you to-day crying out the great standing armies and increasing navies and other intricate questions to blind the judgment of the individual voter. Was this the cry that started your forefathers to loyalty and victory? When your fore-

fathers laid the foundation of the glorious temple of liberty, they rested it not on great standing armies and long-range guns, but on the integrity and virtue of the individual American citizen—on the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. The day was when the true American citizen was judged by his fidelity to the Eternal God and membership in some Christian community. What do you care to-day whether a man believes in God or sneers at the Christian, if his bank account be large and he can write his check for a given amount? The day was when American women were judged by their fidelity to their accepted husbands and their love for home and family. Is it so to-day? What does American society care whether a woman has one or a dozen husbands, if her gowns be made in Paris and conform to the latest styles?

The day has come in this glorious land of liberty when the American voter has driven religion out of politics, God out of public life and morals, and the Bible out of the schools—and what is the result? You are reaping the harvest—a nation of infidels.

Your government statistics were taken about the time of the Spanish war, and approximately we had at the close of that war about seventy millions of human beings, and of that seventy millions of citizens, scarcely twenty millions were affiliated with any Christian denomination professing faith in the living God. Where were the rest? Wrapped in the arms of skepticism and materialism and unbelief. They were absorbed in the mad rush for the power to be gained only by the American dollar.

Can we wonder that, in such a condition, socialism is

sweeping like a tidal wave over the country, threatening the very foundation of our national institutions, for have we not fed to the people the very food upon which socialism and its kind grew strong and prosperous? No God, no religious bond, no home, no law—each a logical succession of the other.

You have driven religion out of public life, you have driven moral teaching out of your schools, and though the superficial do not see it, the true student of sociology finds its fruit on every side.

We are the laughing stock of the civilized world; boasting of freedom and of a government of the people and for the people and by the people, we are known the world over as a nation of law-breakers.

If the ignored laws of our country were printed it is a question if there is a library in the country large enough to hold the printed volume. Just one single example: Take, for instance, the Sunday laws in the various states throughout the country. Perhaps there is no other question of civil government that covers the space in our statute books as does that devoted to the Sunday observance, and I do not know a single Sunday law that is enforced in my own state, though our Sunday enactments will equal any state in the union.

I need not go into technical detail on the law question. I can save you time and trouble by referring you to such eminent authority as Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin; Governor Folk, of Missouri; Hanley, of Indiana, and a score of other men who are practically devoting their lives to educating the American people to a realization of the infamous disrespect for the laws that are spread upon our statute books. So flagrant has the violation

of and disrespect for law become, that only a few months ago our chief executive did not hesitate to question the honesty of the very courts that were to enforce our laws.

Would you know something of the spirit that is gradually stealing over the American people consequent upon our disrespect for God and morals? It is but a short time ago, at a mass meeting whose great concourse of people packed every corner of the great auditorium in Chicago, that a public man, a representative of a great Christian church, speaking on a question of public politics, cried out: "If the constitution will not cover it, then do away with the constitution!" And that vast concourse of American citizens cheered him to the echo, utterly unmindful of the fact that he might as well have stamped upon the flag. Twenty-five years ago we would have called such a man a traitor, and hanged him to the nearest lamp-post.

We have been blinding ourselves to our own follies by false patriotism. When the Armenian massacre was at its height the nation foamed with rage; papers and magazines and periodicals printed columns demanding that our government interfere for the sake of civilization, when almost at the same moment we were having lynchings and night riding in the South that would have eclipsed even Turkish barbarism.

During the great street car strike in Chicago, while we were howling for reform in Turkey and China, mobs shattered the windows and wrecked the doors of the street cars passing through the public streets of Chicago, though dozens of our policemen—representatives of law and order—rode upon the vehicles.

When the copies of the injunction of the supreme

court issued against the teamsters were placarded around the city of Chicago, I, with my own eyes, saw a boy about seventeen or eighteen years of age reach up and tear down the printed injunctions of a United States court, and the crowd cheered him, utterly unmindful of the fact that he was tearing down the American flag.

I saw, in the very heart of the city, corner Madison and Clark streets, a mob of educated (?) free American citizens drag down from his seat on a wagon another free American citizen whom they called scab, and almost stamped him into insensibility. Can we wonder that this spirit has spread until even in our public schools the children decided to go out on a strike because they did not like the complexion of their teacher? And all this is the logical fruit of a nation that has forgotten God.

It is, then, without hesitation that I declare the future of our country rests in the hands of the American women. The American man, having driven God and religion out of public life, it remains for the American women to bring back God into the American homes, and to rear up true American citizens who will defend, not only their own rights, but the rights of every American citizen; and this can only be done by forever holding up before the American family the principles of our forefathers—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man.

To the American mothers must we look for the salvation of the nation. Place your little boys upon your knees before you, and put into their hearts the fear of God, the love of the Saviour, charity for their fellowmen, and then, and then only, will they go forth true

American citizens, ready to sacrifice all for the good of humanity.

My dear people, this question is of vital importance because if ever a nation needed religion that nation is the United States of America. Again I say it, and not entirely from the standpoint of a priest—I say it as a politician, as a student of the great social question—if ever a nation needed religion, that nation is the United States of America. Yes, more than any nation that ever existed we need the benign influence of God and religion. And why? friends, you ask. And I answer: Because we are not a nation; we are a people of peoples, a conglomerated mass gathered from the four corners of God's world. We have nothing in common, but are yearning for liberty and independence; we have no common history, no unity of language, no tie of tradition, nothing but that yearning to be free.

Do you not realize, my dear friends, that every day of our national life there is pouring into the very center of our country a veritable river of human life, made up of the peoples of every nation under God's heavens? Every year thousands and thousands of emigrants land upon our shores; they are good people that represent the very best blood of Europe; they are the chosen ones of their respective flocks because they are the men and women with ambition, with energy, with the fearless courage to break away from the traditions of their forefathers, to flee from the land of bondage, to seek a higher and nobler manhood in the land of the free and the home of the brave. They come here yearning to be free, but they know little or nothing of the meaning of freedom. To their minds, trained for years under the hand of

oppression, under the burden of tyrannical laws, freedom means license to do their own will. They do not realize that American freedom is a Godly thing—the God-given prerogative to make our own laws, and the kingly privilege of obeying the laws that we ourselves make.

Who will teach this incoming tide of humanity the lesson of liberty founded on the love of our neighbor—the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man? The influence that is nearest to the hearts of ninety per cent of the men and women who seek betterment in the land of possibilities is their church. Their religion, their fidelity to God was the one ray of light in their darkened lives; religion was the one consolation that made it possible for them to bear the burdens of the years that are past.

On the last day that they spent in their native land they went that Sunday morning to the little village church, or the great majestic cathedral where their forefathers worshipped, and there kneeling down they begged the blessing of God upon their journey and their future and bade good-bye to the religion of their native land.

Friends, if ever a country needed religion it is here—to meet these men and women yearning for a better and a grander life; to meet them on the docks as they come down from the vessels into the new land. They thought they left God on the other side; it must be God who welcomes them into the new land. That church which they have learned to revere—Methodist, Baptist, Catholic, Lutheran, whatever you will—is the one voice to which they will listen. That church can teach them the meaning of liberty as no other power on earth can do; she will tide them through the cesspools of vice of the great

cities; she will guard them and warn them against the moral pitfalls of the congested districts, and lead them out into the great virgin farms of the West, where they will settle down close to nature, close to God's own heart, and become what they should—the life-blood, the vitality, the salvation of a great growing nation.

# THE BUILDING OF A CREED

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NINETEEN HUNDRED years ago a solitary man stood upon the banks of the historic Jordan. His robes were white of a creamy whiteness; forth from His eyes there leaped the light of an eternal love; from His parted lips escaped a smile of everlasting peace; in every gesture there dwelt the grace of an undying majesty. Alone He stands drinking in the splendor of an eastern sunset. Silently He sees the majestic ruler of the day sail through his vast domain, softly stealing to his western home, while he scatters in his train, for his last remaining hours, streams of golden light, blending his rich, gilded beams with the crimsoned clouds, as if he would once more dazzle with his royal magnificence, e'er he gently falls to rest. But with his last faint rays, this robe of light shrouds that solitary form in a veil of crimsoned light; crowns His auburn curls in a halo of golden glory, then softly falls to rest, like peace in a Christian heart. With the last faint beam of departing day, that solitary form turns from the rushing river, on to the city of God. From a high eminence He stands and views that fated city. He sees the golden domes of the temple glittering in the dying light, the pinnacles of the capitol kissing high heaven; He hears afar the hum and bustle of an eastern city which comes at the close of day, and the light fades from His pleading eyes, the smile dies on His quivering lips. Stretching out His arms to that ungrateful city, He cries: "Jerusalem,

Jerusalem, how often I would have gathered thy children together, even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not. Behold! thy hearth will be left desolate." And men came from the east and from the west, and marveling at His wisdom, they speak one to the other: "Who is He?" And one to the other they answer back: "He is Jesus, son of Joseph." But one faithful soul cries out in the depths of her heart: "Alas, alas, they know Him not. He is Christ Jesus, the Son of God."

Nineteen hundred years have sped on down the river of time into the bosom of eternity. Nineteen centuries have told their tale of wisdom and follies, and ever and anon in her onward march history repeats herself.

Today, in all the splendor of the twentieth century, a solitary man stands on the banks of the historic Tiber; his robes are white of a creamy whiteness, forth from his eyes leaps the light of an eternal love; from his parted lips escapes a smile of everlasting peace; in every gesture there rests the grace of an undying majesty. Alone he stands looking out upon the squalid splendor of a dying kingdom. He sees the domes of St. Peter glittering in the dying splendor; he sees the towers of Michael Angelo kissing high heaven; and stretching out his arms toward that city, he cries: "Rome, Rome, how often I would have gathered thy children together, even as the hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, but thou wouldst not." And people come from the east and from the west, and wondering at his wisdom, speak one to the other: "Who is he?" and one to the other they answer back: "He is Leo, Pope of Rome." But the faithful few deep

in their hearts cry out: "Alas, alas, they know him not; he is successor of Peter, vicar of Christ."

This is the picture the Catholic sees verified in the church of God in the person of Leo. But lasting as the world itself is the struggle between light and darkness, between knowledge and ignorance, between faith and infidelity. Man is ever wavering from side to side, vacillating like a ship in a restless sea, like the changeful mercury in the ever varying thermometer, and so the victory of faith is long delayed.

When, in the first moment of the creative act, God, wrapped in the arms of His immensity, sent forth the behest, "Let there be light," scarcely were the life-giving words spoken than they were succeeded in joyful conclusion, and there was light. But with free, intelligent men, how different! What a contrast to his now advancing, now retrograding thought and knowledge. 'Tis true, the first call to light does not pass man altogether unheeded. It does startle his stubborn and taciturn heart by a faint ripple, but each man must answer for himself, whether this call to light and faith, and truth and life, has yet reached its full accomplishment in him; has, as yet, the sun of righteousness cast its bright beams into the inmost recesses of your soul. Then can you truly cry out: "There is light."

Man stands in life like a ship poised on an angry wave, ever vacillating, ever fluctuating, first going to one side, then to the other, ever threatening the lives of those on board: it tosses and it rolls, so uncertain is the hand of fate. We are like to a lost sheep wandering in the darkness, seeking to be reunited to the fold, and ever trying to accomplish that end. We wander in the gloom,

and as the light of faith flashes we catch a glimpse of its illuminating rays, and seek to know something more of the mysteries that lead to the path of eternity. Hence, almost instinctively man seeks to build a temple of belief, that, like the tower of Babel, will raise its builder above the floods and floodtides of time. With this object in mind, like a great architect he loves to travel back through the ages, now long drifted into the past, and like the artist from each image of artistic thought he steals a gem to enrich his rising shrine. From each age, from each country he takes a stone, and cementing them together by the bonds of logical thought and reasoning, he builds his temple of belief.

My dear friends, we are all engaged in this same task. We Catholics, with our plans drawn and well marked out; our dissenting brothers ever wavering, ever changing, ever building, ever tearing down. And so constantly, so incessantly, is this work of building and destroying, of raising up and demolishing, continued, that even we, with the full light of faith, must feel ourselves moved to trace from whence our own unerring plan descended.

Religion is the relation of man to his Maker, and hence must partake something of the man and something of the Maker. Religion is of God and from God, and being of God, must be like to God Himself. It must be one. Religion is for man and so must be like to man; it must be the visible expression of God's unity, of God's truth, of His holiness. There cannot be two faiths, for faith is truth and truth is one, is eternal, is unchangeable and immutable. God created man in all perfection; perfect in his nature, man held an intelligence untrammeled

by the flesh, because that flesh was a body unimpaired by sin. The messages of God were to man direct, and so religion was then, not a faith, but a knowledge, and this knowledge was love, for to know God is to love Him.

Hence, my dear friends, God created man perfect, and gave to him a perfect religion, with one principle—love. This was the first, the perfect religion. But man, though endowed with a Godlike intellect, untrammeled by any sting of the flesh, or temptations from within himself; with full knowledge and calm deliberation, sinned; cast back in the face of his great Creator that religion of love; gave up that religion of knowledge to see what Satan promised—a false knowledge, a false hope. After this fall, God owed man nothing but wrath, and yet in His Godly mercy He gave to him a saving hope, a coming redeemer, a pledge of salvation.

And so Adam fled from the garden of Eden; left the closed gates of that garden of love, bearing with him a religion adapted to his fallen state; a religion of love to which is added hope, the second principle of all religion.

But man had fallen from his great estate, and by that fall his heavenly intellect was clouded; sin leaped up and repeating through generation after generation, dwarfed his body, weakened his physical structure, dragged him down almost to the level of brute life. The Godlike mind was still there, the primitive knowledge still remained, but all in chaos of confusion. The soul could not manifest itself through the debased and sin-abused body. The intellect became cramped and crowded out of place by the physical. And so man drifted, little by little, away from God. The great Creator did not withdraw Himself from man, but man forgot his Creator. Then did God

seek to hold man from perdition. He sent prophets, messengers to man to instruct, to promise; and man, convinced by these messengers from heaven, accepted truth on divine authority, and so to religion is added the third great principle—faith.

But man is a composite being made up of soul and body, and now the body had almost controlled the soul, and his religion of faith, hope, charity, soon lost its supernatural nature and became mingled with the things of the world. Man remembered God, but confounding God with nature he hoped for a life, but not for a true life; he loved, but his love was gross and natural; and so God sent them a sensible guide, Moses.

While Moses lived, the people were held in some system, some clear religion, but with the disappearance of this visible guide, again they wandered far from truth, confounded privilege with command, the letter with the spirit of the law. And, indeed, now is it evident that man has fallen whence he will not rise,—he will not go to God, nor in his blindness see the supernatural. Hence, if God will save man, He must come to earth, must, as at the first dawn of nature, give a visible, a sensible guide.

For four thousand years the earth lay desolate; for four thousand years the scorn of God rested upon the world; for four thousand years men had strayed from the truth because religion was spiritual and supernatural, and fallen man was material, — a fettered wretch who could not rise to nor grasp the supernatural without a visible guide to instruct, to direct.

And so in the twilight of a Jewish greatness, in the setting glory of a degenerating religion, the pledge of God is realized, the Messiah comes. A voice is heard

crying in the wilderness: "Make straight the way of the Lord," and a heavenly voice replies: "Holocaust and burnt offerings thou wouldst not have, therefore, behold, I come." And lo! from the east and from the west the multitude flock to hear the words of the Baptist speaking of the regeneration of the form, a new system, a new life.

Religion was from God and could not change, but the old form,—all ideal, all symbolical, all a figure which man could not read—must pass away. The Messiah was come, and at His coming Christ was to bring truth objective, visible, eternal. And as John speaks, behold! in the midst comes the Christ, His mission just begun. Lowly and unknown, the voice of God speaks in the prophet: "Behold the Lamb of God; behold Him who taketh away the sins of the world." And a voice from heaven speaks: "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased. Hear ye Him."

On through His mission Jesus went, and down the pages of scripture we read His name: "I am who am." And John records in confirmation: "In the beginning was the word, and the word was made flesh." From this it is evident, Christ was God. God came to save His people, to establish that religion in truth which the old law but typified, of which all previous forms were but prefigurations and symbols.

God, then, came to earth to save man, to establish a lasting representation here — to establish His church. That He did this is beyond doubt, and this church was not for the intelligent or learned few, not for the just alone, to whom the Holy Spirit might speak directly, as many of the sects of today profess, because God himself says: "I come not to seek the just, but sinners." Hence,

the Church of Christ must be able to correct error, to stretch out her hand to the weak and fallen and sinful and guide them aright. "Thou art Peter," says the Christ, "and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." And by the gates of hell are meant error, untruth, evil. To the twelve apostles he spoke His commission: "All power is given me in heaven and on earth. As the Father hath sent me, I also send you. Go, teach ye all nations, and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world." And for what end did He give this commission? For what purpose did He establish this body of pastors? We find the answer in the Scripture, Eph. 4:12-15: "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ: until we all meet in the unity of faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ; that henceforth we be no more children tossed to and fro and carried about with every wind of doctrine by the wickedness of men, by cunning craftiness, by which they lie in wait to deceive. But doing the truth in charity, we may in all things grow up in Him who is the Head, even Christ." This needs no comment; the end here laid down for which the Christian ministry was instituted is one which always and everywhere subsists, and must subsist as long as the world remains.

This end cannot be effected but by a perpetual authority, and not only perpetual, but it must be infallible. For if this institution is to prevent the children being tossed about, to shield them from error, she is sent to teach, to guide, to interpret. The interpreter must be infallible,

for it fallible she may call that God's word which is not God's word, or assign a meaning to God's word which is not God's meaning. We would thus be deceived thinking we heard God's word, when we did not. But where there is a possibility of deception, there is doubt, and where there is room for doubt there is no faith, for faith must exclude all doubt. The apostle says: "I know in whom I believe and am certain." This is faith, and he who cannot say so much, cannot elicit an act of faith, for an act of faith requires absolute certainty, objective and subjective. Where there is belief without sufficient certainty, the belief is not faith but supposition, opinion, persuasion. No man has faith who doubts, or who may reasonably doubt, but he may reasonably doubt who has only a fallible witness as his evidence, and so such a man has no solid grounds of faith and, "Without faith it is impossible to please God." Since, then, with the fallible witness, or interpreter, or teacher, we cannot be sure that we are not mistaken, it necessarily follows if God established a church to guide, to protect from error, to lead to a new life of truth, that church must have a witness and interpreter who cannot err, who is infallible.

Now, my dear friends, has Christ done this? Has He left an infallible power in His ministers? Listen, our Blessed Lord says, speaking to those He commissioned to teach: "He that heareth you, heareth me, and he that despiseth you, despiseth me: and he that despiseth me, despiseth Him that sent me." (Luke, 10:16.) This says plainly that the authority of the minister sent by Christ is the authority of God Himself; or, in other words, that God does express his authority in a visible organ. Otherwise to hear the church would not be to hear God; to

believe in obedience to the teacher is to believe in obedience to God: "He that heareth you, heareth me." Then, not to obey the teacher is not to obey God, for, "He that despiseth you, despiseth me. And he who despiseth me, despiseth Him that sent me." Therefore, we must believe in obedience to the teachers, commissioned by God, and if we do not believe as they command, we refuse to believe what God commands us to believe, and so have not faith. This is clear in St. John, 14:16-17; 16:13-14. "And I will ask the Father," says the Savior, addressing the disciples, "and He will give you another paraclete, that He may abide with you forever. The Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, nor knoweth him; but you shall know him; because he shall abide with you, and shall be in you. He will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind whatsoever I shall have said to you. But when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will teach you all truth. For he shall not speak of himself, but what things soever he shall hear, he shall speak, and the things that are to come he shall shew you. He shall glorify me; because he shall receive of mine and shall shew it you." They to whom Jesus here makes this promise are unquestionably the apostles, whom you have seen were commissioned as teachers, and not to them personally, but as a teaching church, for He says: "The paraclete will abide with you forever." This promise of unfailing help is promised only to commissioned teachers, that is the apostles themselves, and those they appoint as successors; for as Christ sent them He gave them power to send others when He said: "All power is given me in heaven and on earth, as the Father hath sent me I also send you."

Hence all the power Christ had, He delegated to the apostles; He makes no reserve. And this spirit of truth, which Christ promised, was for all time, to teach all things and bring to the commissioned teacher whatsoever Jesus may have said—in a word, to teach them all truth. If this is not an established infallibility, I confess I know not what would be.

I believe, my dear friends, I have, in a reasonable way, shown that God established a teaching ministry, a living church, and that that church is infallible, that is, somewhere in the church infallibility rests.

The question, then, is to exactly locate that infallible organ in whom the spirit of truth speaks. For this purpose let us start with the words of Christ Himself. On a certain occasion Jesus said to His disciples (Math. 16:13-19): "Whom do men say that the Son of Man is?" And they said, "Some say John the Baptist, and others say Elias, and others Jeremias, or one of the prophets." Jesus saith to them, "But whom do you say that I am?" Peter makes answer, as he always did, and he said: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus said: "Blessed art thou, Simon; because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father who is in heaven. And I say to thee: 'That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it. And I will give to thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose upon earth, shall also be loosed in heaven.'" Here we find Peter confessing the divinity of Christ, and in reward he is honored with the promise of primacy. "Thou art Peter," says the Savior,

calling him by that name which He Himself had given him, for Peter's real name was Simon and Christ called him Peter because in the Syro-Chaldaic tongue Peter signifies a rock. Hence, Christ called him a rock, because as He said, "Upon this rock I will build my church." Christ then built His church upon Peter, and, therefore, any church not recognizing Peter, or his successors, as her foundation, is not the church of Christ. In fact, with all the proof in favor of this supremacy and infallibility of Peter and his successors, it is difficult to imagine how any rational being can question it. From the very first dawn of Christianity Peter is the guide. When it is a question of electing a successor to Judas, Peter alone speaks, pointing out to the apostles and disciples the duty of choosing a successor, and he is obeyed. In the first council of Jerusalem Peter again is first. Long and earnest has been the debate, but when Peter speaks, "All the multitude held their peace" (Acts XII), and concurred in his decision. Indeed St. Matthew, Chapter 10, calls Peter the first of the apostles. In every age of the church this prerogative of infallible guide is given to the successor of Peter.

In the first century we see the Corinthians appealing to Rome to settle some differences in the Church at Corinth; they pass by St. John, who still lived in the East, and sent far to Rome, to Clement, for guidance. Why do this, if not because they believed him to still hold the jurisdiction and power of Peter, whom the apostles recognized as head?

In the second century we see the far East again calling to Rome for judgment. Setting aside the opinion of the patriarchs and bishops of the East, they submit to Pope

Victor I and celebrate Easter in union with the Roman custom.

The third century shows us Dionysius, Pope of Rome, reprimanding the patriarch of Alexandria for utterances against faith, and the patriarch promptly vindicates himself before the successor of Peter.

The fourth century leaves record that the oriental bishops in council assembled condemned Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria. Pope Julius I reversed their decree and Athenasius returned to his See.

The fifth century brings forward St. John Chrysostom, patriarch of Constantinople, who demands of Pope Innocent redress from the bishops of the East. His letter to Pope Innocent rings in no doubtful key, and leaves no false impression of the spirit of that age. Gregory I in the sixth century reversed the sentence of the patriarch of Constantinople at the appeal of John, Abbot of Constantinople.

In the eighth century Nicholas I hurls anathema on Photius, patriarch of Constantinople, and here opens the Greek schism. The eighth council, held in Constantinople in the ninth century, says: "Salvation depends on faith, and since we cannot disregard the words of Christ Himself who says: 'Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church,' and what He said is confirmed in fact, because in the Apostolic See the faith has been preserved immaculate. Not wishing, then, to be separated from the faith, we hope to merit to be in communion with the Apostolic See, in which is the true and full solidity of religion." Such language leaves little room for remarks.

The Council of Lyons, 1274, says: "The Church has received the plentitude of power from our Lord Himself

in the person of blessed Peter, Prince of the Apostles, whose successor the Roman pontiff is." As the Roman See, therefore, is, above all others, bound to defend the truth of faith, so also, if any question in faith arises, it ought to be defined by her judgment.

"We define," says the Council of Florence, 1439, "that the Roman pontiff is the successor of Peter, Prince of the Apostles, and true Vicar of Christ, the head of the whole Church, the Father of all Christians."

It is well to note that all the support of the papal supremacy and power, which I set before you, comes far from Rome. The three councils mentioned were all held outside of Rome; one in the very heart of the Greek church; and still they speak, in unmistakable words, the infallibility of Rome. In fact, of the nineteen general councils held up to this date, not one was held without the consent of a Roman pontiff, at which he is urged to preside in person, or by legate, and did so in all but the two in Constantinople, which latter speaks boldly of the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

But loudest of all voices in support of the Roman See as head and source of all Christian faith is that of history itself. Read the annals of all nations, trace the rise and fall of every people, and not one land, not one nation, not one people, has received the faith of Christianity but from an authorized minister sent by Rome. If, then, the whole world owes its knowledge of Christ, of the Redemption, to Rome, why do so many people deny the authority whence they received this divine light? Why do so many people, calling themselves Christians, deny the infallibility of Peter's successor? Do you ask why? I answer: "They do not." We have in the world to-day a large, intel-

ligent Christian people, calling themselves Protestants. What their particular sect may be matters little. They hold a common bond—protestant. Fondly they tell us that they believe not in Rome, that they recognize no infallible head. But, my dear friends, they are fooling you. Perhaps they do think they do not believe, but the truth is, they do. I have thumbed some few authors on this question, read not a few works, but the strongest argument, the most firm upholder of papal infallibility, I find in our Protestant friends. To prove this I would call your attention to the observance of Sunday by Protestants. They have claimed to build up a creed from the Bible and still, in open defiance of all command and Holy Writ, they work on the Sabbath, that is, Saturday, which God declared holy, and keep, as sacred, the first day of the week, a custom sanctioned and invented by the Roman church, and receiving its authority from her alone. Christ Himself kept the Saturday observance, so did the apostles. It is only in tradition that we find traces of the gradual substituting of Sunday for the Sabbath. Nowhere in all Holy Scripture is one word said about abolishing the Sabbath, that is, Saturday observance, and making Sunday the day of rest and worship. In fact, if our Protestant friends do not admit infallibility they must admit themselves open violators of God's command given directly to Moses: "Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath day." That is Saturday, and this command is repeated and insisted upon by God. We find it in Genesis 2:2; in Exodus 20:11: "The Lord blessed the seventh day and sanctified it." In Exodus 31:15 we read: "Six days shall you do work; in the seventh day is the Sabbath, the rest holy to the Lord." In the old

testament this Sabbath is spoken of one hundred and twenty-six times, and each mention imposes the voice of God: "Keep you my Sabbath; for it is holy unto you; he that shall profane it shall be put to death. He that shall do any work on it, his soul shall perish out of the midst of his people." (Ex. 31:14.) It is impossible to imagine, to realize a more severe penalty than that so solemnly uttered by God Himself in this text. The Ten Commandments of the old testament are impressed on every child of Bible Christians, and there is not one more emphatically familiar, both in Sunday school and pulpit, than "Keep thou holy the Sabbath day."

Where, then, but in public favor of Roman infallibility can we place our dissenting brothers? If God made the law, as we all admit, naught but a divine power can change or abrogate it. In the new testament the Sabbath is mentioned sixty-one times, but never one passage even hints at a change of days. The world does not present a more striking example of faith in the infallibility of the Roman pontiff, the successor of Peter, than our dissenting brethren, who, declaring the Bible the word of God, still prefer to follow the commands of Rome, to change the day commanded by God to that commanded by the Church of Rome.

The Roman Catholic Church for a thousand years before the dawn of Protestantism, by virtue of her divine mission, changed the day from Saturday to Sunday. I say, by her divine commission, changed the day from Saturday to Sunday, because the Lord of the Sabbath, as I have shown, endowed her with His own power to command: "He that heareth you, heareth me." He commanded all to hear her under penalty of being placed with

the heathens: "He that will not hear the church, let him be to thee as the heathen and the publican." The church holds her charter from Christ, a charter as infallible as it is perpetual.

The Protestant world found the Sunday in possession at her birth, and for three hundred years they have accepted this act of infallibility. But if the church may act infallibly in one case, she may do so again. The Protestants accept this one act as infallible, therefore, they explicitly admit, nay, confirm, the infallible teaching of the Roman Church.

The truth is, all Protestants really do believe in the church, but will not admit it, even to themselves. They claim the Bible to be their sole guide, they call it "The Word of God," "The Oracle of Faith," and cry with Chillingworth: "The Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible." They pronounce this book the only guide in faith and morals, and yet in truth, my dear friends, they're only joking. This book most emphatically forbids a change in the Sababth, for God Himself says it is a perpetual covenant, and this perpetual covenant the Protestant world has not kept once in three hundred years. Therefore, they have apostatized from their great principle, and so remain with Rome.

Again, on a second question: The Protestant world pretended to separate from the Catholic Church because she had, they claimed, apostatized from the written word; and here we see that they themselves have never kept the written word. The great question is, did they ever receive the written word? When did they receive it? If Rome is not infallible, there is no written word; for what we now call the Bible or the Sacred Scriptures is

so only to those who accept the word of Rome, that this is really what the sacred writers did write and leave to us. The apostles had no Bible, never spoke of it, nor hinted at its necessity. What they wrote was written in fragments and at different times, each for some particular object suggested by the circumstances or by the Holy Writ. The faith was to be preached, not written; Christ sent no one to write but all to preach. He spoke not of writing to any apostle or disciple. The first three centuries knew no Bible, and when, in 374 A. D., Pope Damasius undertook the collecting of the sacred writings, he found almost as much spurious works as that which was accepted as genuine. And it is to a Roman council held at Rome, 374 A. D., under Pope Damasius, that we owe the Bible. If you accept any or all the collection as a spiritual guide, you must admit infallibility in the compiler, for if he be not infallible, he may have set aside as spurious and, perhaps, destroyed just the works of God, and, perhaps, tempted, or blinded by Satan, given us not the Sacred Writings but something of doubtful origin.

If the Bible be your guide, and you have not an infallible voucher for its authenticity, you have only historical evidence and your Bible is but a history. But history is always open to doubt, because all human work is imperfect. But where there is reasonable room for doubt, there cannot be faith, for faith is certainty, and "he who has not certainty has not faith, and without faith it is impossible to please God" (St. Paul).

In all things, my dear friends, but especially in matters of faith, we should be most circumspect. Seek guidance of no speaker whom you do not feel certain knows more about the question under discussion than yourself.

Do not read trashy periodicals and incomplete and abridged tracts generally by authors unfit to instruct. Seek guidance and knowledge from recognized authority, read books of standard and reliable authors, either Protestant or Catholic, and you will find, as I have found, that in reading the enigma in religion, in seeking faith in the supernatural, in studying the rise and fall of institutions and creeds, which have promised and still do promise guidance o'er the billows of uncertainty, on through the ocean of eternity into the bosom of God, there is one institution, one creed, one church which has flooded the world with light, blessed all lands in benefits, brought peace and benediction, not to one land, not to one people, not to one continent, but to all the world; spreading prosperity from sea to sea, from pole to pole, whose benign influence has stilled the savage beast, swayed the demons, revolutionized mankind. That institution, the Roman Catholic Church. Roman Catholic! In all this world, now far expanding, breathes there a soul who knows not that name, who feels not a blessing due to her influence? Can a woman look on her son with the pride of a mother and not recall what woman was before the Church of Rome raised her to be mistress of the household and queen of home, sweet home? Can the daily labor classes raise their voice in a cry for rights and not recall what man would be but for the power that held in check the feudal lords, framed the Magna Charta, emancipated slaves, and made freedom possible?

Yes, the Church of God is set in Rome, like to that star that lingers still when morn draws back the sombre shades of night; like to that star most fair, though all have fled, she stands alone with not a flaw in the warp

of her seamless garb. Look back through the vista of two thousand years, see the world as she found it. A hundred lands as fair as now, but people warring against people, nation destroying nation, dragging off prisoners into slavery to be sold unto masters more cruel than death. She beheld infants offered to satanic shrines, virgins bound to the service of hell, the weak oppressed and the mighty trembling with dread. This is what she found. Behold! what she has given you. A world o'erflowing in plenty, inebriated with joy, reckless with happiness, peace the rule, war the exception, Christianity the pride of the world, the glory of the twentieth century. Hers was the power that made possible the nations of the west; hers was the hand that built up the feudal system to protect the weak and fearful, and hers the hand that swept the feudal powers away when despotic lords would enslave the people.

'Twas the Roman pontiffs who braved the tyrant emperors of Rome, and with the anger of heaven scourged them for their iniquities. Theirs was the power that held in check the wild and turbulent spirits of the north, and made the modern Europe possible; theirs the scourge that dared to face the conquering Turks, and hurl them back from their grasp on the very hearth of European civilization. 'Twas the Church of Rome that checked the Mohammedans' onward march and made the crescent bow before the cross on the waters of the Bosphorus; hers the power that branded the wife slayer, Henry VIII of England, an adulterer, and cursed him with an eternal anathema, and forced the tyrant Henry of Germany, a suppliant penitent, to the walls of Canossa; hers the power that raised woman to the dignity of mother and

wife, who tamed the savage host, fostered education and studies, the product of which will never die; hers the hand that has formed our morals, built our codes, framed our natures. In fact, she has civilized the race, she has saved the world.

# IDEAS PHILOSOPHICAL

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MAGNUS Deus et mercibilia opera!" These are the first and last words of every true philosopher. But of all the works of God, none exhales a more heavenly effulgence or draws to its investigation with a greater fascination than the human mind. It has been the study of the wise for ages past, the mystic unknown depths which centuries have not explored, a field of investigation where all seekers meet on equal ground, a volume deep, in which each thinker strives with his own earth-bound knowledge to decipher the writing of an infinite hand. Yes, for ages gone, the mind has been the study of men, and for ages to come they will find therein an exhaustless ground of investigation. The reason is, the mind is above the finite. It is the link existing that binds the finite to the infinite; 'tis the image of our Creator, the power of God in man. The deeper we journey into its fields of action, the nearer we draw to God. The more clearly we define the working of our God-like faculties, the more we expand our earthly chains and soar above the physical and peep even into infinity itself. Surely the study of man is man himself. If we know not ourselves how can we judge of external objects? The imperfect, or lesser perfect, is only judged from the perfect. How can this be done, if we know not the most perfect of created things—the human soul? Every thinking man must long to know the wonders of his being and, solving this, the powers and

wonders around him. This is philosophy; nature and nature's acts. It opens with a guide to the depths beyond; a school of training, where the mind is guided for the coming struggle. This is logic, the method of knowing rightly, the pictured mind, the laws of judgment. Surely, then, the philosophers have been guilty of error. Why give us logic first, and physics and natural philosophy later? Why give laws for judgment, before we have presented the things of which we are to judge? 'Tis for this: Fallen from perfection, our God-like intellect clouded by inherited weakness and bodily imperfections, the mind gropes in a twilight of intellectual gloom. God created us to his own image and likeness; we are by nature God-like and endowed with God-like powers. We possess the powers of God, in a created form, and hence hold within ourselves a fundamental knowledge of all things. That which is not within the soul cannot be drawn from it. No amount of abstraction can produce a valid judgment, if the criterion from which to judge be not already in the soul. God created man perfect, breathing into him His own attributes, and man knew all things. When God called all things to pass before Adam, the first man called each by its proper name. That is he gave to each a name suggestive of its qualities. This he could not have done, if he had not a knowledge implanted within him. We are neither more nor less than Adam. With the fall came to us sin, a knowledge of evil, a thing not existing, to us, before; but no sooner does it exist than Adam knows it is evil and acts accordingly. This evil clouded the heavenly intellect of

man. Sin, heaped up and repeated through generation after generation, has dwarfed our bodies, weakened our physical structure, dragged us down almost to the level of brute life. The God-like mind is still there, the primitive knowledge seeks vent, but all in a chaos of confusion. The soul within cannot manifest itself through this emaciated frame. The intellect is cramped and crowded out of place by the physical, hence the necessity of logic: To arrange order in the chaos of the mind, to give us laws, by which that gigantic soul may manifest itself through this diminutive body, this much abused mechanism of the human form. The intellect is the man; this physical form is but the medium by which a spiritual being, exiled for a time into a realm physical, may make itself known and felt by the physical objects around it. Any weakness, injury or imperfection of the medium naturally impairs, or entirely prevents, the action of the existing power.

The varying systems of philosophy, numerous almost as the philosophers themselves, come down to us like the unfamiliar blooming plants of tropical climes, each presenting much of beauty and symmetrical proportion to the passing glance, but holding liquids of life and grains of death within their scented petals. The many systems may be reduced or included in four: Idealism, Mysticism, Sensism and Electicism, each holding something of the other, but starting from different foundations and pursuing new and intricate roads to the same end. But why can we not all agree on this hunt for truth? Why must one seek in the by-paths, when the highroad is open to all? Some start here, some there, though all are seeking and must arrive at the same end—the limit of

the finite, and there stand lost, perplexed, mystified, gazing o'er a sea of measureless expanse. The fault is: They start not at the beginning; they find not first the source of the cause of things. How can one judge of an effect knowing not the cause? No, we must go back from effect to effect, from cause to cause, until we stand at the beginning, the first effect, and seek the cause. Yes, it is there. In all we have seen in our downward course of investigation; in every object, every being, every existing thing, we find a common matter, a something that does not perish. Having followed from effect to cause down to the beginning we have left this something which was, *ante terras,* an indefinable substance; original matter. Here then is an effect still prior to the universe, an effect which is imperishable and, hence, must have a cause as great or greater than itself; that cause—God. Having found the root, the source, the fountain head, how easy to build therefrom. Surely a wise, an infinite Creator, made not that He might destroy. What God has created shall not perish entirely. Whatever the form, whatever the change, all created things were, and will return at dissolution to original matter.

The cause of false philosophy lies in dreaming. Young philosophers let their imagination soar into the clouds, long before they can safely tread the earth. They seek the realm of fancy long ere they have reached the outskirts of reality. Dreaming is not for philosophy. True it has its good. This life without its dreams would be weary indeed; they float like stars, lighting the darkened spots in existence; they are the wild flowers growing by the wayside of life, gladdening the sight, refreshing the wearied traveler, who inhales their fragrance only to

leave them behind to those who follow, for if plucked they last not the longer. But life is made up of sterner stuff and admits of little dreaming. They must have the stamp of reason and practical application to be worth the trouble of study. Existing things may not be stretched to make one's fancies complete. Theories must bow to the laws of investigation. A theory to have any actual value must have a firm foundation on which to rest. If it has not, it is frail indeed. So the principle of our learned Kent, who by his principle would build a structure in mid-air: *"Cogito, ergo sum."* This proposition, as the Irishman would say, puts the cart before the horse; or places our learned friends in the position of the negro who, wishing to measure the river, rowed to the center and measured from there to one bank and then returned and measured to the other, his excuse for this being that the rope would not reach across. *"Cogito, ergo sum."* This principle as presented is truly one of the tropical plants which has much of good or evil in it, according as it is used. I do not presume too much in changing this principle to my accepted form: *"Ego sum ergo cogito."* Here we find a cause that justifies the effect—*sum,* and the cause of my being—God. This is the starting point, the only point from which to build. Opening investigation with God: First comes the original matter, that indefinable something which is the ground work of nature, the opening of existence, the first sign of a creating God; such might be light, air, heat—it is vague, indeterminable, unknown.

God created us perfect, endowed with an inborn knowledge of things. This primitive knowledge is in us as the chick is in the egg, the child within the womb. They re-

quire time, heat, and manipulation to perfect them, yet the chick is always there, and the child, at least, in physical properties. So with the knowledge in man, it requires exterior objects to develop the inner spark of knowledge. We know a thing in three ways: First, in the presenting of the essence of the thing itself, as, I feel heat in my members. Second, by the presence of the form of the thing, as, I see a man. Third, not from the form of the thing itself, but from something in which it is reproduced, as, I see my mother in her photograph. Still in no one of these ways is the knowing instantaneous. First we see it as an involuntary act, the simple presence of the object to the senses; then it is perceived, an interest manifested, a desire to know, which then holds the thing for the mind to reason on; the abstract is compared with the knowledge we have of the requirements of that thing and judgment given. So we have ideas. As we have seen, the mind produces ideas at the suggestion of presented objects or impressions, and as objects and impressions are constantly presented to our senses, the mind is ever creating and producing ideas. Now, as we live with many other beings in society and communication, it is necessary that the ideas of one be communicated to another. For this sensible signs are in use—spoken, written or in gesture. These signs of ideas, or terms, must have a clearly defined significance, which is common to all if the purpose for which they are designed is to be realized. Spoken language, being the most common form of communication, is hence not infrequently abused and subject to error. Obsolete or ambiguous terms should be avoided, while great care must be taken in the use of universals and particulars, as we

are liable to use a universal in many cases when a particular meaning is desired.

Ideas expressed by terms are called propositions, and in the formation of said propositions three elements are necessary—subject, predicate and a copula. The first two constitute the materia; the copula is but to complete the form of the expressed judgment. In the action of reasoning and argument, either mental or oral, this form of proposition is preserved, and from this manner of expressing ideas comes the syllogism, or law and form of reasoning. The syllogism is composed of three propositions, formed as the above—a major, a minor and a conclusion. The major being accepted as true, the minor is compared with it, and the comparison declared in the conclusion.

Yes, the human soul, being the image of God, is like to the great Creator, ever acting, ever creating, ever reproducing, in its finite sphere, the acts of its infinite prototype. Men learn, not from external things, but external things awake into life the passive knowledge within. Surely it is impossible for any human agent to produce from a thing that which it does not contain. And would it not be equally absurd to suppose that God gave us a soul destined for the contemplation of the infinite which possessed not a knowledge of the finite, only as far as chance or our own whim might lead us? The soul is created, possessed of a power capable not only of the finite but even the infinite itself, but each under the laws prescribed by its master. The most illiterate, the most ignorant, the most animal man has not been slighted by the Deity. All are equal in each and every power of the soul. God has said: "I will visit the sins of the parents

unto the third and fourth generations." Some will say this does not appear. But I do not hesitate to say that in the darkness of understanding the slowness of perception and the lack of love for knowledge are but the lasting signs of ancestral crimes, forgotten by all but God and nature. Nature abused demands reparation in the flesh, and so the soul is bound up in a machine so clogged and rusted as to make manifestation slow and difficult. Those who wish to make of their minds mere photographing machines may know best what they have, but my soul tells me it is possessed of knowledge and power of judgment aside from and independent of physical senses or sensible things; that I am in the world, but not of the world; that my body is but the medium by which my spiritual self may work in unison with the things around it. We have seen that the mind has two powers—will and understanding. Will, the power to act; to know or not to know. Understanding, by which we grasp and analyze the thing presented by the will. There is still a third—memory. Memory, which holds and stores up for future use the judgments rendered by the reason, and subject to the calls made by the will. This third power of the mind is not generally credited with all its perfection. It is, of all the powers of the soul, the most wonderful. Its work is silent, and, to the physical senses, unconscious. Most thinkers view the memory as a mere recorder of events, a keeper of impressions, but it does more. It perfects the first picture and reproduces it at the call of the will in a more perfect form than when received. In this unconscious action of the mind we find the only solution of the phenomena of psychology. In the psychological subject, while the in-

voluntary action is to all appearances suspended, and the voluntary unquestionably dormant, we see a full, vigorous, rational action of the mind. This third power of the mind deserves a more wide and unprejudiced investigation than is usually accorded it. In this power lies the true spirituality of the man, for by this alone can soul converse with soul. This is of especial importance, because of its play in morals. Medicine shows us that several sins do not change the physical impulses to repeat the act. In other words, a man after years of indulgence is still, physically, as well prepared for a pure life as if he had been a virgin. The increased inclination to the evil pleasure comes from an inner development of the passion. A man eats thrice daily from childhood, but the desire does not increase because he performs this act of routine with little or no effort of the mind. Hence, little or no impression is left to the memory to develop.

But with the first sexual sin a new life is opened to the being, and the dormant power of the soul is aroused by the will while the act lasts, but once aroused continues the impression all unconsciously to the physical senses, and so when the physical temptation is repeated the soul responds with a fully developed passion. The method suggested by the saints for the correcting of vice, i. e.: mental prayers, appears to point at just such a view of morals, as they would correct the evil impressions by an application of the mind to good, so to develop a counteracting memory in the soul.

If, then, logic is the knowledge, or act, that leads man on to a right knowing of himself, it should be the study of all, because the only happiness of man lies in the de-

velopment of his soul. What folly to think if we know not the source or power of thought; if we distinguish not between idea and phantom! What folly to speak if we know not the terms to express our thought, or the forms by which to make clear our reasoning! In the present condition of man's intellect, a guide is most necessary to preserve order and clearness in our ideas and their development. This guide is logic, the school of clearness. I say with the wise ones: "Know Thyself."

# PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

# PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION

THE soul of man is like to a golden harp, strung with many echoing chords each tuned to the master-hand of the great Creator. Some forever throb on in the lower chords of grief and melancholy, others wail on in a ceaseless discord of the treble clef of joy and folly; another hand, faltering and unskilled, touches irresolutely each sounding scale, startling the ear with bursts of discord and meaningless combinations. 'Tis only when the master-hand, skilled in a knowledge of the whole, sweeps across the vibrating strings that the grand whole blends in echoing harmonies which remind us of the majesty and unity of the Almighty Maker. So in philosophy, 'tis only in the grand majestic whole that a true beauty and harmony may be found. Even the scholastic, in the bewildering mosaic of his system, must have a thorough view of the synthetic whole before he begins the sublime patchwork of his method, for it is only in a knowledge of the first and final causes that rests the foundation of philosophy.

The great and all-knowing God, resting within himself when time was not, created *ex nihilo* a world of unsurpassed beauty which came forth from the hands of the great Creator as indefinable matter in an elementary or nebulous state. Into this primordial matter God cast the essence of things, the potentia of evolution, and from this inert mass, evolved by physical laws, came all the wonders of the universe.

*"Ut agant temporales numeros suos naturis propriis distributos."* Well does St. Augustine say that to suppose that the Almighty should interrupt his work many times, after having commenced it, before completion, is incompatible with the idea of a divine power and wisdom. No! now in the instant of creation God beholds the completion of His divine conception. Now, in that indefinable matter, He sees the perfection of the universe. To that mass He gives potentia, gives nature nature's laws; and permits the work to complete according to the powers resting in nature.

As God has given to nature all that is necessary for its natural perfection, it is folly to cry miracles at every step of investigation or seek immediate divine interferences in the expounding or investigation of natural laws. In the universe God implanted a power called nature, by which order and harmony is to be preserved to the end of time.

In man, the king of the universe, that he might know himself and all about him, he placed reason, intelligence; in him He implanted principles intuitive to guide his cognition of truth. And so man held within himself all that was necessary for a full and comprehensive knowledge of the world about him, with neither necessity nor desire of supernatural interferences.

But while nature sped on in perfecting the powers implanted in her, man, whom God had created in all His physical and spiritual perfection, fell from grace. With the fall was clouded the heavenly intellect of man. Sin leaped up like a vulture and started its task of consuming the human race, weakening our physical structures, dragging us down almost to the level of brute life. The God-

like mind is still there, the primitive knowledge seeks vent, but all in a chaos of confusion. The soul within cannot manifest itself through this emaciated frame, the intellect is cramped and crowded out of place by the physical. Hence, the necessity of philosophy: To arrange order in the chaos of the mind, to give us laws by which that gigantic soul may best manifest itself through this diminutive body, this much abused mechanism of the human form, the only medium of the soul.

Philosophy, then, is the study of man and the nature about him; the searching into those laws and powers placed by God in primordial matter; the study of his own relation to the material things which surround him. But as man is not all material, as his better self is supernatural, and soars to and seeks the supernatural, his philosophy is ever touching on unknown shores, wandering into fields beyond the reason. With his darkened intellect, and imperfect physical medium, he is constantly stumbling on effects, for which he vainly seeks in nature for a cause, hence the necessity of revelation, the pressing need to seek in the supernatural a solution of natural causes and effects.

"The supernatural," says Brownson, "is God and His immediate act; the natural is what is produced or effected by secondary causes operating according to their own laws. Viewed in its origin and end, or the creative act, the universe is itself supernatural, for neither its origin nor its end is explained by natural laws, but only in the act of God. As nature has sprung from God, the outcome of His divine will, it rests upon a supernatural foundation, it springs from a supernatural source. As God created nature for His glory, it follows that man,

the perfection of nature, can find complete perfection in that force from which all nature came." This truth every man feels, within his soul he cherishes a desire for immortality, a consciousness to that end, an inherent want which only the supernatural can fill or satisfy. This is what Gioberti calls super-intelligence and sought to establish as a power in the soul. But though this impulse is purely for spiritual things while leading the soul to religious worship of God, it makes known to man the source of all seeming difficulties in nature; it teaches him that, mingling with his material being, there is a spiritual life, which was the beginning and will be the ultimatum of that material being; that as nature sprung from the supernatural, the infinite pure being, and as that cause has implanted within the most perfect of created things, a longing for and power to seek the supernatural, all must, by the laws of intelligence, tend back to the spiritual.

Hence in philosophy, the study of nature, we should begin with God, the supernatural. As there is nothing in nature capable of producing nature, as all that we see or find in the universe is contingent and dependent, and hence cannot stand alone; as all contingents are inconceivable without an independent or non-contingent being from which they depend, isolated from God they are nothing; the simple idea of existences, *per se,* conducts directly to Mullism or Pantheism. It follows, then, that every philosopher, in order to arrive at truth, must begin with pure "ens" from which all philosophy and all created things depend. He must first realize the true value of *Deus creat existentias;* having thus learned the principle of truth, and as Horace says: "*Pede certo signat*

*humum,*" he may wander forth with confidence and safety on his voyage of investigation, feeling that, as there is a supreme intelligence governing all, he will find intelligibility in all the works of that governing power.

With this foundation philosophy is, indeed, the science of sciences, the only source of a true knowledge of nature. Then, indeed, may the philosopher soar into lofty flights, dive deep into subtle reasoning, grasp difficulties that ages have failed to subject, problems that centuries have left unsolved, rush through the chaos that years of toil and the labor of the mighty brains have failed to clear; difficulties fade before him, obstacles disappear and light springs out from darkness, for he holds, in his illumined intellect, the key to nature, the source of knowledge, the fountain of truth, the cause and end of all created things. Philosophy thus founded is the bulwark of religion with which it moves on ever hand in hand.

Religion finds therein her strongest ally, and philosophy in religion seeks the strongest confirmation of her theories. Then, indeed, do we see the grand harmony of the master-hand sweeping the chords of the soul, making the natural and supernatural blend in strains of richest melodies; then do we see in its study, as in the universe itself, the supernatural foundation and perfection of the natural. Then may we cry out with Cardinal Franzelin: "Great is the aid of science in interpreting questions of scripture which treat of natural things." Then can we understand what St. Augustine means when he says: "*Disciplinæ liberales afferent intellectum ad divina,*" and loudly will I join with the same holy writer when he

cries: "*Fides, quæ per scientiam, gignitur, nutritur, defenditur, corroboratur.*"

There is indeed between Philosophy and Religion a harmony, a unity and a completeness that makes their separation a desecration. The spirit of the age is to separate all nature and its investigations from the supernatural or religion; and, to place the supernatural in a sphere unattainable by the natural. They would deny to man a capability for the supernatural, and bind him captive within the realms of the material. They will tell him that an intelligence is his, which pines for the supernatural, but can neither comprehend nor reach it. Such reasoning is but the trick of realists to entrap the ignorant and unwary. Seldom is Brownson more explicit than here. "There is," says he, "undoubtedly a dualism which all science does and must recognize; it is that of the supernatural and natural, or, in other words, being and existence. The superintelligible is as natural as the intelligible and the intelligible as the supernatural, as the superintelligible." We must distinguish, however, that the intelligible is known to us by intuition direct and immediate, but the superintelligible only by revelation or analogy. Still, that which is thus made known to us is really of the intelligible or sensible, and only the hidden completion of what is intuitively known to us, but which reason by herself cannot make clear. In fact, throughout all our reasoning we must find that we are so placed as to be unable to demonstrate half of what we profess in philosophy, unless by the great principle of a natural and supernatural union. We must believe many things not to be demonstrated by nature. If you have one proposition for solution, you will need a second to prove it, and

for the second you will require a third, and it is only in the agreement of the first with the third that depends the proof. And so, if you have a hundred of such propositions or any number, what proves the last? If you never come to a last, you never have a certainty at all, and if you do reach that last, what supports, what proves it? What but the intuitive idea of a Supreme Being known through revelation as God and our Creator? Those who would separate religion from philosophy, and leave the intellect to wander unaided through the dark valleys and narrow byways of science, do not contemplate the end to which their method tends. They do not remember the great and lofty minds that shone like the sun in the dark ages now drifted into the past, and who still shine like glittering stars from the night of heathenism and speculative philosophy. They forget Plato, Demosthenes and the founder of the scholastics, Aristotle, from whom the angel of the scholastics borrowed all but that religious light, which made the pagan's profoundest doubt our clearest truth, and turned the very science, concocted in the hell of paganism, into the bulwark of modern civilization.

Without the light of revelation, what is our knowledge of nature in its inmost essence but a mere speculative conjecture and guess upon guess? What but a series of tentative experiments by which we hope to unveil the secrets of life, to seize the wonderful Proteus, and hold him fast in the chains of science? Where no rays of the supernatural penetrate into the gloom of science, even though the truth is sought along the marked and beaten path, how often the right track is lost amidst the endless

strife, contentions and meaningless profundities of vain and conceited men.

"Philosophy," says Gioberti, but echoing the words of St. Augustine, "is not possible without theology." The universe is synthetically and directly united to God in the creative act, and though you may logically distinguish you cannot separate them and preserve truth or unity.

We should study and teach the science of things, as things really are, and not stretch facts or disarrange order to meet a pet hobby. We should present the history and guide of investigation as we find things in their real principles and relations. As the natural and supernatural are never separated in the living world, how absurd to attempt to separate them in study. And in religion as well this union should be fostered, not repelled. Our very seminaries should be, as they are fast growing to be, and ever have been in the old world, homes of thought, cradles of science. We live in an enlightened age, when the masses have reached an intellectual perfection never attained before. Religion shut out from the schools of nations leaves us an age of materialism, a spirit of skeptical questioning. Where, now, can religion find so sure a weapon against the darkness of doubting follies, and the subtilities of falsity, as in philosophy well grounded, a philosophy synthetically and analytically practical? Never has the book of Genesis shown with such lustre; never has it set forth so clearly the imprint of the Divine hand, as now in the glowing light of the twentieth century advancement.

God is truth, and therefore in the realms of God all is more clear than in the boundaries of nature. Nature to

us is, for the most part, dark, or, at best, a mixture of light and darkness. Man formed from the dust of earth, placed, as it were, in the very centre of nature as its lord, is himself but a thing surrounded by doubt and enigma. Even in that susceptibility for divine truth, he is tied to and dependent on a natural development. The whole question is well summed up in the progress of a fruit tree. Revelation intuitive is the soil on which flourishes the tree of philosophy; direct revelation is the sun, the dew which brings it to perfect growth; faith is the blossom that promises harvest and certainty; knowledge and truth the sublime fruit. In this intuitive knowledge immediately imparted to man by a higher power we discern a preliminary or a prior illumination designed by God to re-enlighten the soul darkened and impaired by sin, so that it may be able to see and understand God.

With this first light He expects man to seek again that cause which has made himself known when difficulties arise or nature or conceited men write to lead astray.

Hence, let us conclude that as philosophy is the study of man and nature, as man is both material and supernatural, as God is common cause to natural and supernatural, it must follow that the two great studies of investigating and expounding in each field can be each but part of one and the same system of cognition.

# THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

## THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT

THE days of the dying year are at hand; its fleeting hours are fast drawing to a close; the sins and follies, the joys and pleasures—perhaps sinful also—are lost in the obscurity of the past, and all that remains to us of the pleasures and frivolities which we sought with so much persistence and assiduity are dead hopes and hopeless longings. They are gone like the airy phantoms of a restless slumber; we have lost them so completely that now, in our backward glances, we scarcely realize that they ever had being, and, but for the remorse, the sting of conscience, which is God-given, the natural punishment of our sins —if it were not for these—we would never hold as real those phantoms of a dead past. Who can look back upon the days now lost in the bosom of eternity and not be startled at the many sinful acts which have tempted God to hurl judgment and justice upon his unmindful head. It is because of this unmindfulness of our sins and our necessities that the Holy Church today so opportunely brings before us the picture of St. John, that angel of penance, that God-sent messenger of repentance and a new life. "I am the voice of one crying in the wilderness; make straight the way of the Lord." The days of mankind had fled away in sin and follies; twice had God blotted from the earth a sinning race, and now again even the sacrifices of His chosen people He rejected because they were contaminated with sin; had lost the spirit

of religion. Now comes the voice crying in the wilderness: "Make straight the way of the Lord;" calling all men to penance and preparation for the coming of the Messiah, in order that when the Lord comes, He may find the people turned from sin and ready to receive His divine gifts of faith and salvation.

My beloved brethren, we are all in this same position, bound up in sin and folly. The church calls us today to penance and preparation. "Make straight the way of the Lord." Prepare your souls for the coming of Jesus that for you He may not come in vain. And this preparation for our Lord's coming must be penance in humility and truth, for says St. Paul: "Unless you do penance you will all likewise perish." Now this penance consists not only in bodily pain and corporeal fastings, but rather in turning the whole soul to God, hating, detesting the sins of the past, and firmly resolving to amend our lives —our evil habits and corrupt ways. This is the highest, the interior penance. To this add a full confession of your faults, and by the absolution of God's minister, the priest, you are at peace once more. "I desire not the death of a sinner," says the Lord, "but that he be converted and live." Penance is necessary for all, however wicked, however just, for sin and passion are like to the little stream bubbling up from a spring in the woods—small at first, but if let run at will it is enlarged at every turn by new streams that swell the proportion until it dashes madly on, a rushing torrent defying all check, resisting every obstacle. But if the little stream is guided from the first, far from other influences on to the ocean of eternity, checked by penance, guided by humility, the passions, instead of looking toward condemnation, will

prove to us a great reward. But if passion be neglected, though small at first, it soon swells to a torrent, dashing down the incline, over the precipitous heights on to destruction.

Ask, then, today of the kind and loving Jesus, through the intercession of the great St. John, the grace of penance and repentance, so that confessing your sins at Christmas you may truly repent of the past and receive the Infant Jesus with love and faith at Christmas, and He will give on His part strength and salvation.

# THE INDULGENCES

# THE INDULGENCES

IN the glorious twentieth century, when the great minds of the learned seem nigh to have fathomed the mysteries of life and death; when the fierce party feelings of the past are buried deep in the graves of the abuses which gave them rise; when the cry for unity is raised from every Christian heart; when all peoples are at peace and through universal education the standard of the Church rules the world, it is indeed sad and bewildering to hear from platform and from pulpit, from pamphlet and periodical ornamented with the cognomen of Christian, in the books intended for the instruction of the innocent and in volumes for the perusal of the learned, repetitions and re-echoes of offensive and virulent misrepresentations begotten in the heat of party strife and producible only by flagrant lack of knowledge, or malicious falsification.

But as in the past, so age after age Satan perseveres in his original plan of ensnaring the minds of men by the insidious wiles of misrepresentation. As in the first moments in heaven, he raised his thoughts against God Himself, so now upon earth he never ceases to wage war against the spouse of Christ, His church. But in no question of the church's teachings do we hear so plainly the insincerity of his deceptive voice, in no field of investigation do we see so deeply the imprint of his cloven-

hoof as in that sweetest and most motherly promulgation, the indulgences.

The indulgences of holy church. What a mine of bewildering spiritual gems; what an exhaustless fountain of heavenly waters gushing forth from the very rock of God, wherein all trusting souls may lave and wash away all scars of long forgotten battles, all dust from frequent falls, all memory of anguish of that night of sin, in order that, perfumed in the odor of sanctity, robed in the bridal jewels of graces and virtues, they may wait with joy the coming of the great bridegroom, Christ Jesus, the Lord.

And yet, my beloved friends, wildly have the spirits of heresy cried out against this merciful concession of God's church; fiercely have the demons of every age waged war against it. In the very infancy of the church, when as yet the golden light of the Christian dawn burst forth from behind the crimsoned clouds of persecution, the voice of heresy arose against the merciful indulgences. This was against the practice, then common, of remitting canonical penances at the request or recommendation of the dying mysteries. But faith was yet young and vigorous and merit abundant flowed from the wounds of the mysteries. And so heresy soon died and for ages lay in the unhallowed grave of its author; lay still while the glorious sun of Christian righteousness, mounting the airy firmament of time, gained her zenith and casting out her jeweled arms in benediction shed light and life to the ends of the world. Then in the sixteenth century, in the ignorant and oppressed peasantry, in the greedy nobility, in the effeminate courts, in the quenchless thirst of royalty for power and prerogatives,

this seed of heresy, so long entombed, found a fertile soil for fruitful growth.

In 1517 when the heresiarch of heresiarchs raised up his voice against authority and hurled his blasphemous anathema at the head of Leo X. in the words of his ninety-five infamous propositions, he planted anew in fertile soil the seed of heresy, destined to produce a plant which, like the foul miasma of tropical climes, would flash with its pestilential breath all who came within the radius of its poisonous exhalations. From the mouth of Luther on that memorable day, December 10th, 1520, rose up the cry: "The pope is anti-Christ; indulgences are impositions and superstition." Words which startled the Christian world, even while its echoes vibrated through the Gothic aisles of the Monastery church of Wittenburg; a cry which rolled down the corridors of time and echoed and re-echoed in the vaulted domes and pinnacle-decked temples of a thousand sects of every age until, even now in our day, we still hear the oft-repeated, oft-refuted heresy of the sixteenth century.

My beloved friends, it is our prerogative as intelligent men, our duty as Christians, to examine well and discuss with unbiased minds this question of indulgences, so often made the rallying ground of heresy and bigotry, in order that, as St. Paul says: "We may be able to give cause for the faith which is within us." For this purpose, then, let us first fix in our minds a precise and complete idea of just what an indulgence means. To do this, perhaps a simple incident taken from the daily life of men will more vividly impress the picture we desire than could any long and well squared definition: I think of the account, I read some time ago, of the young man who,

after committing a misdemeanor, was sentenced to pay a fine or go to prison. Because of his inability to pay the fine he was imprisoned. Two young men, relatives, learning of his trouble, furnished the sum and paid the fine, releasing him from further torture. Let us suppose the occurrence led them to resolve to assist others, who, though unfortunate, might be deserving. They established a fund, appointed a trusty administrator of the same; and while they were men of wealth, they owed no one and so gave all they possessed toward this fund. Furthermore, they now lived sparingly and contributed all the result of their earnings toward the fund which should assist the poor in paying their debts, and so be saved or rescued from prison.

Now, my friends, in our spiritual life the Catholic church teaches that though sin be pardoned, and eternal guilt and punishment be remitted, there still remains a temporal punishment which must be suffered in order to satisfy the justice of God. Thus it was in the case of our first parents, Moses, King David, Solomon and every truly repentant receiving the sacrament of penance. Their sin is forgiven but temporal punishment remains and must be atoned for in this life or the life to come, which is the reason for the existence of purgatory. As the poor looked for assistance to the fund established by the men of wealth to pay their fines or shorten their imprisonment, so the Christian looks to the treasury of the church, established by the superabundant merits of Jesus Christ, the Blessed Virgin Mary, St. John the Baptist, and the martyrs and saints, who because of their pure and holy lives still serving God with fasting, prayers and mortification, formed a spiritual fund, called "*thes-*

*aurus ecclesiæ"*—treasury of the church—from which all may draw if deserving, and with this coin of indulgence satisfy the debt of the justice of God.

A striking example related in sacred Scripture is that of the Corinthian, whom St. Paul rebuked because of his most scandalous life. Though warned to discontinue the life he was leading, he would not obey, and the chief of the people of Corinth hardly knew how to proceed in the matter, never having had anything to occur like this. Meanwhile, St. Paul, hearing of it, writes to the Corinthians, pronouncing sentence upon the man in these words: "For I verily, as absent in body, but present in spirit, have judged already, as though I were present, concerning him that hath done this deed; In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, when ye are gathered together, and my spirit, with the power of our Lord Jesus Christ; To deliver such an one unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, that the spirit may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus." (1 Cor. 5:3-5.)

So the wicked Christian is excommunicated and expelled from the communion of the faithful and spiritual benefits that flow therefrom. And this is done for his correction. In this instance, the object of excommunication is attained, for the bad Christian performs great and severe penances, and it was feared he would fall into despair. The faithful appealed to St. Paul, and he is forgiven, the apostle saying: "To whom you have pardoned anything, I also." Concerning this absolution St. Chrysostom remarks: "The sinner was not deserving of it, nor was his penance in proportion to his crime. But because he was weak the apostle pardoned him lest he should sink into despondency." This was a true and

perfect indulgence, a remission of temporal punishment. As St. Paul so abridged the penance of the Corinthian, so the church still acts when there is proof of fervor and lively repentance.

The historian, Eusebius, relates that a bishop had the misfortune of allowing himself to be seduced by two heretics, who persuaded him to allow himself to be ordained a bishop of their sect for a fixed pension. But Almighty God was merciful towards him, because in years gone by he had suffered and labored much for the church, and He desired his repentance and return. So He sends an angel to admonish him, but he refuses; then He sends other angels with rods to give him stripes like Heliodorus of old in the temple of Jerusalem. The bishop gave up his heresy, became repentant and returned, giving every sign of true repentance and repairing the scandal he had given, as far as he was able. Later, he threw himself at the feet of the reigning pope, asking pardon and forgiveness. When the pope had learned how angels had punished him he remitted all further temporal punishment, which certainly was an indulgence and an abridgement of the temporal punishment due, according to the canons of the church, the sin he had committed.

This, my dear people, is a true picture of the method of God's church in the pardon of sin. Christ has commissioned His apostles under the leadership of Peter to go forth and fight in the warfare of sin. Millions upon millions of eager souls have enlisted under the banner of the cross, donned the uniform of the crucified, rushing as eager soldiers to the glorious battle. And oh, when those eager souls have failed; when in the heat of conflict, the din of battle; when in danger and discourage-

ment, some have fled from the standard of the Lord, trailed in the mire of sin the glorious colors of Jesus—behold from the Great Master of armies goes forth the decree: "Let them be sent into slavery. My justice demands that they be cast off from the heritage of heaven —I will not know them as mine." Then do the generals commissioned by Christ raise up their hands, purple in the blood of Jesus, in an act of supplication, and in the sacrament of penance the guilt is washed away and the prayer of Christ is heard: "Suffer not."

But though the sin is washed away, man is not free entirely; obligation remains after the guilt is effaced. God in justice demands that man make some effort in his own behalf; that as far as he is able shall he repair the evil done. This is called temporal punishment due to sin —a punishment or debt distinct from and remaining after the guilt or sin itself is expiated in the blood of Christ. It is, as it were, a finite obligation to repair, incurred by the sinner in deviating from his nature which God directed to good. Just as sin is an infinite malice which God alone can atone, so God has decreed that the finite guilt man must himself repair.

That this is the decree of God's justice is so fully corroborated in Holy Scripture as to need but the mere mentioning of facts to establish its truth. God, indeed, pardoned the sin of Adam, but in punishment man was driven from the earthly paradise, condemned to labor, to sickness, and to death. The Jews were at the prayer of Moses pardoned for the crime of idolatry, but, nevertheless, for penance sake, they were left to wander forty years in the desert waste of sands. The prophet of God, Nathan, was sent to assure David that God had

put away his sin, still he was punished in the death of his son, the dishonor of his house and the discord in his family.

But, my dear friends, though God has demanded this debt at our hands, He has not deserted us, nor left us to despair. With graces He assists us to works of penance and alms-deeds and prayer and fastings. But as with all our good acts we can scarcely hope to pay the full debt of temporal punishment, does the Great General of Christ's army then call upon his Lord, saying as did the general of old: "My people sink under the burden of their debt and the oppression of the world. Pity them, Master, for they are Thy soldiers and have fought under the standard of the cross. Thy decree is just, Master; I ask thee not to cast away the debt, but permit me from the surplus treasures to pay the debt under which their fellow-soldiers languish and die." And will God refuse? Will God be outdone? If God spared Lot on account of the faith of Abraham; if He spared the Israelites because of the prayer of Moses; if He would grant to Sodom length of days for the sake of ten just men, think you not that He will harken to the prayer of His vicar on earth and accept the payment offered by the holy church for repentant faithful? As St. John declared that the last farthing must be paid, full payment can be made from the treasury of the church, for by communion, which the members of Christ's mystical body have one with another and all with the Divine head, do they reciprocally receive help, one from another, and we are able to say with the royal prophet: "I partake of God of all the good works of those that fear thee." Great, indeed, and rich beyond conception is the treasury of the church, which has as its

head Christ Jesus, the Lord, and as its members all the saints of God.

The satisfaction made by Christ is superabundant for all debt; and besides we have the merits of the saints, who though they received a reward commensurate with their merits, yet do not need for themselves all the satisfactory value of their good deeds. In fact, the whole satisfactory merit of our beloved Mother Mary is in the hands of the church, for as she knew no sin, she needed no satisfaction. And oh, how many holy saints live lives of heroic penances and require little atonement for their few faults. All this superabundant satisfaction is the common property of the church and only needs the application of her vicar on earth, who offers them to God when an indulgence is granted.

Hence, my friends, an indulgence is not and never has been forgiveness of sin or a license to sin, but an invitation intended to inspire the faithful to works of penance, alms-deeds or prayer, or a closer union with the heavenly souls by the debt they pay for us. That the power of granting indulgences is truly the prerogative of Christ's church we find fully authenticated by Holy Scripture, by tradition and by the most ancient usages of the faithful. "I will give to you," says Christ, "the keys of the kingdom of heaven; whatsoever you shall bind on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed also in heaven." And this He repeats on two occasions. Now this promise made without any restriction or limitation, clearly implies a power to loose from all bonds that might prevent the faithful from entering heaven, for indeed he who has the key may be said to be in possession and control. And

what but this can St. Paul mean when, remitting the penance imposed by himself upon the incestuous Corinthian, he uses these words: "If I have pardoned anything for your sake, I have done it in the person of Christ," lest being overwhelmed with sorrow, the sinner might fall into despair. And, indeed, does not Christ declare: "Whatsoever you shall loose upon earth shall be loosed also in heaven?" These words are too general to admit of limitation, for He says, "whatsoever," and so implies and includes every bar to heaven, every bond to slavery of sin. And does it not seem reasonable?

If an offended person agrees to accept satisfaction from a third party in lieu of the offender, his right is not thereby violated, and that God has so agreed is evident from the extent of power given to His church from the existence of the church's treasury and from the very nature of the work of redemption, which was essentially a work of mediation. That the church has always practiced this giving of indulgences, we see in the act of St. Paul to the Corinthians, which I have just mentioned; for this was not a question of absolving from sin, for St. Paul doubts if he has forgiven anything. That is, he doubts that the man has already supplied by penance all that is required. Tertullian, who lived in the second century, declares that it was then the custom of the church to grant indulgences at the requests of dying martyrs.

St. Cyprian also writes that from the earliest ages penances were shortened and remitted at the prayers of the martyrs. The council of Nice empowers her bishops to favor penitent sinners, for in those early days seven years' penance was often enjoined — sometimes fifteen

years; and during this time the penitents fasted three days each week, stood at the church gate (on the festivals) clothed in the penitent's garb, and were not admitted to the sacraments (except in danger of death) until the penance was fulfilled. Such was the rigor of the early church, and though she then often granted indulgences, still because of the great fervor of the early Christians, it was not then so necessary as now, when the zeal of Christians has grown cold and the spirit of penance has relaxed to a degree that makes it almost impossible for us to pay the debt of temporal punishment due to sin. Hence it is that now the church so lavishly bestows the blessings of indulgences. Not that God's justice is changed, for the debt must be paid; but as by the heroic penances and self-abasement of the early Christian, God made apparent His Almighty powers and the wonders of grace, so now by the prodigality of His mercies He still in a new way promotes His greater glory and invites Christians to, by an involuntary act, impetrate to themselves the merits of Christ and His saints and so make reparation for sin. Hence, all indulgences have their merit in Christ, as the tiny brooklet owes its every ripple to the fountain head; or as, when the golden sun has hid within the crimsoned west his dazzling radiance, the placid moon, catching from afar his quenchless light, casts upon the darkened world a shimmering veil of silver glory.

The satisfaction of Christ is in itself all sufficient; nothing is lacking on His part, but something is required on our part. Christ did not die to patronize indolence and sloth; He requires us to join our mite to His abundance. This is what causes St. Paul to say: "I accom-

plish and fulfill in myself what is wanting in the suffering of Jesus Christ." That is the impetration of the church's merits to our acts. And oh, what a grand, what a sublime, what a consoling faith this is that tells us we may do something for ourselves; something acceptable to the God we love. It is astonishing, in the full light of this belief, that Catholics make so little effort to gain the many indulgences offered to all the faithful at so slight an effort on their part—the sign of the cross; invoking the name of Jesus and Mary. The way of the cross is so rich in indulgences as to bewilder one in attempting to compute them, and if we will not seek them for ourselves we should think of the poor suffering souls who may be released from their pains by these holy concessions of the Mother Church.

And for ourselves we cannot seek too eagerly for these blessings, for indeed we may seek long before we really gain a single plenary indulgence; for we are so prone to sin as to make it very difficult to detach ourselves from all love of past failings. But still so great is the prize, we should seek always and earnestly to obtain these concessions of the church. They are the cleansing baths that wash away the stains of flesh and make us acceptable for heaven; they are the precious coins that pay the ferriage from earthly life, safely and quickly into the bosom of God.

In this we can have perfect confidence, for it is not so much our act that saves us as for Christ's sake. Every application, every supplication, every prayer is closed with the greatest words, "for Christ's sake." Do not rattle off those words as if they were nearly the finishing stroke of the prayer; they are the most important part—

they are the plenary indulgence. A careful preparation and a clear conscience are necessary for gaining the indulgence of the holy church.

Let the poor soul come in, though he may have been an exile; though sorrow has weakened him and sin has crippled him, he has the passport of eternity. "I will show him everlasting kindness for Christ's sake."

# CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

# CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

DEDICATED TO THE KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

OLUMBUS! Does not the very sound of the name awake in your breast some echoing chord, as if the name were cradled with your infancy? Christopher Columbus! In all this world, now far expanding, breathes there a soul touched by the light of civilization who knows not that name? On all this vast productive continent, throughout this land of freedom, this cradle of Christian love, beats there a heart that starts not at this sound, swells not with emotions, bursting forth in voiceless prayer, for that benefactor of the human race? Turn the pages of history one by one, mark each great name that fames its nation's history—each bold invader, each monarch firmly set, each brave explorer—and Columbus stands alone. Like to the star that lingers still when morn draws back the slumber shades of night, like to the star more fair though all are fled, he stands alone with not a blemish on the spotless path.

Born in the fair Italian clime where nature early lends the mystic powers of thought, he plucked the flower of knowledge long ere the bud of youth had opened. Advantages like ours were unknown to him. Born unto the wife of a wool-comber, he knew his parents' unending battle to provide for the sustenance of their little family. In this atmosphere he early learned that life

means struggle, that success means years of toil and many pangs of disappointment. The age in which he lived leaves but uncertain records of his birth. By the best authority, and even that is vague, he first saw light about the year 1435 or '36, in the quaint Italian town of Genoa. Though of humble parentage his education was ample and at an early age he had mastered the Latin tongue, besides gaining considerable proficiency in drawing, geometry, astrology, geography and navigation, which branches he studied for some time at the University of Pavia. Navigation and cosmography appealed to him strongly, and into their mastery he threw his splendid mind. From the beginning of time men generally had accepted the dictum that "the world was a rectangular plane forming the floor of the universe." The ocean was a profound mystery. Few were the hopeful mariners who had dared its storms, its unsolved obscurity, its terrific tempests. Imaginary terrors of the vast and trackless deep were given form and appalled navigators, confining them in their voyages to creeping cautiously along the shores of the African continent.

Wrapped in doubt and uncertainty is much of the youth of our hero, but in 1470 we find him united with the fair Dona Felipa, a lady of some distinction and family. At about this time it is probable the one great object of his life was conceived and developed into a fixed purpose. Geographical thought was fast changing its premises. The noble King of Portugal, justly called "Henry the Navigator," far in advance of his age, had done much to break down and dissipate the dreaded terrors of the great ocean. Under his direction intrepid seamen had made voyages along the coast of Africa, an impressive

advance towards larger and more important efforts. Upon the public mind, however, these expeditions left but little impress.

Like the boasted pre-Columbian expeditions of the Norsemen, they were productive of no scientific or practical results. A pioneer in a new field of thought, the great Columbus stepped forth upon his life's mission with the ever powerful force of ignorance arrayed against him, but armed well with the invincible power of faith. Rich in mind, but poor in worldly goods, he sought out the great of the earth for assistance in the accomplishment of his noble dreams and ambitions—the winning to civilization and Christianity of the realms he was confident lay beyond the raging seas.

The successor of Henry of Portugal he petitioned, but discovered John the Second a far lesser man than his predecessor, and his brilliant appeal fell unheeded. King John and his counselors, in their boasted wisdom, passed upon the views of Columbus and his plans as visionary and turned him from the Lisbon court unaided. Cheerless, penniless, disappointed, but with faith strong and unshaken, Columbus, with his little child, Diego, wended his way back to Genoa. There he asked for help from the government of Genoa to aid him in his enterprise, but received in return naught but scoffing and ridicule, and the heart-breaking conviction that he was regarded as but a visionary imbecile. Undaunted he sought help in Spain, Italy, England, France and again even in Portugal. With indomitable energy he persevered when the task seemed utterly hopeless and the object lost.

Then began the trials of greatness. Possessed of this one great idea, his life became wrapped in the accom-

plishment of this stupendous undertaking. For many years he persisted—ignoring the scoffers, convincing the skeptical, studying, scheming, persuading. After seventeen years of incessant toil, during which he distinguished himself as a navigator of ability and a soldier of much bravery, the long deferred hope, now almost dead within his bosom, burst forth into new life.

It has been said that Columbus was a great man, a deep thinker, a profound scholar; but the most marked feature of his life is generally overlooked—Columbus was a providential man. Chosen like the prophets of old, a divine messenger, ever like Moses, he was to lead on to that land where the people of God might find rest. God, in His all-seeing wisdom, foresaw the desolation of His beloved Italy—that land thrice blessed by the tread of saints; fertilized with the blood of martyrs. He beheld France, that fairest daughter of His church, torn in every member, and He said: "I will turn my back upon these nations; I will build my temple in the verdant west, and thou, Columbus, wilt be my messenger."

That Columbus felt this is beyond doubt. Faith and religion alone sustained him; the hope of a new Christian land urged him on, with no thought of gain to himself. For the honor of God and the benefit of man he persevered to the end. To prove this: In the year 1489, when he was serving in the Spanish army, a threat was made by the Sultan of Egypt that he would destroy the tomb of Christ. Then did Columbus show the spirit of his labors. He registered a solemn vow to devote the proceeds of his discovery to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre. From that time his fortunes changed. Offers came from John of Portugal, Henry of England, and Charles of

France. Without money, looked on with disgust by his friends, he started on his journey to Charles of France. With little means for the journey, it is said that both he and the boy, Diego, frequently knew the pangs of hunger. But at this very point God chose to show the hand of Providence. To obtain food for the child, he stopped at the gates of the monastery La Rabida. The prior, one Juan Perez de Marchena, astonished at the conversation of Columbus, detained him as his guest, and became so enthused at the plan of the great navigator that he presumed, upon his sacred privileges as a former confessor to the queen, to address Isabella by a special letter. Thus it happened that to a Catholic priest, a Franciscan friar, is due the credit for the ultimate success of this great undertaking.

'Tis useless to go into details. The letter was sent, the question discussed by the whole of Spain, and rejected. But this holy queen, imbued with faith, persisted, when, to rid himself of her importunities, Ferdinand declared the exchequer empty. Then did that generous queen speak these memorable words: "Then I undertake it for my own crown of Castile. I will pledge my jewels to secure the funds." Is it necessary to explain what followed? Does not every child know its every detail? How the expedition started, how the men lost heart and hope? How Satan, enraged at the prospects of a new retreat for faith, warred with the elements, swelled the bosom of the angry deep, drove mountain high the herculean waves, burst the clouds with shrieks of thunder, painted the heavens with flashes of hell, till the terrified sailors believed themselves accursed by God and lost forever? Shall I speak of the first faint light

sighted by Columbus? Like to the light of faith—clear to some, indistinct to others; now flashing in fullness, then dying to a flickering spark. Shall I dwell on the shout of joyous thanksgiving that made the vessel tremble, drawn from these weary hearts at the sight of land, Oct. 12, 1492? No, but I will ask you to come ashore. Watch his first act on landing, the planting of a cross; his first words, thanks to God, the Mighty Ruler of all worlds. Watch his after life. His work accomplished, God said: "Well done, thou faithful servant. I will draw you to myself. Not on earth shall you wear a crown, but in that bright, imperishable hereafter."

Several journeys he made to and from the Spanish shores. Twice was he returned to his sovereigns in disgrace—and mark the words of this man, who had spent his life in labor for others. When asked by the officers of his ship if he wished his chains removed, he answered: "No! They have been placed on me by order of their majesties, and I shall wear them until they order them taken off; and then I will preserve them ever after, as a memorial of the reward of my service!" Follow him on still. See him rejected by his king, the victim of jealous hate; deprived of honor, wealth and hope; enfeebled in body, though the lamp of intellect still burned brightly; with feeble health, no place to rest but the wayside inn. He who had given to the world a new continent had not a spot he might call his home; but he does not complain; he sees in all the hand of God, and kisses the cross that gained a crown.

After months of sickness, he died homeless, penniless and almost friendless in the seventieth year of his age, May 20th, 1506, at Valadolid, Spain. With these words:

"God, into Thy hands I commend my spirit," that imprisoned soul burst forth into a new life, crossed that rushing torrent that bounds the eternal shores, was led through the vast ocean of that awful unknown, cleared the chaos of doubt and uncertainty, and reached that haven of peace and rest. Ah, my friends, think you not angels came forth from that blessed land, cheered the wanderer, and bore him home to that crown refused on earth but held in trust in heaven? Think you not he who worked for man, for religion, for God, whom the world rejected—think you not the Sovereign received him with a smile and crowned his labors with peace and rest?

Though he lived not to see the glory of his work and died with the thought that he had labored in vain, now, in that celestial land where all is known, he has watched the destinies of this favored land, blessed the growth of our Christian nation, witnessing four hundred years after his apparent rejection, a whirlwind of glory offered to his memory—the World's Columbian Exposition, such a tribute as never before had been offered to the memory of any man. Not the tribute of a nation, but the acclamation of a world.

Think you not today, with another century rolling on to eternity, that he beholds in this God-appointed land that splendid army of God-fearing and God-loving men honoring him as their patron; banded together as Knights of Columbus to emulate his splendid courage, faith and heroism in the cause of civilization and Christianity?

Think you not that today he beholds this matchless republic, enjoying blessings never known to a people before, at the insistent urging of the Knights of Colum-

bus, dignifying its citizenship by turning each year from the ways of industry and commerce and paying exclusive homage to the great discoverer?

It is the testimony of millions of souls to a mind that thought, a soul that fought, a heart that beat but for his fellowmen, an honor that increases with years; a fame that survives ages, a name that, while all else fades, ever increases, ever brightens and will continue to brighten until time has passed. And on a brighter shore, midst ethereal splendor, under the smile of God, we shall hail that long-known friend, that hero of our country—Columbus.

# THE CHURCH AND EDUCATION

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IN THE midst of the higher education, broader culture and advanced civilization of the twentieth century, when French savants, English wizards, and German philosophers drag forth from their musty covers, and parade as twentieth century advancement the theories of origin, of Augustine and Leo X; when the fierce party feelings of the past are buried deep in the graves of the abuses which gave them rise; when the world cries out for unity and through universal education the standard of Christ rules the world, it is indeed sad to hear from platform and from pulpit, from pamphlet and periodical, ornamented with the cognomen of Christian, in books intended for the instruction of the innocent and volumes for the perusal of the learned, repetition and re-echoes of offensive and virulent misrepresentations begotten in the heat of party strife and producible only by a flagrant lack of knowledge or malicious falsification.

But as in the past, so age after age, Satan perseveres in his original plan of ensnaring the minds of men by means of the insidious wiles of misrepresentation. As in the first moments in heaven he raised his thoughts against God Himself, so now upon earth he never ceases to wage war against the spouse of Christ—the Holy Church. But in no question under discussion do I hear so plainly the insincere ring of his deceptive voice, in no field of investi-

gation do we see so plainly the imprint of his cloven-foot, as in that special glory of the Church—education.

Education, my dear people, is not a child of the twentieth century, nor of the forces that are making this century's history. Doctor Talmage has well put it: "Education came forth with the Church from the tombs and catacombs of Rome, and has clung to her garments in her upward flight." "The wisdom of to-day," says Henry Ward Beecher, "is the fruit of the education of past centuries. We are heirs to the accomplishments of forgotten ages. The knowledge we possess is as a tree which draws its life from the mould and debris of forests that have long since crumbled into dust." And what power has preserved this seed while the forests of ages crumbled away? Hallam, the Protestant historian of the middle ages, gives the reply: "The Church of Rome," says Hallam, "was the bridge that spanned the chaotic chasm of ignorance and ruin left by the destruction of Rome. And o'er this bridge came down to us all the learning and arts of ancient Greece and Rome."

In order then to realize the debt which we owe the church as the mother and nurse of education, it is not enough that from the heights of our advanced civilization of the twentieth century we view the world of our limited horizon, but we must go back into the ages that have long drifted away, and view the world as the Church of Christ found it.

What was the world at the birth of Christ? The angels of heaven looked down upon a world made beautiful by God, but cursed by the crimes and iniquity of men. They saw one savage host sweep down upon another; they heard heathens calling to gods that heard not; to gods

who dyed their hills and valleys in human gore; they beheld infants offered to satanic shrines; maidens bound in the slavery of hell; the poor oppressed, and the mighty trembling with dread. This is what they saw: A world of slaves. The Roman power bestrode the world like a huge Colossus. All the learning, all the arts, all power tended to, and concentrated in Rome. And Rome, blind in her pride and helpless in her luxury, year by year was sinking under her burden of crime and folly. So debased did pagan Rome become in her later days that from a Christian pulpit I dare not paint the picture of her degradation.

In the midst of this decline Christ sent forth His Church charged with her twofold commission: To teach all nations, to guide them well in the things of God, the sciences of heaven; to lead and counsel in the things of nature, the sciences of the earth. True to her model, she sought not the pleasures nor the glitter of the world, but lowly and unknown, in prayer and in fasting, she spent her childhood sowing the seed of faith in the hearts of men prepared to receive it. Then the nations of Greece and Rome glorified in their strength and power, proud in their mental culture, proud in the grandeur of their civilization, with contempt put away and despised this lowly messenger. And so for three hundred years she lay hidden in tombs and catacombs, in caves and grottoes, in ruins and desert places. There was blood upon her virgin face, there were tears in her pleading eyes, there were prayers upon her mother lips, there was blood upon her unspotted hands—the blood of the innocent, the blood of the pure. But at last came the hour of her triumph, when mighty Rome bowed down her imperial head before the

glory of the Cross, and Jesus Christ was again the Conqueror.

Then did the design of God appear. Christ would not wed his spouse to pagan Rome. The Christian world was not to take its strength or its models from pagan Rome, or Roman morals. The old Rome must fall, must perish, must pass away, and Christian Rome rise up and regenerate the world.

Now came the hour of change, the hour of destruction; and as the devastating locusts in destroying clouds sweep down upon the fertile plains, as the hurricane's blast with its breath of death rushes forth upon the bosom of the silent deep, as the satanic host swept down from the land of perdition unto the lake of woe, so in the centuries of which I speak, from the fastnesses of the north came forth the dreadful hordes of barbarians—men without written language, without history, without a single element of the humane. On they came, the Goths and the Visigoths, the Huns and the Vandals, onward sweeping in their resistless and countless thousands, leaving ruin and destruction on every hand. Like a huge Colossus bestriding the world, Rome went down before the storm burying the world in the debris of her ruins. Rome had fallen. All her glory had departed, and the civilization of Greece and Rome had perished with her. Every art, every science, every splendid monument of the ancient world was destroyed, and at the close of the fifth century the work of four thousand years had to be begun and done all over again.

At the end of this unhappy century the Church of Christ found herself standing alone among the barbarians. Alone amidst the ruin and the debris of a world

that had passed away. No power on earth had been able to withstand the barbarians from the north. No army had been able to stand against them. All went down to ruin, to dust and ashes. Yes; all save and except one. One power, one organization, one kingdom founded by Jesus Christ, and compacted by the hand of God—that power the *Holy Catholic Church.*

She boldly met the assault, she stemmed the tide of ruin, she embraced and absorbed in herself nation after nation, millions after millions of these rude pilgrims of the northern shores and northern forests. She took them rough and barbarous, and in the closing days of the fifth century began the task of building the world anew. As the struggle went on whilst all Europe was one mighty battlefield flowing in blood, the church gathered into her arms all that she could lay hands on of art, of sciences, of literature, and retired with them into her cloisters. Everywhere, over the whole of Europe, of Asia and of Africa, the monk became the one man of learning, because all others were engaged in war, defending their homes and their families. But the monk had brought into his cloister the love of God which called for the sacrifice of his life, and the love of man which called him to work for the good of all. And so in those days of darkness he made refinement and civilization and literature the study of his life.

Where, to-day, would be the literature of ancient Greece and Rome if the Catholic Church had not gathered their remnants into her cloisters and her convents and thus saved them from the ravages of the barbarians? Where would the Scriptures be to-day if patient and holy monks had not taken them in those days of ruin and

transcribed and multiplied copies for posterity? With care and veneration the church collected all that remained of literature and of art and of science, treasuring them up for a society that was yet to come out of this ruined world.

And so by degrees the church was able to form schools, to found colleges, and finally to establish universities. Before the thirteenth century she had established nine universities; during this century she established ten more. In the fourteenth century she established nineteen; in the fifteenth century thirty-four; in the sixteenth century twenty-two; the seventeenth century seven; the eighteenth century six; the nineteenth century eleven. Thus, these figures, taken from the United States Commissioner's report of 1889, shows us that previous to the days of the reformation the Catholic Church had already established seventy-two universities in Europe. But more than all this, the Catholic Church was the first to establish common schools—public schools for the gratuitous education of the people. Throughout the entire period of the middle ages, Roman pontiffs and Catholic bishops in council assembled enacted laws requiring the establishment of schools in connection with all cathedrals, churches and monasteries. From the days of Charlemagne, in the ninth century, to those of Leo X, in the sixteenth century, free public schools flourished all over Europe. The Council of Vaison, A. D. 529, commanded the establishment of free schools, as did also the third Council of Constantinople, A. D. 680. The same decree was made at the Synod of Orleans, also Council of Mentz, A. D. 815, when the bishop commanded parents to send their children to the schools already established.

Famous in those days for higher education were the Irish School of Bangor; Lindisfarne, England; Bobbio, Italy; Verdun, in France; Wurzburg, Ratisbon, Erfurt, Cologne and Vienna, Germany. The great University of Bologna had in 1140, 10,000 foreign pupils, while that of Padua frequently numbered 18,000 students.

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AUTHOR
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